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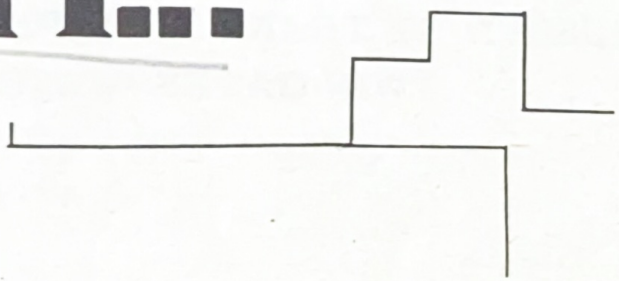

TACOMA

by JON GOLD

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To, FRED CRISMAN JR.,
who gave up his summer for
the "Murder of a City"

JG

INTRODUCTION

"Principle is ever my motto, not expediency," said Disraeli.

He burst like a bombshell upon the political scene. Fast talking, abrasive, highly opinionated, aggresive... JON GOLD! He was a new radio commentator with an evening talk show, and he stirred immediate interest and aroused even more immediate support and opposition.

With experience in many fields, a varied and colorful background, a keen intelligence and a well-honed wit, he was an excellent raconteur and could cross swords with any opponent. He had a way with words that gave an immediacy to his descriptions of scenes covered personally, whether a rock festival, a riot, or the picketing of a Soviet ship.

His talk show had fire and a drive that fascinated all who listened, whether they disagreed or agreed with his political stance.

It was inevitable, then, that his barbed and biting commentaries on the Tacoma scene should bring down upon his head, the wrath of the long established power group. The lies, vicious rumors, and even physical abuse leveled at him, would have defeated most men. Jon Gold stood firm!

Then...there is the man Fred L. Crisman. Quiet, soft-spoken, diffident by nature, he is totally different from his alter-ego.....Jon Gold,but, it is as Jon Gold that he will be remembered in Tacoma.

For those of us who had long fought to bring a more representative form of government to our torn city, and who had waged an almost impossible battle against a monopoly of the news media, Jon Gold became a fulcrum which helped us upset the balance of power and to give us some hope that we might triumph at long last.

This book calls to mind a phrase of Moore's, "...the trail of the serpent is over them all." Good citizens in all communities should heed the bitter lesson we have learned at such a terrible cost...only an aroused, informed and involved electorate can establish and preserve a truly representative government.

Virginia Shackelford

Virginia Shackelford
Tacoma, Washington
August — 1970

PREFACE:

The average dictionary will tell you that a preface in a book is that section that will tell you what a book is all about. This is not that type of a preface. This preface is designed to tell you something of what happened in the city of Tacoma prior to that time the book covers.

The actual time the book covers is very short – it extends from 1967 to 1970 – and it covers a great many details. The details that are told in the main section of the book are as I, Jon Gold, saw them and as I lived them. I do not ask you the reader to argue with me on what was a version of the story as someone else saw it or lived it! I don't really know how it may have looked to them. I only know what my part was and how the Murder of a City appeared to me.

I have stated on radio, television, and in print that City Manager government is the most wasteful, inefficient, bumbling, and dishonest form of government ever devised by men for the grabbing of a dishonest dollar. It is a pure dictatorship, and it is based on corruption. That may seem to be a strong statement, however, for a City Manager form of government to operate at all, it must have a compatability between the controlling majority of the city council and the man picked as Manager of the city. Any city manager, worth his title, is aware that he must please that Majority to keep his job, and there is usually one thing in their mind that pleases them most of all and that is money!

Therefore, the very basis of City Manager government is corruption of public officials as soon and in any way possible after they are elected AND, if they cannot be corrupted, then they must be blackmailed! Tacoma has had incidents of both and the details will be found in the later pages of this book!

I had studied political science in college and I had even taught a few courses in that field, but, I was not overly impressed with the book theory of "professional managers" for cities of for any unit of government. However, I was not aware of what terrible monsters of graft and corruption they fostered until I delved into the government of Tacoma, Washington.

Somehow people have been impressed with the notion that business men who are perfectly capable of running large corporations lose all of their sense and know-how if they are elected to public office. Managers of cities keep fostering the view that a city, incorporated, and busy with public service, is a large business. However,

they also put forth the view that only a small special class of men are capable of running a large city. This is foolish propaganda that the general public has been sold in many areas and only one thing can sell the average business man and that is a good profit and loss statement!

If we approach City Management government with a clear view of the fact that it is based and powered by graft and corruption, it is not a difficult task to spot it as a psuedo-government. It, like most dictatorships, can present a smooth face and a seemingly efficient record to the public, a close examination in any section of its structure and it falls apart into the true picture of graft, force, violence, and just plain dishonest relations that marks all, repeat all, cities that have their people governed by "managers".

One of the best weapons that City Management has is the "false charge" and that usually takes the form of making an all out attack upon its critics by branding them as criminals. This was a favorite tactic of the Tacoma City Management and it has a record of character assassination that is a horrible thing to examine.

This leads directly into my first brush with the Forces of Evil in Tacoma, Washington. I want it made very clear to the reader that I did not return from out of the state to my home town with any political or special interests in mind. I had been teaching in Oregon and from that went into writing federal programs for education programs.

After spending sometime in the federal education program, I moved with a natural bent into the world of political writing. The experience in making certain trips to Washington, D. C. in connection with federal aid to education, allowed me to meet many of our national political and administrative people. I did a few speeches for some senators and some congressmen and then several governors.

All of this was excellent preparation for the fight that was to be in Tacoma. I could never have been able to recognize what the true picture was in Tacoma, without the former training in the world of political writing.

I returned to Tacoma, in the spring of 1966 and I was not aware of the problems in the city until I watched with puzzlement the characters of old friends being torn to pieces by the *Tacoma News-Tribune*. This did prompt a definite note of inquiry on my part and I went to the Public Library to learn what had happened to my home town in the many years I had been gone. It turned out to be a mounting story of terror tactics, graft, dishonest and political police, blackmail, and crimes of almost every

description committed in the name of "clean government."

It takes many weeks to sit down and read the complete story of a government in the collected files of a newspaper. But, there it is and it says more by what is left out of the paper than what is put on its pages. I read every daily *News-Tribune* from June of 1952 until September of 1966 and then went back in 1968 to re-read great parts of that horror story.

The paper told a story of a city that had been discouraged by the weakness of the Commission form of city government. It had placed its future in the hands of an elected group of Freeholders and a new charter had been drawn. Later examination showed that the charter was, aside from a few minor details, an exact copy of the canned charters put out by the International City Managers Association. The charter was voted in during the fall election of 1952 and Tacoma was headed for its long night of dictatorship.

The names that now show as those Freeholders will appear again and again in the following years, as championing every far-out Left cause in the Northwest. There was little doubt that Tacoma had fallen into the hands of the Far Left and it was to be a well kept secret for many years and it is a matter that is still being argued at this very hour.

Later we will run across many of that Freeholder list as members of the City Council, members of the Board of Directors on all of the taxcheating, supposed "non-profit" charity organizations, and in many of the "concerned" groups that infiltrate every phase of the social and political life of the city. It turns out to be a close knit small band of conspirators against the common good! All of them in the far, far Left of Liberal politics.

Tacoma's first manager was Frank Backstrom, a man who is little referred to and one who seems to have made a sincere effort to make the city manager form of government work. His efforts were largely frustrated by those who did not like his conservative views on public finance and the attitude towards large federal grants of tax money for the city!

Backstrom left and the stage was set for the "perfect" manager. He was to be a man, David Rowlands, from Eau Claire, Wisconsin. Eau Claire is a small town, barely 35,000 at that time, and it is not a waterfront town nor does it have an unstable work force.

Dave Rowlands had a history of being a small town school teacher, had served as an assistant city planner

in several cities, taken the proper brain-washing in "forward thin" at Chicago University in their rather infamous school of public administration. Over all, and all of the demands for a city manager being met, Dave Rowlands was one of the most unsuitable men who could have been recruited for the position.

Rowlands had served in the Tank Corps, in World War II and emerged as a Captain and had proceeded to enter public administration through the "planning" sections of city administration. His background was not that of a man who should have been selected to serve in a large waterfront city with a score of changing economic problems.

However, Rowlands was considered to have the right "attitude" and he was capable of doing what the real establishment of the city did want and demand. He proved himself to be able to meet every one of the demands that were made upon him. Rowlands is a cruel, vain man with an icy coldness that freezes one's ability to speak directly to him. Fond of referring to himself in the third person, his ego and his temperment were not suited to the needs of the city or to those who had been at work in Tacoma to make it a better town.

For some years prior to the advent of the Rowlands Era, Tacoma had been making many plans for new development and expansion of business interests. The concept of neighborhood improvement programs had been used by the City Planning Commission, and under the direction of a young businessman, Marshall Riconosciuto, much progress had been made. Riconosciuto, a World War II pilot and later public relations man for the local Heidelberg Brewery, had opened his own advertising agency and had been quite successful in local advertising circles. He was the owner of *Channel Magazine*, a TV guide that was a give-away item in most of the motel, hotel, and drug stores in the Northwest.

Riconosciuto was a foe of City Manager government based on the fact that he considered it to be a non-representative government. It was a foregone conclusion that Rowlands would underestimate the results of starting a political war with Riconosciuto. There is little said on either side concerning the early days of the Rowlands-Riconosciuto feud and it is felt that there was some effort on both their parts to reconcile their differences in the planning department and go about the building up of the city. The news headlines of that period are filled with the battles between the Planning Chairman and the Manager. There are no references to what the basic

issues were all about. It was a symptom that the *Tacoma News-Tribune* overlooked, that it was a basic difference in the political philosophy of the men who caused most of their problems. It was also a basic symptom of a complete misunderstanding of the nature of the job, that led Rowlands to be in continual battle with opposing forces in the city.

One of the myths that has been carefully groomed and sent into the general public arena is that City Management government was a deeply peaceful thing for many years. That is simply not true. There has been a running battle between the anti-management forces and the management forces since Dave Rowlands first landed in Tacoma. The only difference was that for a great many years, not one word was said in public of the small skirmishes until three years ago - or maybe two and one-half years ago.

Space and time do not allow us to bring up to date all the battles that were fought in the name of decent reformation of the government of Tacoma. Those battles failed and the Forces of Reform were beaten back each time. Many times they looked as if they were on the edge of that big victory. Each time it came, the *Tacoma News-Tribune* turned loose their floodgates of propaganda and they soon had the general public once again convinced that City Management was the only way to go! A clean, free, bright, shining example of honest service to the general tax payer! That was the core of the Big Lie — the *Tacoma News-Tribune* entered into a self-seeking, self-enriching liaison with Dave Rowlands that cheated and robbed the people of the city of Tacoma of all semblance of fair and honest government!

Directly from the handbook of the International City Managers Association comes the direct planning of Rowlands. It directs all city manager thinking. Part of that thinking is to supply the local press with advantages that will lead them into total support. The *Tribune* was given every tax-break possible, it was given a direct re-zoning in the middle of a proper residential district to erect a 200 foot steel tower for the installation of a TV station and radio broadcast area. It was allowed to have zoning in one of the really choice sites in the Tacoma area, a new hospital and quiet zone, for a new paper plant. Unheard of in any honestly operated city. The *Tribune* prospered and Rowlands was painted to the citizens as a White Knight on a White Horse. The time was soon to come when he would be revealed as a rather dirty little political boss of a corrupt machine that he deserted at the first sign of political reverse!

All of this leads up to late 1966 and my return to my home town, a broken, beaten, desert of rubble that resembled a bombed out area in Eastern Europe.

Again, it must be made clear to all readers that this is the story of Tacoma from my point of view. I have written it as it appeared to me and through the eyes of no other person. I repeat that an experience that I might have shared with someone else is told only as I saw it, lived it, and understood it! For others, they may have had a different view. Good. That should be the story as THEY saw it . . this is mine. I have called this story: The Murder of a City, and I am sure that you will agree that if the city ever recovers from the heavy damages that wounded it, it will be so close a call, so narrow a margin of escape, that it will not change the title. For the Tacoma that I knew died under the crushing heel of a 13 year dictatorship every bit as cruel, heartless, and bitter as any that has ever existed!

Jon Gold
Summer 1970
Tacoma, Wash.

1

"What in Hell"

After an extended absence during which I traveled about the nation, I returned to Tacoma for what I supposed was to be a short visit of a few weeks. My mother's health was bad and a series of operations had been extremely hard on her health and she was about to undergo surgery again.

The doctors had informed my step-dad that she might not live through this last operation and so I was called home! It was not a pleasant way to come home. I did not look at Tacoma for some weeks. It was a town, not the special place of my birth, just another town.

With the operations over, my mother's health remained in a precarious position and I stayed home. As her health improved, I began to look up old friends and make my presence in town known to them.

Many of my old friends I had not seen in a decade or longer, and I was on a semi-vacation for the first time in many years. Several that I called on were in a position to offer me employment and I would have, under normal circumstances, taken them at their word. Under the circumstances, I felt that I could not deliver my full attention to any real task before me and so I declined with thanks.

In 1946-47, as a recently released fighter pilot, I had been appointed a Special Investigator and assigned to a now defunct department of the state government, The State Department of Veteran's Affairs. My job - take a look at the variety of rackets, con jobs and outright cheating of newly discharged veterans from our Washington located camps of the armed forces. My job brought me into contact with many of the local men and most of the political leaders of that day.

I had a close working relationship with most of the police officers of Tacoma and Seattle, most of the judges and a great many lawyers.

Some of the names of that day have now become quite prominent in local and state politics. This was where I first met Walter West, the long time head of the Tacoma Better Business Bureau. The circumstances under which I first came into contact with Walter were not of the most pleasant type and I am certain that he recalls those days as well as I do and understands my dislike of him and his Bureau and the manner in which it operated. Let's make it clear that my first meeting with Walt came while I was investigating HIM! Not, the other way around, as Walt likes to tell the story today. I am sure that the original report is buried in the state files . . infact, I am QUITE sure that I can lay hands on it at short notice!

I bring no names into this story that did not have a direct connection with the political story of the past three years. Walt West is an important link in that story. However, we must go on to a survey of Tacoma as I found it when I came back upon the local scene. The name of Walt West will return later.

For the first few months after my return home, I had little time to really take a look at the local scene, either in the world of politics or just as an average American small city. When I did have that chance, I was shocked. There were great areas of the downtown section that were laid in waste, some of it overgrown and trashy, rubble and waste material from wrecked and half-wrecked buildings.

The downtown area looked deserted and worn. Empty store buildings with old doorways filled with dust and waste paper. Many of the stores still bore the long time honored names of respected merchants, now only painted letters on a wrecked wall or a cracked window.

My first reaction was, "What in the . . . world has happened to this town?". Answers were needed and I went seeking those answers.

The seeking of those answers was to lead to a most incredible experience and a political fight that has gone beyond that arena of the old time political divisions of Democrat and Republican.

One of the men I had known in the "old days" just after World War II was an auto dealer, Julio Grassi, a man with whom I had always enjoyed a warm friendship. I found that he was being sued by the State of Washington for an incredible amount of "high-crimes".

The state of Washington under the legal leadership of John J. O'Connell as Attorney General had launched a large campaign against those who cheated the general

public in commercial trade. While the idea was a great one for the protection of the consumer, in checking out a series of cases we found that it was not applied in all cases in quite the same manner!

This was the first time that I had heard of John J. O'Connell, and I liked little of what I heard. Julio asked me to read over the legal charges and tell him what I thought of the matter. I did, and I told him. The whole thing looked like a put-up job to me. As far as I could see it was just a series of charges that could have been leveled at any auto dealer and that proving them would be almost impossible.

The trial dragged on for days and days and Julio poured money into a steady stream of lawyer fees, and it finally came to an end. The state had charged some of the most incredible "hear-say" charges, and I was astounded that they would even be considered. For instance, a great lot of noise was made concerning the matter of putting saw-dust in the transmission to make an old auto sound new. The whole thing was a bit stupid . . any mechanic can tell you that it has not been done since the late thirties. The final decision of the court was that Julio Grassi was guilty of the wild crime of not having the letters, "O.A.C." on his electric sign. This was to be placed directly under that "famous" leader statement "No Money Down" and it means, " On Approval of Credit" . That was the final decision of the court. Julio came back to the office in a jubilant mood and made those noisy statements that one makes when he feels that he has won a victory.

In looking over the ruling of the court and estimating the harm to his business reputation, I felt sad to inform Julio that he had won not a point and in fact, had lost a bitter battle that would drive him out of business. His demand for an explanation was his first inkling of just what had been done to him.

I laid out the clippings from the *Tacoma News-Tribune*, that I had saved over a couple of weeks. They were a commentary on the ability of a monopoly newspaper to cut a man's business to pieces. The stories made Julio Grassi, a former candidate for Mayor, and certainly a long time local tax-paying businessman, into some sort of a Mafia representative and thief. No one story was able to tell this tale, but, if one looked at it from a steady propaganda blast, it was easy to see a definite repeatable pattern.

I was shocked to find that a supposedly responsible newspaper would do such a thing. There would come a

time when I would believe that the men that operate the *Tacoma News-Tribune* were and are capable of any crime against their fellow man that can be thought up and acted upon. I have never had any reason offered for me to change my mind.

However, at the time I was still under the impression that certain newspapers could and would be slanted in their views, but, not to the base and despicable degree that the *Tacoma News-Tribune* represents.

Julio Grassi is a home grown Tacoman and is probably one of the sharpest dealers in the used car business that Tacoma ever had. He was almost completely ruined by the continual news stories and the political nature of the *Tribune*. No one ever accused Julio of being a softie in an auto dealing relationship. But, he was no different than any other sharp used car dealer. The odds are with them and there is seldom any need for them to cheat you or to steal from you. The fact that Julio spent 27 years in the same location in business seemed to point to some degree of business responsibility.

There is a peculiar section of the psychology of mankind that says that if a man is going down before some type of an assault, and he is representative of some faction that can be attacked with impunity, then we must attack our fellow men! That is what happened to Julio. He was the victim of a combination of political-loss (he had backed a losing governor heavily) and political chicanery aided and abetted by a completely dishonest newspaper.

I have told this beginning in some detail, not to excuse Julio or to attempt to paint him as an angel. There are many people who have never met him and never spoken with him who can tell you long tales of his "dishonest conduct and Mafia connections" none of which are true and only serve to show what damn fools most people are in the field of gossip.

The point in recounting this short tale is to lay a basis for the incredible actions of the *Tacoma News-Tribune*, and some of the local political followers of Far Left causes that are espoused by this paper. To show that many of these actions are centrally directed and they follow a certain pattern. We will see this same process used again and again to rid Tacoma of people whom the *Tribune* and Managed government considered to be political enemies. It is still in action and it is going on around the citizens of Tacoma at this very moment!

My prediction to Julio that John O'Connell had had his fair share of revenge, stemming from the prior governor's race, and that the local lightweights had

joined in because of their smarting over a race for the mayorality that was actually only a shadow of a real campaign.

However, we'll see this same vicious pattern repeated over and over in the glib stories planted in the proper places, about the basic honesty of a man, some veiled, but plain-meaning stories in the *Tribune* that appear to back up what is being said in the street, and then the same old tired charges of "criminal", Mafia, dope peddler, thief-none of which can be proven or can they be checked out with local officers of the law.

The Fall elections were coming on and I had been contacted for a governor's race in the South. My mother's health was better, and several politicians were asking me to write campaign material for them in other states. It was getting time to return to business and leave my poor wrecked, torn, and dictator ridden city. However, before I left, Julio called and asked me to come to his place of business for a short conference.

Upon arriving at his Jefferson street office I found a large amount of gloomy atmosphere and some down-in-the-mouth looks. Several weeks before, I had advised Julio, upon his request, that he was finished as an auto dealer in Tacoma, and that it was best for him to sell out or at least prepare a front. He had been given such a large "treatment" that the powers-that-be would never stand for his going on alone. Julio had rejected this advice entirely. He had spent years in building a business that he was proud of and he felt that he was able to bring it back to full flower again. The weeks following the "trial" had proven him wrong! Now he was ready to listen to any deal that would allow him to escape the stark threat of bankruptcy.

Julio asked me to "take over". I refused. He stated that we had been friends for many years and that he felt that he could trust me to help him close out what stock he had and get out of the business with something.

I explained to Julio that I had commitments out-of-state and that I had no time for any "side deals". I went on home and after dinner I sat down to read the evening paper. On the second page, I ran into another pointless, needless, attacking article on Julio.

The senseless cruelty of it struck me. The man was finished. They had taken his business, stripped him of his honor as a businessman and started rumors that he was a thief and a gangster. They used every form of prejudice from religious to racial, and after all that they had to keep right on kicking in senseless,

animal, brute fury.

I went to the phone and called Julio at his home and told him I would meet him at nine o'clock the next morning and we would work out some plan to help him or at least delay the fate in store for his business. I delayed my own departure with a series of long distance phone calls and went to bed that night puzzled over what could be done to help Julio. I still could not believe that Tacoma was being ruled by a mass of vermin that would proceed to this extent to wipe out political and financial opposition. I was an innocent man..I had not seen anything of the extent that the Ruling Clique would go to in Tacoma. It would cost me pain and blood before long!

All Julio needed was time..time to be allowed to sell what cars he had in stock and not have to sacrifice them by "forced sale" to other dealers. We worked out a plan wherein his assets would be signed over to me and I would take over the auto lot on a short term lease. I was not anxious to be an auto dealer and I told Julio that I had only a very short time to stay in the auto business. I had made writing commitments in the South and I was anxious to get to my own work.

We painted out Julio's name and painted in mine and we secured my complete license and bonding in the course of one day. After a talk with a city license clerk..I was sent to talk to some police officer. He did a fine job of warning me about being a receiver of stolen goods, and we were in business. I did not want to be involved with the state in a lot of tax reports and red-tape, so we continued to sell out the auto stock under the old license and the old firm name. We left one sign up to comply with the state law and I "employed" Julio as an advisor to my "new" business.

While it was not an arrangement that would be considered a good business relationship, it was all within the legal limits of the law and we at least saved the money invested in the rolling stock on the lot and in the warehouse.

I stopped in at the *Tribune* office and placed an advertisement for the new business and found that it was not a very receptive crew in the advertising department. Grudgingly they accepted a $75.00 advertisement and a week later they called to say that they had made a mistake in the calculation of the size of the advertisement and asked for $49.00 in addition to the $75.00. I called several other business houses and asked what THEIR rate was for the same size ad and found I had

been overcharged $25.00 for the first collection. I ignored all further calls from their ad department.

The petty act of attempted theft only made my opinion sink somewhat lower than it had been, when considering a corporation such as the *Tribune*. In any case, we closed out the business and parted —I to proceed to the South and Julio to Seattle to enter the outdoor advertising business. I was not sorry to leave that town, in a sense so different and so petty.

Two months later I was in California on another writing assignment and it was one that I was to hear of, and still do hear of, from the lips of some of the real "kook" fringe that live in and about the "Far right" in Tacoma. In any event, I finished the assignment and came back to Tacoma to see my folks and to find that I had been transferred to criminal status by the local police and by the local guardian of Tacoma's business honor....Walter West!

The second day I was home, a friend called and informed me that I was being referred to in certain circles as another of Julio's Mafia hoods. I started to track this rumor down, and in doing so the trail led directly to Walter West's office of the Better Business Bureau.

I was somewhat puzzled as I felt that I had paid Walt well in advance some years before, when I had listened to his sad story and gave him time to put a small world back together again. I called on Walt and I asked him point-blank what his trouble was and why would he be telling people that I had a police record. To my utter amazement, I found that I did have a "sheet" in police headquarters.

I found that Walt West had a nasty little trick of gathering many small bits of information on some individual, usually nothing of any importance, but sly little digs of innuendo. Most of his files contained small penciled notes to himself. When he had had enough of what he termed "calls" on any individual, he gathered them into an envelope and sent them to police headquarters.

Almost all police forces of all units of government keep what is known as "raw files". This is any information that is turned in on any person, and it contains all rumors, gossip, and reports by non-police agencies. Most of the time this information is never used in any manner for any police force and, where there is honor and ethics, it is given a date for "end" and destroyed after an indefinite length of time. Most of you reading this page have a "sheet" of some type somewhere!

For Walt West, the advantage has always been that if an inquiry did come into his office he could always deny direct information on that person but, he could also add, "I DO KNOW that he has a record in police headquarters". This is what he had done for me! His reason?

In my case he had added several pieces of pure fiction and his answer to my query as his reasons, simply, that I was a friend of Julio Grassi and I had helped him and he knew that I had made plenty of money off of the odd deal at the car lot! I was shocked and I left West's office still in wonder as to what type of vicious morons had taken control of my hometown. I had made no money from the help I had given to Julio. It mattered not a thing to me what other people had thought of him, he was my friend and he needed help and I helped him.

At this time, I was still ignorant as to the depth and the nature of the "combination" in Tacoma. I did not know or realize that there was an evil power structure that would brook absolutely no interference with the operation of the city, financially, politically, or socially.

I was angry about this needless and silly rumor mill and I was in a position I felt to sue someone but, whom? After my first anger did cool, I examined the situation and I found that there was really not a thing I could do! To ask a local attorney would be expensive and what could he turn up? West would deny, as he still denies, that he does such things and the police chief of that period in Tacoma, Charles Zittle, would never have allowed his records to be examined. I turned away from the question and hoped that people would forget the silly rumors and I would be left alone!

The weeks passed and I was producing material for political persons both in Washington and from out of state. Much of my material was sent through several advertising agencies and I inquired as to what agency could handle material for local consumption. Strangely enough, a name popped up that was familiar but long forgotten. Several friends told me to see Marshall Riconosciuto, of the Riconosciuto Advertising Agency. I was informed that his agency had handled many candidates in the past and he might need another writer in his stable. The name did ring a bell; and I knew that I must have known him in the "old days" right after World War II. As it turned out, I did, and we sat in his office and talked politics and old times.

Marshall Riconosciuto is an odd guy. With a name like that he has to have the ability to develop a certain type of patience and kindness to most people who try to spell it!

Taller than he looks, his stance always leads one to think that he is a short fellow and one is always surprised

at how tall he actually is —5-10 or so —and with a husky physique to go with his height. Marshall is the perfect version of the "hustler" in business, and he always reminds me of the White Rabbit in Alice in Wonderland..no matter where he is he is late for somewhere else. He is on the run from early morning until late at night and in making a complete round of a full day with him I never fail to be surprised at how many times he diverts from his business to do someone a kindness, or to stop and pay a call on an old friend. Marshall has friends tucked away in many odd corners of the city! They range in age from the very young to the aged, from men in high politics to those in the lowest of financial and social straits. He treats them all with the same consideration.

There are many improvements in Tacoma that came about because this man, in his years on the planning commission, expressed vision and hope for a better city. It is an incredible story and hard to believe what toil many men went to, what effort was expended to cut away his honor, his credit, and most of all his good name. It happened, and it happened in Tacoma, the city where he was born. We will cover the story in detail later in the book. For right now let's return to the day we renewed an old acquaintance.

In talking and having lunch with Marshall Riconosciuto, I found that his advertising agency was not geared to handle political candidates on a steady business basis. Instead, it was the rock upon which had been founded *Channel Magazine* a free TV guide given away in most of the western motels, hotels, and drugstores. He had also expanded his original operation to include wholesale drug supplies and he operated a small lab where certain common drugs were bottled under a variety of house names.

We spent some time talking local politics and I explained my wonder that something could happen like had happened to Julio Grassi and that it would be done by high officers in the state. Marshall laughed and informed me that I should be closer to the political scene in Tacoma.

He offered to introduce me to a man who was running for the Mayor's race, "but, don't expect Slim to have any money to hire fancy political writers", Marshall informed me. "He runs his own campaign, and his wife acts as his campaign manager." I asked Marshall if it wasn't just a bit on the old "homely" side to have this approach to a Mayorality campaign.

Thus, I met a man for whom I grew to have a high regard and a man I consider to be one of the most honest people I have ever met, A. L. Slim Rasmussen. He was soon to be Mayor of Tacoma and the real wars of the City Management

would begin.

A.L. Rasmussen is a man who has always approached his elections to public office as a man with a certain service to give, and he has offered himself to the general public on straight forward honest terms and that is what he has been elected to do—present the facts as he sees them. He is not the type of a man who will ever win any rewards for diplomacy, but, for most of the enemies he has battled in the political world, diplomacy would have appeared as a sign of weakness. "Slim" gets along quite well with no public displays of groveling before any name or in any situation. While Marshall Riconosciuto, was to be the instrument of my introduction to "Slim" Rasmussen, it was Marshall Riconosciuto who was to tell me some of what had happened to our town in the years that I had been gone.

It was one of those soft, fall, days that Tacoma finds so rarely—a perfect day in Indian Summer which seemed to have acres and acres of afternoon and evening. I asked Marshall the question: "What in the Hell has happened to our town, Marsh?" His answer was to the point, just two words.

"City Management", he said.

"I don't understand. That can't account for the weird action against Julio, the drive to smear me just because I helped him. Tell me the whole truth. What in hell has happened to Tacoma?" Marshall laughed and rose from behind his desk.

"Got time to take a ride with me?" he asked.

"Where to and what for?"

"Do you want to know what has happened to Tacoma?"

"That is the question I want to answer," I told him.

"Then come on and take a ride and I can show you a few things that will save 500 hours of explanations. We have a couple of places to look and I'll tell you what they mean."

With that we left his office at 39 Broadway and took a tour of the city. Marshall kept up a steady lecture while he was driving. I looked and listened and learned!

2

"---Hell---"

We humans have a tendency to conglomerate in areas where we can be close to each other and we in the United States have always had much open and free land to spread out in and we have used it. We have made cities where there should be no cities and we have moved cities, we have burned them and built them and we have always been unhappy with what we have produced.

Planning Commissions have been a part of the American scene for a great number of years and they have always been an honored part of our public service. How many of their group plans have ever been actually acted upon is another question. Uncounted millions of dollars have been spent in the U.S. on plans and drawings that never left the drawing boards and never were given a chance for public examination.

Tacoma is an emergency town. It sprang from an emergency and it has existed in the midst of an emergency since the New Tacoma was built. The amount of brains that it took to select the spot where it now stands is a moot question. The question as to whether any planning was done or not is open to every eye.

Built on the steepest slopes in the valley, the land cascades down to a waterfront and a river that have one endearing quality—both are very deep. For the few ships that come to Tacoma, in these days of 1970, that is a comforting thought and fact! It is the stock answer to every small question as to why Tacoma does not derive more from its waterfront than it does. Always the same cheery answers: "We have one of the deepest salt water ports in the world". They always fail to add that it is one of the least used!

We have a Port Commission that is usually made up of local "fat-cats"—men who are considered to be "men of substance" and their evident wish is to keep the Port of Tacoma as big a secret from the rest of the nation

and the shippers of the world as possible.

Any attempt to attend a Port Commission meeting, or ask some of the needed questions, is met with the usual Tacoma public offical's fishy stare! They are a law unto themselves and there they stay, aloof, rigid and a small planning commission that spends millions of dollars and answers to no person or public body!

I bring in the section on the Port to allow the reader to have a look at it, not as a "Commission" but as a Planning Body of the City and not controlled by the people of the city.

The land of downtown Tacoma was originally scheduled to be a railroad marshalling yard. The hills were graded and long sloping cuts were made with no provisions for cross tracks, running up and down the hills as they were never to be needed. Tacoma still has downtown blocks that are twice as long as the usual city block. In some areas they are longer than that and as long as we had two-way traffic with horses, it really did not matter. Later, as we developed autos and the streets became overly crowded, some damn fool suggested one-way traffic as an answer, and as a result Tacoma has one of the most confusing one-way grids in America.

Evidently it never occurred to anyone to widen the streets and allow those streets that were wide enough to continue their pattern. The money involved would have mattered little as millions and millions were wasted in later Urban Re-Newal with no consideration for traffic at any time.

The ride that Marshall asked me to take started in late afternoon and lasted until late that evening. We looked at Tacoma, and he seemed to have a love for the town that added a tinge of sadness to his words as he told me of what had happened to Tacoma during my years of absence.

"Tacoma", he said, "is a beaten town. Unless someone or something starts this town moving again they might as well slide it into the Sound".

He went on to tell me of his years on the Planning Commission and his struggle with Dave Rowlands, the City Manager, to allow the town to be developed by the "neighborhood concept". We went to South Tacoma, a small business community, district, to the south of the main city. There he pointed out to me what had been done by the merchants association with some of the basic planning in cooperation with the city Planning commission. This concept had been stopped by order of Dave Rowlands

d he had created what he called the *Committee of 200*, me type of a committee of downtown business men that d not suggested or carried out any plan since they ere created.

"Hell!",I said.

We drove through what had been the K street neighrhood, now mostly Negro and re-named as Hilltop. had never heard of "Hilltop" and I did not know what meant. Marshall told me that large parts of the city d been re-named as Tri-Mart, Hilltop, and that it emmed mostly from the work of the OEO-ODI comex of poverty programs that were heavily engaged the city's politics and economic life.

We took a look at the downtown Urban-Renewal Area d it was a real experience to see great sections of the ty, my hometown, laid waste and bare...rubble and aste strewn everywhere. The vaunted "moving sidealks" standing expensively exposed to weather and oking like angle-irons that held up the hills of upper Hilltop".

Late at night we returned to the office and sat down discuss the problems of Tacoma and what should e done about them. My head was filled with facts nd figures that Marshall seemed to have at instant ommand but did not sort out to any real picture for e. As I left the office and drove home, I decided to heck some of his statements in other places, and lk to some of the other people of the city and see hat they had to say about the same subject.

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national and international names to the ears and breakfast tables of Tacoma citizens.

Burt McMurtrie is a cantankerous, hard-headed, stubborn, moose of a man, set in his viewpoints and filled with a deep love of the City of Tacoma. His projects and work are to be seen throughout the city and he has backed all the projects that made any progres in the city at any time with energy, broadcasts, and in many cases, personal contributions of money. He has hated City Manager government from its inception and he has spoken out against its weaknesses and he has paid the price for his views and his opinions. Bur is also a tremendous resource center for information concerning both the inner and outer lives of the Tacoma citizens. There is little doubt that Burt McMurtrie could have raised both the murder rate and the divorce rate in Tacoma, had he ever wished to tell all the private information that has been funneled to him in the time period between 1947 and 1970. Instead, Bur has never revealed at any time information that could hurt a man in any but his open and avowed politica stand. There he has been straightforward and made sure that he was speaking to the issue and not to the man. His private thoughts are his own and his private files are his own, and there is no chance of entering either.

I did know that if I renewed my acquaintance with McMurtrie, he would give me an honest and straightforward picture of what had happened to place Tacoma in the hands of the brigands that seemed to be running it. I went to see Burt.

In the "old days" in 1946-47, I had worked on several investigations that Burt, as a newsman, had a deep interest in and I had cooperated with him and he had not forgotten. Back then he had always kidded me by calling me, "Freddie", because he knew that I did not like to be called by the diminutive. He had not changed. He remembered my dislike for the name and he called me that again.

I found him in the autumn sunshine in a sport shirt and shorts, standing in his backyard in deep study of a sick plant. I was put at ease and told to wait until he could finish deciding what to do about the flower. A gardener friend and Burt carried out their surgery on the plant and Burt invited me into his backyard roadcasting studio from where he broadcasts his noon ews program.

I told him that I wanted to know what had happened

to our city. He had only one answer.

"Hell!", he said. He sat and looked out the window for a long time.

I knew that flashing through his mind were the major events that had happened in Tacoma in the past 11 or 12 years that brought the city to "Hell!".

I sat quiet and waited. After a long period of silence, this rugged bear of a man shrugged and turned and said, "Where do you want to start?"

"Just tell me the story of the city management and how it keeps control of this city", I told him.

Burt McMurtrie started to talk. He talked for a long time and what he told me was essentially the same that Marsh Riconosciuto had told me, only with some flourishes of personal views. The city had not had a change of government for the better but a change that had brought a ruthless crowd to power that brooked no interference and certainly allowed no public critique.

I asked again why the people stood for this corrupt band of mobsters to pollute the city and Burt explained some of the advantages of owning the only newspaper and having control of the only local news-TV and radio in the city. The people were never allowed to see the true picture of things as they really existed and they were fed a steady diet of "everything is wonderful" pap by the *Tribune*.

After several hours I left Burt's house in a daze of amazement at such crazy methods of governing a city and then accepting a halo for being the great white leader of the Angels of Truth and Justice. I was determined to find some other sources of information and I felt that I had been subjected to men that had opposed the local administration and maybe it would be a good thing to ask the fountainhead of all this so-called evil government of the city...David Rowlands himself, the Manager of Tacoma.

I called the next day and asked for an appointment. I was told that he was out of town and would not be back for several days. I had some other sources of information and I decided to seek those while waiting for Mr. Rowlands to return.

I decided to look up Paul Olson, a man who had been within 400 votes of being Mayor of Tacoma in 1946. He was now an executive of the Time Oil Company and had not taken an active part in Tacoma politics for many years. His wife, Dawn Olson, had been a Tacoma Councilwoman, candidate for Congress and a Freeholder. I knew that they would be quite aware of the local political scene. I also knew that Paul and Dawn were Liberal Democrats and they would be, if

any people would be, on the side of City Management government. I felt sure that I could get a picture of the other side of the story from them!

I did not have the opportunity to talk to Dawn Olson. She was away on a business trip, but I did contact Paul. To my utter surprise and amazement, I found that Paul was not overly happy with City Management government and he was certainly unhappy with the Tacoma City Charter that gave all the power of a madman into the shaky hands of one man! While he was interested in the City certainly, Paul was deeply involved in the process of the Office of Economic Opportunity in the county and very much concerned that the money spent go to help those people that it was meant for and meant to uplift!

I did learn from Paul a great deal of what was going on in the OEO picture and what was happening in County government as a whole. It was good information to have for I was soon to be deeply involved myself in a project that opened my eyes to a conspiracy of interest that I was amazed to find. The OEO and the city were involved in a mess and it was a real mess. That decision was to come later. At present, I was being lined up for a part that would launch me into the fight against the City Management and would eventually cause changes in the city that would institute bitter and long drawn out political and physical wars!

After several days I again called Mr. Rowlands office. I very much wanted to spend some time with the man. If he could only spare me a few minutes, perhaps he could put some logic into the actions that I had been told had taken place in the city. It was not to be. Rowlands' office informed me, coldly, that Mr. Rowlands did not have time for me and it was not known if and when he would have any time for me!

I was sincerely sorry that he would not speak with me. Maybe it is of no consequence. Again maybe the history of Tacoma would have been on a different note and even changed, if Rowlands had had a few minutes to spare a seeking man!

I turned away from the phone with a word that had been repeated for me several times in the past few days.

"Hell!" I said.

3

"---is going on?"

During the time that I had waited to call David Rowlands, I had a call from another old friend from the "old days". Miller Stevens called and asked for a chance to discuss something of deep interest to him. We made an appointment to have coffee in the New Yorker restaurant and he told me of his problem.

Miller is a Gypsy, and that statement alone, for a great many people, is an indictment. That is wrong and it shows a deep distrust that holds over from the myths and tales of long ago. Miller Stevens is a man who has a great deal of credit coming to him for what he had tried to do for his people against great odds.

Miller knew that I had been a school teacher and administrator and he was aware that I knew something about the Federal Aid to Education programs. He had contacted me to tell me that his people needed special help and that he could get no person to listen to his pleas.

I assumed that the Office of Economic Opportunity, in its great wisdom, had arranged to take care of the Gypsy peoples of this nation as well as they had categorized the rest of the minority peoples. Negroes, Number 1, Indians, Number 2, Latin-Americans, Number 3...and so on down their ever wise and never wrong ladder! Miller insisted that the Gypsy peoples had no place assigned to them at all and that they were being left out completely. I was again amazed. It seemed to me that Tacoma was nothing but one big amazement to me!

I told him I would find out as soon as possible what could be done, if anything at all, that surely there must be someplace for his people on the poverty ladder. He kept insisting that he could find no place where they could be considered aside from the regular welfare rolls and the police dockets.

I called Jim Wickwire, in Senator Henry Jackson's office and Jim told me that he would check and see if Miller knew what he was talking about. In the meantime, Miller Stevens and I renewed old times and talked of the days

when he first came to Tacoma to enter the used car business in 1947. Due to the fact that I had done some representation of Miller Stevens at that time, he had bothered to keep track of me.

In traveling about the country on buying trips for cars, he had always managed to drop in on me wherever I was teaching and we had been in closer touch than some of the other friends from the "old forties" in Tacoma. I had also managed to study the Gypsy as a man and as a people. Miller Stevens considered me to be the best informed "gadjo" or non-Gypsy that he knew!

I soon had some letters from Jim Wickwire and several calls from him that expressed surprise that the all-knowing OEO had little knowledge or information on the Gypsy peoples as they now exist in the U.S.

He asked for further information and Miller soon had a letter from the office of the OEO in Washington, asking for further information.

I wrote a complete research paper on the Gypsy tribes in the U.S. with some notes on their way of life and their problems with public education, and Miller left for Washington. When he returned he was somewhat down in the mouth as he had been given the red-carpet treatment but had no comprehensive plan for his people to have special education.

This is not the time or the place to enter into a full study of the Gypsy problem in the U.S. Let it suffice to say that there is a real cultural problem here. It is a difficult problem and as of this writing, like most of the really hard problems that have faced the OEO, it has been swept under the rug and is being ignored. The Gypsy still lives in the bowels of the big cities, uncounted, unknown, and ignored. The local Tacoma Poverty people attempted to make a going program out of it, but the Negro racial prejudices involved, the Negro demand that all dollars be spent on his programs, killed off what little effort was made in the local area.

The partial story of the Gypsy problem is told here only as an introduction to the web of intrigue and connection to City Manager government that it represents.

I finally wrote a complete education plan for the local Gypsy people and it was g.ven a grudging $6700 to see if it could work. The program was a success, but was not renewed.

During the writing of the program, we had run into one smiling brick wall after another. The two that I recall most clearly were a woman Shirley Jackson and the local Director of the ODI (Opportunity Development Inc.) George

Johnson. We felt that the program was being shunted aside and so we asked for and got some public notice. This did not go down well with the local OEO biggies!

Early in the program-effort, I had written a rather comprehensive history of the Gypsy in Europe and the United States. This had been sent to Washington. I now received a call from the OEO office in San Francisco and an informed and educated female voice informed me that I did not know what I was doing and that I should be much deeper informed on the Gypsy problem before passing on wrongful information about their problems.

She then proceeded to read to me the brochure that I had written some weeks before. I quietly replaced the phone on the hook and went on my way without comment.

Several days went by without further comment from Washington, D.C. and I received a telephone call from Miller Stevens. He was quite nervous and stirred up and he asked for a meeting to tell me something important. He came to my home and informed me that a man by the name of Bob Lee had called on him and informed him that I was a very bad character and that any further help from me could only hurt the program he was trying to get approved. He further stated that he had a meeting with them the next day and that they were to show him proof, "..in black and white" of my bad character. He wanted to know what to do.

I told Miller to make the meeting in his home and not to worry any further about it! He did and I parked my car outside his store-front home. When I saw the two well dressed men go in, I walked in after them.

One man was Bob Lee, a Public Relations man for the local ODI, and the other was Edd Jeffords, local *Tribune* reporter. Both men were rather uncomfortable at my presence and Miller was embarassed no end to have this confrontation in his home. I demanded their "Black and White Proof". They had none. Lee did say that I had a terribly bad reputation and that I might hurt the program. Jeffords was not overly hostile and seemed to be in search of information. The story that he wrote for the *Tribune* was a first class hatchet job!

I departed from the meeting knowing that I had been sabotaged, and for seemingly no reason at all aside from the fact that I would not swallow the stupid stories that the local OEO put out as excuses to Miller and that I had gone through Washington, D.C.

I found myself again puzzled at the massive retaliation, and the attempt to paint me as some type of criminal! This I could not understand. The same result could have been had by simply stating the truth, that I had gone over the

heads of the local officials and that this was unacceptable. The silly story that I was some type of an unacceptable character, due to a criminal background, left me deeply puzzled.

This was an approach that I soon learned was a favorite one that is used by the *Tacoma News-Tribune* and the average reader in Tacoma (or in any area) is too shallow to know that most newspapers are not vehicles of news but of those viewpoints that further their own ends. Tacoma citizens have become so used to this procedure as taught by the years of use by the *Tribune* tactics, that they think it is the proper way to attack any person or issue that they disagree with at any time! Meantime they ignore the criminal tactics of those that foment the problems and the troubles that are under the surface of Tacoma.

I walked away from the Gypsy project after having charged Miller not one penny for the long hours and research done for his favor. I was later accused by this same team of Lee & Jeffords as having made a lot of money from the Gypsy program. By that time it did not worry me for I had been assured that most of the local politicians knew Lee as a liar and Jeffords as a cheap hippie-in-residence at the *Tribune*. Any knock from them was a boost in most quarters of the city.

Little by little I was becoming more and more angry with the manner in which an average citizen could be crucified in Tacoma with no place to turn. I had been told that the courts were unavailable to anyone not in the correct position, either in the social circle or the political circle. In Tacoma, in 1967, that meant that you HAD to be a committed supporter of the City Manager, and that meant David Rowlands, in order to receive any justice or any fair hearing in any court in Tacoma.

As of this 1970 writing that has not changed and the courts are as unreliable and based on politics as they have ever been. If you are not a Liberal fanatic and deeply committed to the continuance of the City Manager form of government, then stay out of any local court that asks justice on any political matter.

As I looked at Tacoma, and I talked to people, honest people, hard working people, I kept asking myself, "..is this really going on?" Each time the answer was the same. Yes! There was a sickness abroad in the city and it was getting worse.

Unbeknownst to me, I had committed one of the really grave errors of judgment in Tacoma. I had committed a crime so serious that there was no possibility that I would ever be forgiven. I did not know it was a bad crime and it

does not appear on the surface to be one. However, if you have lived in Tacoma for any length of time, it is one that you must surely know about.

During the time that I had tried to get the Gypsy problem before as many people as possible, I had been told of a man, Jim Nicholls, in the city of Puyallup. Puyallup is a small town that lies about four miles from Tacoma, as the crow flies, and it has always been a fruit and bulb center. It has a radio station, KAYE, owned and operated by Jim Nicholls a former Canadian, now a U.S. citizen.

I had been informed that Jim Nicholls was a man of integrity and that he was in the habit of airing programs that wouldn't make it to the air on other stations. I drove out to Puyallup with Miller Stevens, and parked at the station. We sat in the car and discussed the possibility of reaching people on radio and then we entered the station.

And so I met Jim Nicholls.

We talked and he listened carefully to what we had to say and what we were trying to do. He smiled and told us that he hoped we knew what we were doing as his station had not built a reputation as any great friend to some of the OEO-ODI nonsense. We decided to go ahead with the program and to ask him to schedule it later in the week. We sat in the foyer talking and planning a program. In a few minutes Jim Nicholls returned from a side control room and said, "Come along, gentlemen, your program is going on."

4

"---if this goes on---"

While I had been gone in the East and in California, the man who was to turn Tacoma upside down was rapidly approaching election time and it was just a few days before the municipal elections that I met "Slim" Rasmussen.

A.L. "Slim" Rasmussen is a man that I learned to like and respect during the following two years. He is a patient man and an honest man.

He has a sense of justice and fair play that is seldom found among those men who follow the professional and semi-professional world of U.S. political life.

A husky man with a subtle sense of humor, he has his office door always open to all citizens of all classes and it was open at all hours. He campaigned for the mayorality of Tacoma on a platform of "let us change the government of this city to a fair representative government". The people sent him into office with an overwhelming majority.

Former Mayor Rasmussen is a man who "does his homework" and by that I mean that he is willing to pick any man's brains for ideas and methods that can help him serve the people. When he was making his preparations for the race for mayor of Tacoma, he called upon all of the people that he felt could lend him assistance and information to make his campaign a successful one. Once successful, he wanted that same set of information and research people to provide him with answers to many of the problems of Tacoma.

The *News-Tribune* and their tame City Manager evidently did not know that "Slim" Rasmussen was a methodical man, that he did do his homework.

They never really understood what was happening and that the people were in general tired of the half-baked recipes for progress that they continually spewed forth and never realized. It never really occurred to the *TNT* that they could lose this election.

The citizens of Tacoma had grown slightly out of charm with a mess, commonly called "Rowlands Rubble Pile". Its official name was the Urban Re-Newal Program, a federally financed boondoggle that appeared to be for the sole benefit of the local baking houses. Great sections of Tacoma had been torn down years before and nothing was being done to replace the demolished buildings with new, privately owned structures, to be put back on the tax rolls.

One of the men who had been on the Planning Commission when this program was started and had disapproved of the methods being used was Marshall Riconosoiuto, the man I had taken the city tour with and had expalined to me the problems of the Urban Re-Newal mess.

Rasmussen called on Riconosciuto and asked him to serve as his Urban-ReNewal advisor. Marshall wrote a treatise and gave it to the coming mayor for his information, and introduced me to the next mayor at the same time. I offered my services to him in whatever capacity I could be used and he politely thanked me, but never called on me to help in any manner! That was my whole contribution to "Slim's" election, and despite later rumors that I wrote his material, I contributed no writing, thinking or wording to "Slim" Rasmussen in his campaign.

"Slim" Rasmussen had a lifelong record as a Democrat, a Liberal and a fighter for the common man. That reputation was to be torn to bits by the *Tacoma News-Tribune* and their obsession with the Far Left followers of City Management government. They were to paint Slim in all colors and they would do it with some of the worst bits of yellow journalism that has ever been printed in the United States.

The years pass quickly in long-range politics and the *News-Tribune* has been a political paper for a great many years. They make plans and their "ownership" policy demands that every step be planned to make sure that city power is retained to their advantage, at all times.

After the November elections of 1967, the *TNT* launched a common old news trick; one that will always work where there is but one newspaper and sometimes where there are two. They played "..the old headline variation trick...", a simple means of discrediting any public person.

In launching the "old headline trick" the *TNT* simply made sure that any story that concerned city busi-

ness and Rasmussen carried a headline that was (1) playful, (2) racist, (3) derogatory. Many, many times the headlines had adsolutely nothing to do with the story that followed. On the other hand, the fullest of sympathy was offered to Dave Rowlands, the City Manager. Any story that concerned Rowlands was played to the skies and his virtues were continually extolled and vaunted before the reading public.

For the *Tribune*, it was a trick that had worked many times and it was expected to work again. However, that was a different cast to the die this time. A small Puyallup, Washington radio station, KAYE, was beginning to look at Tacoma and to be a bit horrified by what the owner, Jim Nicholls, saw going on there! Something was about to be changed in the Rules of the Game in Tacoma.

The election of "Slim" Rasmussen had brought shouts of horror and dismay on the part of most of the followers of City Management and their cohorts. This was further intensified by the fact that "Slim" Rasmussen had asked Jim Nicholls and KAYE to broadcast the initial meeting of the new council and Mayor at the auditorium of the Public Utilities Building. This marked the start of a custom that has endured the past three and one-half years: the weekly radio broadcasts of the City Council meetings from the Council Chamber in the County-City Building.

Prior to the end of the campaign and the election of "Slim" Rasmussen, a local attorney filed suit against "Slim" based on some vague idea that he was not eligible to become mayor due to the fact that he had not officially resigned his state legislative post as a State Senator.

The attorney involved was Pat Steele, a long-time seeker after the variety of elective offices that a state and county offer. A former Councilman, he had resigned his post in an extremely complicated switch of seats some years before, and Steele considered himself a governmental expert. He lost his case.

With the institution of the council meeting broadcasts, the *News-Tribune* found itself in the embarrassing spot of not being able to actually slant the news in any manner that could not be refuted by those who did pay enough attention to local government to listen to the broadcasts.

The first regular Council meeting made many aware that they HAD better listen if they did not wish to miss what was going to be a two-year battle for the fate of

the City of Tacoma. At that first Council meeting, the request for Dave Rowlands' resignation as City Manager was requested by the new mayor.

The first of a long line of "split" votes came at this request for the dismissal of David Rowlands from his job as Manager of the city. It was the first roll back of the "Slim" Rasmussen administration and it was an indication of the times to come.

The composition of the "accident" council (a political "accident" was what it was called by the supporters of the City Manager) was made up of various backgrounds. The members were: A.L. "Slim" Rasmussen, Mayor, Gerry Bott, Deputy Mayor, Dr. Arnold Herrmann, L.H. Johnson, Hal Murtland, Tony Zatkovich, George Cvitanich, Helen "Becky" Banfield and "Moe" Finnigan. Zatkovich and Cvitanich were ex-policemen, Johnson a retired businessman, Gerry Bott a fuel dealer and Moe Finnigan a boss in a sheet metal plant. Becky Banfield is the wife of Dr. "Bud" Banfield of the Municipal Park Board, and Doc Herrmann heads up the Pierce County Medical association. The one real controversial personality on the City Council was "Hal" Murtland, an attorney.

While the election campaigns were on, "Gerry" Bott had not made it a clear-cut decision on his part as to whether he supported the City Manager form of government or not. This had placed him in a position of being man looked to for some leadership, along with "Slim" Rasmussen, the new mayor. He gained his appointment as Deputy Mayor based on the agreement that he would vote to oust David Rowlands as City Manager.

When the first meeting of the Council convened in the Public Utilities auditorium, "Slim" Rasmussen moved to relieve David Rowlands as the City Manager and, to the surprise of all, George Cvitanich voted to retain the man in office! His reasoning, that it was the wrong time and place, was not accepted by other members of the Council, and although there would not have been enough votes to oust Rowlands, the heat was on for George Cvitanich.

The division soon became apparent in the make-up of the Council. The majority was in favor of City Management and the minority was in opposition. The minority was made up of Banfield, Cvitanich, Rasmussen and Zatkovich. That was the way the vote was to go for two long years, always a five to four split. The Majority Five were later to gain some fame as the Five Dum-Dums.

There were other forces stirring in the city and some were dangerous to the public safety as only those forces

that feed upon rebellion and revolution can be in a large populated area.

Prior to the election of the 1967 City Council, there had been formed by Council ordnance, a new body termed the Human Relations Department, and an advisory Board of Commissioners had been appointed to direct the policy of this "Human Relations Commission". The man appointed to the job as Director of the Human Relations Department of the city was Rev. Lynn Hodges. Hodges was a center point in the continuing storm for the following two years.

All across the United States in the sixties. cities and counties became engrossed with the subject of "Human Relations" and a variety of Boards and Commissions and Committees were formed in a great many areas to see what could be done to better "Human Relations". For the most part, these "boards" simply worsened conditions as they arose and stirred up problems that never existed. In pointing out their duties, the liberal forces felt that the Negro problem was the dire need and that was what the Commissions were being forced to better; all Negro living condition!

Since 1922, the United states has been subjected to the same basic problem in forming any body or semi-official commission that is intended to deal with peoples' lives or their welfare. That problem has been the subverting of these organizations by the Communist forces that prey continually on the economic life of this nation. If they cannot achieve complete control, then they tend to control the members with or without their consent. The Tacoma Human Relations Commission was no different that any of the many similar bodies across the nation. It became subject to a great many influences that eventually destroyed its usefulness.

A great many people have termed Lynn Hodges a Communist. My own opinion was that he was never capable of the self-discipline that a good, well-trained Communist must have.

My own view of Lynn Hodges was not really solidified until I had a chance to meet the man and talk with him several times. I termed him a man that was after the same thing that most of the Rowlands Mob were after, the making of a buck! If it took a job in the Human Relations Department to do this, then he was willing to drop his role as a preacher and enter into the work of uplifting poor Blacks in Tacoma. His views as to how to go about it were rather wild, but that is the limit of the man's subversive quality!

The Human Relations Commission itself was a rather silly gathering of so-called representatives of the culture of the city, and it was never able to enforce any policy that it ever decided upon. The whole thing was an expensive charade played out for a political show to impress both the Negro and the Black population of the city that the city really had their welfare at heart. In reality, it never impressed any body, Black or White, that it was anything aside from what it was supposed to be, window dressing in Rowlands Mob House!

While the Human Relations Department was being organized, Tacoma was experiencing an influx of Blacks from many parts of the nation. Some were Vista workers, and a great many were workers of one kind or another in the Office of Economic Opportunity and its offshoot, the local Opportunity Development Incorporated or, as it is known, the ODI.

These people began an open campaign against the new Mayor and his "racist" attitude. This was a puzzling angle and it was some time before the story began to seep back that it was in support of the "Hero", the City Manager, that these people were being fed large doses of propaganda by the supporters of the City Management system. The political "accident" had jarred them to their basic political souls and the *Tribune*, for the first time, felt that it just might be possible for the control of Management government to slip away from the control of the small group of the interested, inner, circle!

While "Slim" Rasmussen was busy attempting to organize his minority side of the City Council and make up a definite program that would take the city into the seventies with some hope of economic development that was meaningful, much resistance was being organized against him. This was to be one of the most amazing twists of local politics that could have been engineered by any man. It was organized and placed into operation by an old hand at political chicanery—David Rowlands, Tacoma's City Manager!

I had met "Slim" Rasmussen, I had talked with nim and I was impressed by his sincere desire to do a decent job for the citizens of the city. I had tried to meet David Rowlands but I had been rebuffed and I felt that he was not in any position to do any type of a job for the citizens of the city. That was the simple basis for my decision to investigate the City Management of Tacoma. While I was shocked by what I found, I was doubly shocked by the political division of the

city. I have never encountered, in any state, the deep hatreds and bitterness that is contained in the City of Tacoma.

I have never had any experience with a city's political machinery in which the variety of participants are so far apart in their general view of the opposition. A non-believer in City Manager government is automatically assumed to be a follower of George Wallace, a hater of the United Nations, a lukewarm supporter of Richard Nixon, a lover of the Liberty Lobby, a card-carrying, dues-paid member of the Minute Men and Pro-America and irrevocably against all forms of government aid to city, county, state and foreign nations! Should you deny that you fit all of these categories, you are an outcast to one side and unbelieved by the other!

On the opposite side, if you support city management government you are a luke-warm Communist (?) and you are wildly in favor of all of the Russian actions in the United Nations; you are a deep hater of George Wallace and a potential assassinator of Richard Nixon. You automatically support abortion, inter-racial marriage, the SDS and the Resistance. You are deeply devoted to any form of socialistic conduct whether it be communal houses, the many federal "leveling" programs, and sex education in schools. What is more, after several years in the so-called Conservative movement in Tacoma, I am not so sure that all supporters of City Management do not support all of the wild areas that I have mentioned!

Somewhere, somehow, the desperate fight for the form of city government in Tacoma has brought into the fray all of the above mentioned areas and more. The argument has gone beyond the local level and lecturers and papers and all types of printed material is brought forth from out of the state and in the city to prove that the other side is not only wrong, but, subversive and, what is more, that they are plain crazy! Some of the conduct of both sides is open to question.

I was therefore caught somewhat by suprise by the fact that I was not accepted by the Conservative forces. I found that just saying that you were on one side or the other was not enough. One had to prove that they were soldiers in the ranks, and therefore be promoted from the ranks by the course of action that they choose to select in the battle.

My political credentials were good. I had worked for the "correct" side in the deep south and I had been able to submit some material that was later used both by Slim Rasmussen and Tony Zatkovich for Council battles, although they did not know who produced it at the time. I was not

accepted at face value by the "policy makers" and I was not really interested in making any great progress with certain levels of the Far Right. Some of them were way too wild for my plebian tastes.

I waited and I watched the first few city council meetings of the new council, and I cringed at some of the tactics, for I felt that the new Mayor was conducting the Council as he would conduct a committee in the state Senate and it just would not work in Tacoma. One does not approach city government on the same level as one can in the state legislature.

Some of the council actions I approved of, due to the psychological factors involved. It was right and proper that the Mayor be returned to the proper office of the Mayor. The building design clearly designated where the office of the Mayor was supposed to be located and what offices were set aside for the Council. Some years before, Rowlands had pre-empted it from the possession of one of our weaker Mayors and he held forth in what actually were Mayor's offices.

For a great many years, the City Manager had sat on the dais of the elected representives of the people, with his elbow close to that of the Mayor, and it was to the City Manager that all citizen's questions and comments were directed. The Mayor for many years had been expected to sit as a ventriloquist's dummy and merely mouth the words that were placed in his teeth by the Manager.

A man by the name of Harold Tollefson had been Mayor for ten years or so prior to the election of Slim Rasmussen. He is a rather grey shadow in the world of politics in Tacoma. No person ever ran against an incumbent Mayor for many years, they ran against the Rowlands Machine. Part of the defeat of Mr. Tollefson, I feel, was due to his role of "dummy" to the word storms of David Rowlands. Rumor has stated that Mr. Tollefson did not always see eye to eye with Dave Rowlands, but, this was a deeply hidden secret, if true. For the general public, it appeared that Tollefson was only a figure head, and that he was a spineless figure-head as well.

Therefore, it came as no suprise when Slim Rasmussen ordered Rowlands back to the seats and the table along with the rest of the city's hired hands. It was the cause of a great hooraw by the TNT, and pitiful pictures were printed of the City Manager, smiling a brave smile as he moved from the offices that he had usurped years before Rasmussen's arrival. It was the beginning of a vicious propaganda campaign to retain the services of a man in a city office that was repugnant to a full 50% of the population of the city.

There was a rising tide of weeping and wailing on the part of the people who supported City Management government, and David Rowlands in particular, and it was being rather cleverly stage-managed.

I went to Slim Rasmussen's office, and as I waited in the outer lobby I chatted with Doris Stuart the Mayor's secretary. A slim, grey man came from the Mayors office, affable and smiling, spoke pleasantly to the secretary and left. Upon my inquiry, she informed that that was a, "..Floyd Oles, a friend of Mr. Rasmussen's and a very nice man..". I have often wondered if she ever changed her mind? I am quite sure she would never tell you if she had.

Mrs. Doris Stuart, is probably the most diplomatic person in the service of Tacoma, and probably one of the most discreet people I have ever met. She has managed to serve four or five Mayors, all of different personality make-up, and she has done so with faith and with integrity. She has never told me anything that I could not read in yesterday's newspaper, and is most willing to talk to you on any subject except the current Mayor of that administration or the general politics of the city! She walks a political tightrope with an ease and a smile that restores a bit of faith in human nature!

Upon entering the Mayor's office, I told him that I felt that he had a problem in the coming months with the matter of racism and the sliding slant that the newspaper was taking along with the continual rumors that were being peddled in the street. My remarks did not ruffle Slim Rasmussen. He simply searched his desk for a piece of hard candy and, finding it, turned his chair to allow him to look out the window.

"If this goes on...." he said.

I knew that I had brought him no news. He was well aware of the direction the Rowlands Mob were slanting their propaganda. I waited for him to finish his remark. He did not speak again and we sat there looking out the window with his words still hanging in the air.

"If this goes on....." he had said!

5

"... it's gonna be Hell"

Several things began to impress themselves upon me. One was the concern the local citizens had for something called "sensitivity training". It was not a stranger to me, but its widespread use in political activism was a factor that I had not faced before and I was interested in what was being done with it and how!

For those who might still be aware of just what is "sensitivity training" we should give a thumb-nail sketch of what is meant by the political use of the process. It is not a complicated thing and most people who are not aware of what it is being used for, are not hard to place under a type of psuedo-sound reasoning process that seems logical.

For most people it is a slow awakening, brought about by attendance to a seemingly harmless meeting, where a simple process of logic is used to attract your attention. A garden club, for instance, can become interested in children's problems and seek to do something about them through the simple, reasonable. process of asking that you care.

Most reasonable people will state that they "care", and from this modest beginning, that word and the responsibility that it carries can be widened to include the plight of the American Indian, North Vietnamese, Poor Blacks and all the problems of the world. This is an admitted simplification of the process, but it is used in many ways to create "concerned" citizens and a great many "concerned" citizens, under close questioning, cannot really tell you what they are concerned about!

In some forms of direct influence, it is well for those who oppose the American manner of government to sensitize certain key groups. Among those are police, teacher and general public officers. The harvest to be reaped from these groups is wide and it is bountiful.

The sensitizing of the Tacoma Police Force became an issue shortly after the election of Rasmussen. The city

manager was all for this idea and stated that he felt it would help officers realize the difference between the problems of a "direct confrontation" and the problems of a "riot". As is the usual case, the revolutionary word for "riot" is "confrontation", and where there is a difference it is hard to see, unless you have attended many, many classes in the leveling of human beings.

Under Rasmussen, that City Council did pass an ordinance forbidding the "sensitivity classes" that the City Manager had scheduled for the employees and especially the police force. The ordinance was for the most part ignored and the Tacoma Police Force did, indeed, receive great doses of "sensitivity training" from certain University of Puget Sound professors. Fortunately the basic situation in Tacoma has not led to a series of confrontations that the neighbor city of Seattle has had. In Seattle during one serious outbreak of student trouble, eleven city policemen refused to move in to break up the rioters. Their excuse? The riot was "political" and they were not "political" police! Instead they allowed the wild students to do thousands of dollars worth of damage. That was what was planned by City Management for the city of Tacoma.

Despite the city ruling against sensitivity training, the general population of Tacoma has had to accept the devious ways that the training has been slipped into the school system. The basic harm that it causes is that it is a manner of teaching that all men are as the next one, and if your brother is not as you . . then it is your fault and you must be the one that feels guilty! The installation of guilt patterns is a great part of sensitivity training and in the racial question it serves a purpose that is barbaric to those of us who look with horror upon turning our free will and choice of thought to a group process!

For the purpose of this book it is enough to say that it is an insidious means of instilling certain political attitudes in many people, and it is one that is used on an ever widening basis. Tacoma and environs is rife with these "sensitivity groups" and "encounter groups". The latter is just a bit far for some people as it gets into a great deal of physical activity that the regular sensitivity groups do not enter.

It makes one a little sick to meet a thoroughly indoctrinated person of the "sensitivity" group type. They always act just a bit strange and they always appear to be slightly off in a world of their own. Their reasoning is invalid and it is absolutely impossible to prove same to any sensitized person.

For some years the city of Tacoma had had study groups that had taken a long look at the problem of sensitivity training, and they had come to a great many conclusions, most of them wrong! The length of time one studies a subject is not a guide as to how well versed they may be in that same subject. The study of sensitivity training in Tacoma had been in the hands of several so--called "teachers" of this horror subject, and they had stagnated and allowed the subject to escape from their knowledge and observation.

Several people realized this problem in Tacoma and they were trying to do something about the matter. Their methods of attracting new interest were not what could be called the best in the world. One of the most militant enemies of "sensitivity" is a woman, Mrs. Pauline Medlock, and she has a well founded knowledge of the subject. Her ability to present her arguments to others is a study in how to alienate people and drive them away!

Mrs. Medlock, "Polly" to the world of the associated Conservative views, is a small dark, intense woman, always ready to chase another "fiend" of the Sensitivity Tribe. My introduction to her came as a rather mild surprise, as I had never laid eyes on her before.

The City Council was meeting each week, and it was soon very obvious that the majority five did not intend to allow the Minority to have any representation in the decisions that were being made for the future of the city. Attending these council meetings was at first a disheartening affair as the rude behavior of the majority took over. The Council became an open forum where they displayed their interest in little but long harangues against the new Mayor.

The leader of this Majority appeared to be the attorney Hal Murtland, a robust and eternally angry man. Murtland is not known for his reserve, and his continual outbursts of temper and loud shouting kept the first few council meetings in complete uproar.

The new mayor then decided that peace and harmony was to be made impossible by the antics of Johnson and Murtland, and he taught them several lessons in the use of Roberts Rules of Order. His superior knowledge of the Book of Rules was stifling the remarks and the actions of the Majority and the continued questions of the Mayor were making the David Rowlands faction appear to be rather simple--minded idiots in their own baliwick!

This was remedied, or partly so, by the introduction of the Murtland Rules of Order, a haphazard set of

rules that were designed to gag the Mayor and place all remnants of legislative power in the hands of the five man majority on the council. Their legality has been under serious question for some time as the Council was actually under the Roberts Rules of Order, and under those Rules it does take a vote of six to change the basic rules of order! There is great legislative doubt as to whether a five man vote to suspend the rules in order to avoid the six man vote rule is legal under the law. This question has not been tested in Washington in either set of courts. There is a great need to do so and make the proper legal conclusions. In all fairness, it must be observed that the now very hated and infamous Murtland Rules of Order were not actually drawn by Hal Murtland. It was his unfortunate duty to bring them to the floor. Most of the Council expected them to silence Slim Rasmussen and allow the majority five to run the business of the city. As usual, they were wrong. The Murtland Rules of Order were only a deeper challenge to a man of the Rasmussen personality, and he made them miserable with his use of the gavel.

Through all of this, I studied the Council and wrote my reactions in a small book for future reference. By late Spring of 1968, it was very clear that Slim was slowly battering away at an iron wall. The local news kept up a running story of the silly antics of the Council and placed the blame on Rasmussen. There was the beginning of what was to become a very famous local-lie, that, " . . . Tacoma was becoming the laughing stock of the West Coast . . . ". People in Tacoma were provincial enough to really think that citizens in Los Angeles cared or wrote about Tacoma! It was a clever piece of propaganda and cleverly introduced at the right time.

I made a point of tracking down this piece of damaging political propaganda, and as far as I could find out it was brought back or started by a man, Dick Weeks, who has a radio semi-talk show on Station KTNT in Tacoma. And who owns KTNT? The *News--Tribune*, naturally. In any case, I consider it one of the few pieces of deliberate and forethought propaganda that the Rowlands Mob used, and it proved quite effective. Within a few days it was heard throughout the city and it angered the citizens. They blamed Rasmussen.

The word jousts between Rowlands and Rasmussen and the variety of the supporters on each side of the Council were becoming quite well known, and later it was publicized on a national scale. However, at the time,

coming of the strict Civil Rights Laws were blithely ignored by both the *Tribune* and the City Management government!

This was one of the reasons that I was researching the past files of the *News--Tribune*. The supporters of City Management had begun to shout the trigger--word "racist" at Slim Rasmussen and I could not see what grounds they had for their accusations. I learned that when you control press and radio you do not need rational grounds--people will believe what they hear!

The Spring of 1968 was a smooth time of that year. It broke late and we had our warm weather coming on at a time when we should have been expecting the usual late spring rains. That meant that the time for street problems was coming early and there was some restlessness in the population as the poverty program continued to pour strange people into the city. Both Black and White names began to appear before the City Council and berate them for their irresponsible conduct concerning that poor blighted area that had been renamed as Hilltop.

A great many people who had never taken part in Tacoma public discussion before, began to form "concerned groups". There were "Concerned Black Mother" and "concerned citizens for North, South, East and West". One could find a "concerned" committee under any rock. We were suddenly blasted with great gouts of publicity on how badly the Black man was being treated in Tacoma, and the *Tribune* was in there with both feet and a hundred typewriters making a fuss about it all. That was not enough—it was being blamed on the Mayor.

I stopped by the talk to Marshall Riconosciuto and asked him his opinion of what was causing it all. He was not short in his answer! Most of it is an attempt by the City Management to discredit the Mayor and the *Tribune* is helping as much as possible. These were his conclusions. I asked him what we could do to stop this headlong rush of the "stupid ones" to a general and destructive riot.

He grinned and said, "If you can raise several million dollars for a newspaper, and several million more for a radio and TV complex, then it is possible to counter this . . . . what do YOU suggest?"

He picked up a raincoat, and a dispatch case, and turned to leave the office. As he left, I caught his final phrase through the clicking of the office typewriters, " . . . . . there's gonna be Hell . . . . ".

a "marry-in" of the Baker family, directed the newspaper's financial policy for a great many years and stepped out in 1969.

The paper has assumed a definite personality in the community and the men directing the over--all policy keep well back in the public shadows and allow the public anger to be vented upon something called "The Trib". It is not a healthy influence on the state of the city and sometimes produces an editorial slant that reveals an appalling ignorance of the actual conditions that exist in the city or the temper of its population.

The paper supported and directed much of the 1951--52 fight to bring the "city management" form of government to the city, and through all of the open revelations that it is not a good form of government, has retained this position. The men who work for it as reporters know that their jobs depend upon their ability to score points against any critique of the City Management form of government, and they re--act in the manner that is expected of them.

The paper is deliberately careless with the truth. In fact, it has been guilty of outright, pre--planned lies about people and the libel suits that it has lost are beginning to attract attention from national news figures. It should be stated here that most of the cases settled against the *Tacoma News-Tribune* have not been settled in local courts. The chance of any local judge bringing in a decision against the newspaper is remote indeed! It is a perfect example of what can happen to a city where the news sources are owned by one family--corporation. An example is in the Associated Press. The *Tacoma News-Tribune* is the AP represenative in the local area. Any story they do not approve of will not be sent out on that wire service. Thus they control most of the news that enters and leaves the city that concerns Tacoma. Seattle newspapers and television stations do not carry Tacoma news, unless it is bad news of some type.

All of the slide of the *Tribune*, from honor to political hack--sheet, can be found in the news stacks of the public library. I continued to read the past issues of the *News-Tribune* and I was beginning to be able to read in between the lines and see what was really happening in Tacoma as the heel of the dictatorial city management came down harder and harder upon the exercise of free civil rights. No where could I find a record where a single Black man had been appointed to a city position under City Management government. The

coming of the strict Civil Rights Laws were blithely ignored by both the *Tribune* and the City Management government!

This was one of the reasons that I was researching the past files of the *News--Tribune*. The supporters of City Management had begun to shout the trigger--word "racist" at Slim Rasmussen and I could not see what grounds they had for their accusations. I learned that when you control press and radio you do not need rational grounds--people will believe what they hear!

The Spring of 1968 was a smooth time of that year. It broke late and we had our warm weather coming on at a time when we should have been expecting the usual late spring rains. That meant that the time for street problems was coming early and there was some restlessness in the population as the poverty program continued to pour strange people into the city. Both Black and White names began to appear before the City Council and berate them for their irresponsible conduct concerning that poor blighted area that had been renamed as Hilltop.

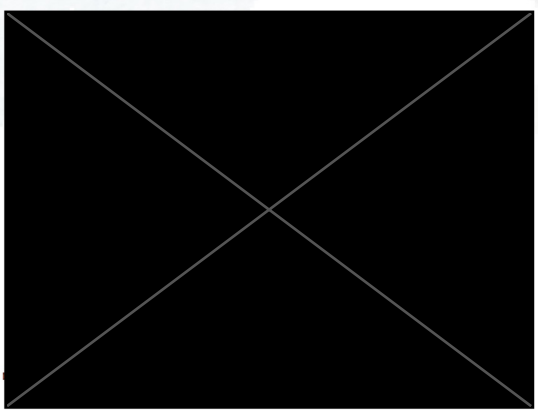
A great many people who had never taken part in Tacoma public discussion before, began to form "concerned groups". There were "Concerned Black Mother" and "concerned citizens for North, South, East and West". One could find a "concerned" committee under any rock. We were suddenly blasted with great gouts of publicity on how badly the Black man was being treated in Tacoma, and the *Tribune* was in there with both feet and a hundred typewriters making a fuss about it all. That was not enough--it was being blamed on the Mayor.

I stopped by the talk to Marshall Riconosciuto and asked him his opinion of what was causing it all. He was not short in his answer! Most of it is an attempt by the City Management to discredit the Mayor and the *Tribune* is helping as much as possible. These were his conclusions. I asked him what we could do to stop this headlong rush of the "stupid ones" to a general and destructive riot.

He grinned and said, "If you can raise several million dollars for a newspaper, and several million more for a radio and TV complex, then it is possible to counter this . . . . what do YOU suggest?"

He picked up a raincoat, and a dispatch case, and turned to leave the office. As he left, I caught his final phrase through the clicking of the office typewriters, " . . . . . there's gonna be Hell . . . . ".

I sat down at his desk and looked out across the grey, rainy bay, and I repeated his words, " . . . there's gonna be Hell . . . ".



6

"---The New Times ---"

The continuing blasts of bad publicity was bringing a great deal of unfair criticism to the Mayor, and it was beginning to get through to a large share of the population that the New Mayor was actually a terribly ill-mannered bully. This was a wrong picture and it had to be countered in some manner. How to counter the bad picture that was being painted in a series of broad stripes by the *News-Tribune* was a matter that took a great deal of thought, energy and money. Thought and energy we had aplenty, money we did not!

I was still not convinced that a responsible government would allow a series of broad lies to be told, and do nothing to refute the manner in which the *Tribune* was twisting the facts. The *Trib* had learned by now that it had no reason to fear exposure of its policy of untruth concerning the Council Meetings and the broadcasts. Most of the city and the county did not listen to the broadcasts and drew their picture of the conduct of the Council and city business from the news as printed in the *Trib*, and as reported in their radio news. Both poured out a steady stream of fables and nightmares concerning the city council. The slanted versions were unbelievable, but it was true that a great many people did believe what the news sources were saying.

Much of the problem stemmed from the Tacoma City Charter. This infamous document has been the cause of most of the basic problems in the city. It is almost inconceivable that citizens who read this document, after all these years are only now being struck with what a foolish thing it is, and are each in his own way, struck with disgust and horror. The document itself is supposed to have been drawn up by a panel of Freeholders. In reality, it was a "canned" version that most of the Freeholders did not see or understand.

The Charter grants each Councilman one power—that is the power of inquiry, the right to ask questions. That is the power that "Slim" Rasmussen was using to such devastating effect upon the very foundations of City Management. The screams and wails of David Rowlands were brought on the "unfair" tactics of the Mayor in asking the Manager to account for his actions, money and policy. A few prior Councilmen had tried to use this manner of inquiry to pull the top off of the Pandora's Box of the City Management, and they had been safely squelched. Several methods had been used. None of them worked on Slim. He continued to ask questions and the *News-Tribune* continued to make it appear that Rowlands was being crucified on his job. In reality, it was the first time that Rowlands had ever had to stand up and answer certain questions for the general public. HE had always sat on the box and made any appearance before the Council into an inquisition for the poor soul who dared to ask questions of the high and the mighty. The tables were turned and the wails were telling us that someone was being hurt and hurt badly.

However, the points that were under discussion by the Mayor and the Minority of the Council were bringing forth a lot of hidden material and tactics. But, at the same time, the *News-Tribune* was converting it into some type of an illegal operation on the part of the Minority and Slim Rasmussen.

Somehow, some way, the people had to have something in hand that answered their questions about the tactics of the *Tribune*. The once-a-week appearances of the City Council were not enough to overcome the counter-propaganda that was spewed forth by the so-called "news columns" of the *Tribune* and the "radio news" that KTNT was putting before the people!

The only real answer was another newspaper, but that was out of the question. The *News-tribune* has for years felt completely secure in its knowledge that it would take millions of dollars to launch another local paper and support it until the advertising and subscription rate would keep it afloat. The chance of interesting any corporation in financing another paper was out of the question. But, was it completely impossible?

I had noted that the various stores in town many times printed a little tabloid issue as a shopping guide for a special sale. Could a special "shopping guide of news" be put out and how much would it cost?

I knew a young man with a print shop in Seattle, Bob Lavender. I knew him through my friendship with a mutual friend, ex-Governor A.D. Rosellini. I had met Bob when I went with the ex-Governor to his shop to consider some political printing. I decided to call on Bob Lavender and ask him what he thought about the matter of the paper!

Lavender is a tall young man, in his middle twenties. He was recently out of the Marine Corps and was busy buying his own printing shop in Seattle and he was willing to talk to me. We had lunch at a restaurant near his Eliott Avenue shop and he told me some facts about the publishing business that I had never known before.

First of all, Lavender stated, publishing was a small matter and it was the make-up of the paper that was expensive, the "paste-up" as he called it! He also said something that I just had not thought of before.

"Before you can print it, you have to make it up—before you can "make-up" you have to have it written. The most important part will be the writing as from that the style of the make-up will be taken and the rest is routine". Those were his words and they were a real surprise to me!

I had explained to Bob what was needed and what was supposed to be the content, and he assured me that it was not any type of a job that any inexperienced person should undertake. He went on to say, "You have to be careful about the first issue for if it is not written in the actual style and manner that will attract the proper notice, you will have failed in the job and all the work and money spent will be for nothing."

He was right. I had not given any real thought to the writing of a newspaper and the actual direction that it should take. I knew dimly what was needed, but, I also knew that I was not capable of writing the material that was needed. I thanked Bob Lavender for his time and advice and returned to Tacoma.

I went to the advertising agency and contacted Marshall Riconosciuto again and told him the problem. While he was full of sympathy, his ideas were unacceptable. I asked him if somewhere in the past experience of his agency did he not have a writer who could be of the quality needed to actually do a good propaganda job? He knew a lot of people who write advertising, but none that I considered capable of writing the type of all-out material that I felt we needed.

During the discussions, a Boeing engineer, Ray Kinser, came to the office and he joined the conversation. Two

more names came up as possible writers, Barry Jackson and Carl Beaty. Jackson already put out a small issue of a thing that was called the *Spasmodic Times* and it was good humor. There was little in the *Spas Times* that could be said to be controversial, but it was funny. His name was rejected for that reason. Barry Jackson, now the Tacoma representative of Congressman Floyd Hicks, has too good a sense of humor, and that was not quite what I wanted to see in the new paper! I did not know Carl Beaty and had never read any of his stuff. Marshall went to a file and gave me some mimeographed pages that had been written and circulated by Beaty a year or so prior to this. I read it with interest, but with no conviction that he had the talent to write anything like I wanted to see in print! In fact, I was a little impatient with the long-winded style that went nowhere and came to no conclusions. Carl still continues to pour mimeoed material into the mails of Tacoma by the ton. I have never heard of anyone who bothered to read it!

Ray, Marshall and I continued to discuss the coming paper and then went our different ways and nothing was done. Weeks passed and still we had done nothing about getting anything in print. I tried writing a few examinations of the city problems myself, and they remained just exactly that, examinations of city problems, with no style, no attraction and certainly with no zip or pizzazz. I knew what I wanted to see and read, but I could only turn out certain enlarged versions of what I was used to putting on paper..that was political speeches and tracts, brochures. We needed something that would hit like an arrow and sting like a wasp!

One morning early, the phone rang and it was Bob Lavender. He told me he had something that might interest me and that I should come on over later in the day. I did! Entering his office, I was handed an article on Tacoma politics that really HAD IT! It was written in a breezy, hard-hitting sytle that left me laughing and astounded at the same time. It cared not for the niceties of English, it was written in a style that overall I had never heard of or read before. I was very, very pleased. I felt that it must be Bob's, but he said that it was not his and that he was not that interested in getting into the Tacoma brawl. Besides, he could not write the easy riding, casual but hard-hitting stuff that the article contained.

"Then who did write it?" I demanded.

"I swear, I don't know," he told me, "All I can tell

you is that it is a friend of a friend and that she lives in Tacoma!"

That really floored me; SHE. I never thought of a woman writer and I never thought of a woman doing the writing. I demanded to know if we could meet her and I was told that that was impossible. The writer would help out in only one way and under certain conditions. The conditions were that she would never be revealed in name, that she would not have any discussions concerning subject material, and that she would never do any rewriting. I hurried back to Tacoma to see if we could raise the money for the project.

The writing was for free. The setting-up of the paper and the printing would cost nearly $400.00 per issue. This figure was later raised to $480.00 as we were caught in the inflation spiral along with the *News-Tribune*. The selection of a name and the format was the next item on the agenda.

Some years before a small paper had hit the streets of Tacoma, with a copy of the masthead of the old *Tacoma Times*. A copy of this was secured and the same name was used to title the new issue. The *New Tacoma Times* was born and we were on our way to a new era in political propaganda in Tacoma. The method of handling the paper was clumsy and it was never streamlined into any type of an operation that could support itself. This was a fact that could simply never be pounded home to a great many people.

The matter of financing such a paper is difficult, and it cannot be a steady drag on any one person. The money for the first issue was contributed by: one: doctor; one: restaurant owner and one: city official. Later issues were partially funded by local merchants and businessmen and by the small income from the subscriptions that were offered.

At the present time, I am sure that most of the people who were closest to the *New Times* were sure that I wrote the material that it contained. I did not! Even my very closest associates were positive that I wrote the *New Times* and that I was very responsible for the production of it in Tacoma. In the short time that the *New Times* appeared, I wrote one column for the paper under the name of Jon Gold, and that was the cause of contention for it replaced an article that had been written for the paper concerning the marriage habits of the daughter of the Chief of Police and we felt that it was just too raw to print! It made the writer angry and we nearly broke the paper up at that time.

We sent our requests for copy or stories to a Seattle post box, and we picked up the finished copy at a box at International Station in Seattle. I sincerely believe that no person can say for sure who wrote *The New Times*. I am sure that it was a woman and beyond that I was happy with what was being turned out. We always had enough material for at least three issues, at any one time. Editing the material was not my job and I was reluctant to allow someone else to do it. I was overruled and I did not have even the right to edit the paper that I felt I had managed to get started!

The paper was produced under the sponsorship of The Civic Improvement Alliance, an organization that I wish for the present moment that I had never heard of, in any way! It was a "doggo" organization, meaning that it had had a long life, but it had been in a dormant state for some years. The Civic Improvement Alliance was originally the brain child of Burt McMurtrie and a Virginia Shackelford, long-time enemies of the form of dictator government that Tacoma has fallen into. Some years before there had been the need of a set of petitions concerning some local matter and it was felt that some type of a local organization could best carry on the fight. The Civic Improvement Alliance had been formed and it had been fronted by the same Carl Beaty who was mentioned earlier as a possible writer of the *Times*.

Beaty was contacted and agreed to act as the sponsor of the *Times*, but, the *Times* was not to be the property of the Civic Improvement Alliance. Thus was born the basis of the potentially best organized group that could be put together to start a big new fight against the City Management form of government.

The newspaper now had a writer, finances and we needed some place to print it. That could be a problem because we knew that as soon as it hit the street, Rowlands Political Police would be scouring the city in an effort to find where it was being made-up.

We finally made contact with the same printer who was publishing the Seattle underground paper, *The Helix*. He agreed to print the paper for the same rates. Along with a sponsor name, we had everything we needed to make the paper legal as a political pamphlet, and that is what we called it. The paper was launched! It was to have a far-reaching effect on the local people in Tacoma and it was to jar City Management to the roots.

It was a proud day when I sat in the Council room

and watched Mr. Rowlands stand up holding a copy of the *New Times* up above his head...scream in a loud and strident voice..."Garbage...Garbage...Gar—", his voice broke in anger on the third shouted word. I knew that he was a man who had lost the battle. No matter how long it took, it was going to be our victory. The first real mistake had been to answer, or to acknowledge, the fact that such a small paper existed. The paper was good and it was to do a job, but, it was not quite good enough.

There are a great many citizens of the Tacoma area who never had the opportunity to see a copy of the *New Times*. The paper carried the same front page heading and artwork that the old *Tacoma Times* carried and it did offer a form of journalism that was both new and unexpected in the Northwest.

Each issue of the tabloid sized paper was started with a half page picture and the words, " . . Symbol of Sound . . . City Management" emblazoned across the picture. The picture was usually of some area of City Management that exactly denied that City Management could in any way be " . . Sound Government . . ".

One of the first issues came at a time when the "housing inspection" squads of the city were being used to hassle and harass those citizens who might not be in complete sympathy with the City Management. It showed an old and dangerous building at the foot of the 11th street bridge that had slowly crumbled away through the years. Within the week and with men working on Sunday the building was demolished and the site bulldozed into a flat section.

Almost all issues of the *NEW TIMES* carried the " . . Murder of a City . . a Continuing Story . . . " The series were well received and formed the basis for the title of this book. It was felt that extracts from " . . Murder of a City . . " and other stories that appeared in the *Times* would be of interest, and so certain extracts have been taken from the issues. Selected at random, they are included for the reader to judge for himself the depths of bitterness that the Anti-City Management—Pro-City Management factions have engendered in Tacoma.

The following articles are not in any way cut from their original size or wording they are, however, selected at random.

PROFILE OF A CITY MANAGER

How does one profile a public person? How does one place the totality of a person's accomplishments and his failures before a discerning and inquistive public? How does one say, "Here is a man!"

How does one research and write of a man that seems to have appeared on the local scene fresh, and eager, to perform a job of work that the local citizens envision as a great step forward in progressive government?

Dave Rowlands arrived in Tacoma, officially, July 1, 1956. He came from a small town managerial position in Eau Claire, Wisconsin. He had served that community of 35,000 for three and a half years as their city manager. The people of Eau Claire seem to have been divided as to the merits of Mr. Rowlands and his value as a city manager. We do not find the wide spread ill-feeling of Tacoma in Eau Claire . . but, he was only in residence there a bit over three years and many of the problems that were taking shape have now been solved and hearts heal quickly.

In gathering material for a profile of Mr. Rowlands and his Tacoma accomplishments, we took a long look at his resume' as it stands on file in the records of the city. We find that Mr. Rowlands, served 4 and one-half years in the service . . rank unmentioned. We find no mention of his age . . it is actually 53, we find a listing of his salary increases, and his education and that about completes it . . with the exception of a long list of memberships in a variety of national organizations . . all relating to city management.

Mr. Rowlands holds an A.B. from Westminster College in Pennsylvania his major areas of study were political science and business administration. He also holds a Master's degree from the University of Chicago and his area of study is listed as Public Administration.

Mr. Rowlands began his public career as assistant to the manager of Wichita, Kansas and also served on that city's planning board as a full time Planning Director. He then moved on to the position of manager of the city of Mount Lebanon, Pennsylvania, where he served for a period of three and one-half years. With his move to Eau Claire and

thence to Tacoma we must bring his background up to that fated day of July 1, 1956, when he took over the position of Manager of Tacoma, Washington.

Let us allow poor Dave to rest a moment and take a long look at what had been happening in Tacoma during the time that Dave was training for the big job and life time career of managing our town.

World War II broke across a Tacoma that was geared to the 1930's and the economic problems that had beset the lumber and timber industry in the state of Washington. Tacoma had suffered its share of economic defeat and economic failure. In times of stress men have a tendency to blame the "government" and make the local government the scapegoat for much of their suffering.

The Mayor-Commissioner form of elective government had been in force in Tacoma for many years. The efficiency of such a system could be placed under question as can all forms of city government. The war had brought to Tacoma great masses of men on their way through Fort Lewis, the problems of any "wartime" town were certainly multiplied by the close and muffling effect of the thousands upon thousands of soldiers that were sent through our Fort Leiws. It would have caused problems to any form of city government and had the City Manager form then existed in Tacoma it is dead certain that, upon the end of the war, it would have been sent packing.

The people wanted a change and they wanted an "efficient" form of city government . . the winds of change were abroad in the entire nation. The city freeholder accepted a pre-planned charter from the powers that be of the international City Manager's Association. The people voted for "change" without ever realizing what they had voted for . . and Tacoma and Dave Rowlands were headed for twelve years of the most inefficient and "do-nothing planning" in the history of the city. They had yet, to meet, but meet they would.

There is great doubt that Dave Rowlands had any idea of what to do in managing a city of 150,000 population after coming from what could be called a "small town". The problems that faced a post-war, deep water, port city . . and those that had faced a land locked village were quite different.

However, Mr. Rowlands faced the problems calmly and gravely and proceeded to follow those directives of the International City Managers

> Association and face first problems first. The priorty problem to be solved was to break up any and all municipal organizations that had had anything to do with the prior city manager and with city government. This meant that a great many potential local leaders were to be ignored and in turn silenced by appointment to lesser jobs or simply disposed of by the process of ignoring them.

It is best if we now move forward in time for the next twelve years and then look backward and see where we have been . . . what road have we marched and what tune has Dave and his Band played for the long march downward?

The city of Tacoma had been well launched along a post-war program of progress and citizen participation in and on all levels of business and home ownership. Rowlands brought most of this planning and progress to a grinding halt and paused for a year while he surveyed the scene and cemented relationships with the city officials and with the T-N-T.

That original "honeymoon" of one year has now progressed to a lengthy time space of 12 and a half years and we must face several cruel and very unfortunate facts.

(1) We must face the fact that not ONE progressive program can be laid at the feet of Dave Rowlands.

(2) Examine the airport . . the "Industrial Airport" . . "airport" it may be, "industrial" it is not! It operates in complete chaos and draws tax money in enormous amounts away from projects that are really needed. Air West . . the major commercial user has stated that they "do not like the general situation" whatever that may mean! The request for information concerning the airport, brings about a type of behavior on the part of Mr. Rowlands . . that in a normally operated city . . would bring on serious inquiry. In Tacoma, it is ignored and a member of the council is severely chastised by Rowlands for attempting to seek information, concerning the "airport".

(3) The waiting for the government moneys to be available in many areas and projects has resulted in vast areas of tax-paying land and building to be laid in waste and placed upon the dole of the taxpayer.

(4) The final struggle to justify a completely non-functional firehouse placed in an impossible position . . and certainly planned into a place that is most awkward for the Manager to explain is enough to bring the citizens of any normal city to their feet . . and make them sharply interested in where their tax money is being spent. The apathy of our city is appalling.

The list goes on and it goes on and we have far too little space to spare for the complete listings of the "white elephants" and the use they have been put to in planning this city.

We would like to suggest a simple procedure to our readers . . we ask you . . do as the Sacramento City Coulcil Members did . . simply take an "open- eyes" tour of YOUR city and look at what has been done.

We point out that not only does the cement and brick evidence exist, but, also the matter of regarding this current manager to be some type of a hero-underdog. Hero to many he may be . . underdog he is not and it is a dangerous procedure for him to paint himself (or for others to paint him) as a champion of the people and above reproach.

In the field of politics, it is always dangerous to play "mighty hero" unless you have the accomplishments and the background to back this position. In the case of Mr. Rowland's, no matter how sincere he may have been in his past approach to the management of this city, it is felt by many that he has lost sight of the original goals and that he has become far too jealous of his personal power.

His public utterances that brand elected officials as, "evil" and his latest attack upon Mayor Rasmussen in the publication of The Lion of Nov. 25-68, wherein he states and we quote directly: " . . I think the Mayor . . is guilty of misfeasance in office". Regarding his statement that the Mayor is an evil man . . which was quoted in the Tribune lately, Rowlands stated, " . . I should have used the word amoral or dishonest instead of evil".

It is shocking that this man Rowlands can be guilty of referring to an elected head of a great city in these terms and still not be subjected to public rejection.

Mr. Rowlands likes to compare his position to that of a Superintendent of Schools – working for a school board . . it is seldom found that a hired hand may safely allege and openly state that an elected official is "evil" "a liar", "amoral" and "dishonest" . . whatever their public differences no record can be found wherein the Mayor can be charged with name-calling 'nor has he ever stated that Mr. Rowlands might be just slightly dishonest and he has certainly not appealed to the public press to fight his political battles for him.

Without bombast, and certainly without forceful words, Mr. Rowlands should be judged upon his record of achievement, or lack of it, his record of public utterances, and conduct. Fair judgment would allow no City Council of honest men to retain his services. It is time for Mr. Rowlands to move on to other fields and perhaps greener fields.

The past several weeks have shown that the impasse that faces the city government of Tacoma has reached that point of actual rebellion on the part of the Mayor and some of the council members, that something *must be done.*

The City Manager has shown by his efforts to seek employment elsewhere that he feels that his job in Tacoma is completed and that his ability to bring some order from the chaos of the past 12 years is now completely limited.

The Mayor and his faction have shown that by their steady demand for complete honesty and non-partial treatment for all . . that a deep cancer has existed in the heart of the past 12 years of Managerial form of government. Now it is time for a change and it is time for ALL council members to put aside their personal dislikes and place the good of the people first, last, and always . . . as they have sworn to do.

Despite the fact that the departure of Dave Rowlands will not change the form of government . . it is time for him to go. It has been time for several years and it has been specially denoted during the past year. Mr. Rowlands, by his own conduct in seeking employment in several other towns . . San Diego, San Jose, Sacramento . . . has shown that he also feels that it is time for him to move on to other fields.

Despite the opinions of many that the current crisis is the fault of the Mayor or that it is the fault of the Manager the true blame must be placed on the City Charter and the chaotic conditions that it outlines for the city to exist under. The present problems were built into the city government by the changes that brought on a full time and fully paid Mayor. And remember these

changes were brought on by the manager himself and his council cohorts. This was a deal cooked up by Rowlands as a sop to former Mayor Tollefson – oh how it backfired.

No city can exist under a charter that demands that TWO men be paid to lead the city. All that was lacking prior to this past year was a strong Mayor . . as long as the Mayor is completely subservient to whims of a strong Manager . . all is well . . however, as soon as a strong Mayor is elected . . then the Charter displays the weaknesses that were built into it by the past changes that raised the Mayor's office to an actual Mayor's responsibilities and did not weaken the Manager in any way.

The source of the problems that face Tacoma can be found in a City Charter that should have never been written. The powers that is gives to any single man are fantastic and they are an invitation to big trouble . . even without the services of a strong Mayor. To place this type of unbridled power in the hands of one man for 11 long years and then under a charter change elect a man to the place of Mayor and give him duties that directly conflict with that power . . . is an invitation to governmental crisis that has finally arrived.

The flash and play of bright personal talents in the cockpit of the Council Chamber . . . the egging on of these problems by the juvenile behavior of Gerry Bott as the Deputy Mayor . . and his habit of prostituting his vote to whichever side courts him with certain favors . . has served to hide and cover the real source of the problems and the real culprit in all of the clashes that have occurred in the eye of the general public . . . and that culprit is the City Charter itself.

While it is true . . that the gains of Dave Rowlands have been nearly non-existent in the past 12 years . . . the gains of the forces of chaos were not readily apparent until the people brought a strong Mayor to that office and turned loose the play of a power struggle.

Why the rest of the members of the Council have not been able to see the basis of the problem is unknown . . for a group of supposedly well educated and well informed men (and one woman) we can only say that they have acted with incredible stupidity and worse they have displayed a deep irresponsibility that demands

that such childish tricks as walking out of the Council and walking out on the people . . . be repaid with sure defeat at the polls.

Whether he realizes it or not Gerry Bott has been the worst offender and his wishy-washy attitude and coy antics in luring attention from both sides . . has only served to deepen and widen a breech that he as Deputy Mayor should have tried to heal. His has been the worst and most irresponsible conduct of all the members of the Council.

A second look!

Let us take a second look at the sudden sense of responsibility and deep care concerning city government, that the students of Tacoma Community College have suddenly erupted within the past few weeks.

First of all . . . what disturbs them? For one thing they have arrived on the scene equipped with a copy of the United States Constitution from which most of them mis-quote great passages.

Secondly, they appear to be disturbed over the fact that the City Council (by a vote of 7 to 2) passed an ordinance that demanded that people stop teaching other people to make and deliver fire-bombs and some special silencer equipment for guns.

Third, the students are suddenly disturbed over the conduct of the City Council and its "irresponsible" attitude toward responsibility.

Now a few things demand a SECOND LOOK . . . for one thing . . most of the students have never read the City Charter . . . they know absolutely nothing about City Government . . . for another, they seem to have developed this wild urge for a "clean" city government shortly after Dave Rowlands began to moonlight as a teacher in their college.

They supplied the City Council meeting with a display that was laughable in its inept and foolish approach to the whole matter. The main speakers were so dreadfully far from their subject and so ignorant of the subject under discussion . . . that only the kindness of the Mayor kept them from any deeper involvement in making absolute fools of themselves.

One young lady, a Miss Hurst, tried to speak to the City Council and quote great passages from certain cases that had been before the U. S. Supreme Court . . . only problem seemed to be that she had the wrong cases and her quotes were from cases wherein the Supreme Court

upheld the very condition she was ignorantly deploring.

All of this sudden public concern and display of high research and deep scholarship speaks well for the quality of the instructors at TCC . . . they must be quite proud of the asinine picture painted by the very students they egged on into this pitiful "demonstration" of civic care.

The quality of instruction obtainable at TCC is readily reflected by the sorry display of scholarship produced by these students and the city taxpayer should stop and take a SECOND LOOK at conditions as they exist on that strange campus. A great deal of tax money has passed through that place and the students that it seems to be producing are readily oriented toward the New Left and all of its impossible aims and ridiculous posturing.

Students are, by tradition, anti-establishment and it seems to be a strange and odd condition to find the local colleges so dead set in their paradoxical attitude towards the City Manager. Most students are given credit for being able to resist the "public phony" . . however we must take a SECOND LOOK at students that have been taught that the real government of Tacoma should be entrusted to a monopolistic newspaper that prints only a slanted version of the news and a city manager that has repaid that newspaper with special favors and grants.

Let us point out one small example to our "students" . . . may we suggest that they take a SECOND LOOK at the zoning regulations in the city of Tacoma and then explain away the fact that the TNT through the business of Radio KTNT was able to enter a closed residential district of first class homes . . . buy a street corner and then build a 350 foot tower and broadcasting TV-Radio station right in the middle of this zoned district. (?????) Shall we suggest that a committee of students make a similar application and see what answer the City Manager gives them . . . . they would be old and gray and long time republicans before their application even received an answer. Try it, little students and see!

Can we ask our beloved "students" to take another look at some of the wild zoning applications that have been submitted by the TNT in the last year and one-half???? Take a look students, and see City Manager government in one of its really splendid displays of democracy.

HATE JOURNALISM

Some weeks ago the Tacoma News-Tribune launched an all out attack against a local radio commentator that had the gall to express an opinion that differed from that of the City Manager, David Rowlands. The instrument used in this attack has been a young man, a Mr. Edd Jeffords, reporter on the TNT staff and sometime contributor to the hippie underground papers in Seattle, Spokane, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Edd Jeffords printed material that both he and the TNT knew was not based in truth and what is worse, Jeffords wrote a completely fictional account of the "far-right" and it's tie-up with the "criminal clique" in Tacoma. The latter material was printed in the Seattle hippie newspaper "The Helix". Extracts from his writings were printed in the Spokane paper "Natural" and the original Helix column was printed in the San Francisco "Outcry" . . the latter had one important difference in that it called for the death of the commentator by gunfire.

Let us take a second look at this Edd Jeffords, and his employer the Tacoma News-Tribune. It appears that Jeffords is a supporting link in the whole "hippie – coffee shop – G.I. subornment" world in Seattle and Tacoma. His efforts on behalf of the coffee-shops in Tacoma are well known and up to the present time were looked upon as the harmless antics peculiar to the fringe that haunt these intellectual deserts.

However, we find several things that might bear a second look in that we find the following: odd coincidences . . . . (1) the local police suddenly decided they had a great duty in making an "arrest" of Jon Gold the radio commentator and finding a loaded gun in his car. Oddly enough he was issued a license to carry that gun later the same day . . . could it have been that they knew he HAD a new gun license ready for issue? We find it seemingly peculiar that this man Jeffords is the Washington State Chairman for the Committee of Investigation into the death of John Kennedy.

How strange is it that the same day . . . Jon Gold is "arrested" he is also called as a witness in the Garrison investigation in New Orleans . . . and must appear there to testify before a Grand Jury.

We have a great many strange things that just do not add up and in examining them we find that there are far too many "coincidences" for them to be accidents.

Let us take note of a matter that we have raised before in previous issues . . . the tired old "criminal

conspiracy" gag that the News-Tribune and Dave Rowlands trot out each time they wish to get a "scare" vote from the people of Tacoma. We find this same wild talk running all through Jeffords' underground accounts . . . however, he also attaches the opposition of the citizens to the city manager form of government to the "crime clique" view and then while decrying the tragedy that can happen to Tacoma if the manager is ever lost . . . at the same time calls for the death of the commentator, Jon Gold, by gunfire.

Jeffords' wild and hysterical articles, printed in a series of the far left hippie news sheets denote, a definite anti-Jew flavor and religious intolerance that denies the most basic right of a man. To live, to speak, to believe, as he sees fit within the laws of this nation. He writes in the News-Tribune with open, bigoted, hatred of Jon Gold's religion, race, and his right to express his views.

The New Times states that the Tacoma News-Tribune has shown their true colors in approving this racial, religious hate-writing and that the owners and editors were well aware that their reporter, Jeffords, was openly demanding that somebody shoot Mr. Gold. Jeffords and the Tribune already knew that Gold had been attacked and shot in October and that the attempt on Gold's life had failed. Now, Jeffords and the TNT were openly demanding that some of Rowland's Idiot Fringe followers try again and this time succeed.

What have we come to? We find the police being used to deliberately harass and silence political opposition, we find that Rowlands and the TNT evidently approve of the attempts to kill a radio commentator and we find their reporter writing openly that he should be killed. On page four will be found the extracts from the "Helix" and the "Outcry" wherein Jeffords and the Tribune . . . demand that the "criminal clique" in Tacoma be downed and where the commentator is sentenced to death.

We grant that it is possible, but not probable, that the officers of the Tacoma News-Tribune knew of the framing of Jon Gold by police directed by definite order of Dave Rowlands. However, they were well aware that Gold was being libeled in the columns of their newspaper and they were well aware that the slander had come from the files of the local "crime-chaser" Walter West . . . they are also (and have been for years) aware that Walter West is generally nasty little wretch that prints a foul little sheet that is circulated among the local businessmen for an exhorbitant price and is usually useless.

It is possible but not probable that the TNT were not aware of Edd Jefford's little jaunts into the underground, hippie, areas of the Helix and the

psychedelic world of the dream-dust users of Seattle's university district.

Edd Jeffords is an interesting character, a reporter for the Trib and at the same time . . he is what is known as a "week-end" hippie, false beard and mustache . . . long hair and all (no kidding). He hangs out in the "hip" world of the U district in Seattle and is associated with that "in" crowd that pushes the lighter drugs and dream-dust in that area.

Investigation has not revealed any direct connection between Edd and the drug traffic over in Seattle . . but the old saying prevails that if it looks like a duck . . and it walks like a duck . . and it squacks like a duck . . we have a tendency to believe that it is a duck.

Unfortunately, this "duck" seems to be a dead duck wired to the neck of the old News-Tribune . . and it places them in the unfortunate position of firing Edd Jeffords and thus admitting that they knew all along the reprehensible behavior of this man . . . or they can keep him on staff and admit that they approve of his libelous writing and his lies and worst of all condone his demands that a human life be taken, it is not an easy position for the owners and editors to be placed in.

The News-Tribune, has used its news columns before to wreak havoc . . . . . there is no reason to believe them innocent at the present time!

7

"...our beloved KAYE..."

In Puyallup, Washington there is a small radio station. It has a total top broadcast power of 1000 watts and it must cut back to 250 watts at the fall of the sun! It has a hard time reaching out past the borders of Puyallup and it does not cover the city of Tacoma in any fashion that is acceptable to the listeners!

The equipment is rickety, and KAYE falls off and on the air with a regular beat that the listeners expect and put up with. The programming is that of a small country station of the 1920's . . . except in one respect. It has had an experience of being the most politically aware station in the Northwest area.

Jim Nicholls, the major owner of KAYE is an ex--Canadian, a preacher, with a gift for being able to broadcast material that makes Liberals raise their hackles in loud and very wild protest. Nicholls has for some years conducted a "talk-show" during the morning hours that is called "Party-Line", and to all appearances is exactly that. It attracts all the little old ladies and a lot of young pretty ones also. No subject is too brash or too sacred to be discussed on the show, and it has been blamed for everything from a riot-maker to a religious prejudicial open mike.

The Federal Communications Commission, it is rumored, has had to place extra clerks on the payroll due to the amount of complaints that have filtered back to their offices in Washington, D.C. Granted that most of the complaints are invalid and they are for the most part "hearsay" complaints. The fact remains that the KAYE broadcast area is filled with only two types of listeners—those who refer to KAYE as if it were something alive and breathing, " . . . our beloved KAYE . . .", and those who refer to it as an evil and mad dog type of animal, " . . . that damn thing . . . ". There are no in-betweens in the listener area. Most of the listeners, 99% are either strong supporters or they are strongly

against the right of KAYE to be on the air!

Through it all, Jim Nicholls has munched away at his early morning tea and biscuits while broadcasting, and calmly taken what blows that fate has to deal. There has been changes of late, but we will get to them in due time.

I first heard to KAYE as a station where one could have his views and opinions aired despite the attitude of the "powers that be". I mentioned it earlier as a place where we first told the general public about the problems of the Gypsy and the unfair attitude that the OEO has taken towards a great section of the minority problem.

In the late Spring of 1968, I was again notified of KAYE as I was informed that a great deal could be learned through the talk-shows in town. I soon found out that we as a city were just a bit short on such programming. The only meaningful show was in Puyallup and it was the "Party-Line" show produced by Jim Nicholls. None of the other local stations had anything going that even faintly resembled such a show!

I did not know Jim Nicholls, aside from the one meeting, and I determined to meet and see if he had the guts to really back some hard hitting propaganda. I had no intention of ever operating a talk-show myself. I knew that a hard-hitting evening show that resembled one in Seattle, the "Irving Clark" show on KING, would be of great help and of great use to the local fight in the death of City Management government.

I had noted Jim Nicholls at Council meeting as he sat at his radio controls on the left side of the Council dais. He was hard not to notice as he is in the neighborhood of six feet six inches tall. Council meetings were called for 4:00 p.m. on each Tuesday at that time, and I was there one Tuesday in late June slightly before the hour of 3:30 p.m. as I had noticed that Nicholls came early to set up his equipment.

I told Jim Nicholls my idea and he said for me to wait until the Council was under way and we could sit down in the Mayor's office and talk about it! After he had set up his material and rebroadcast outfit, he returned through the door from the podium and we sat down in the Mayor's office to talk over the idea of a new type of talk show. While Nicolls was not adverse to the idea, he felt that there should be some recompense for the radio time that would be used. What could be worked out and where this money could come from was a mystery.

There have been all types of stories peddled about the city concerning the ability of the Conservatives to raise money for their political projects. Most of what has been said is pointless dreaming on the part of the liberal forces. The complaints that were sent to the FCC concerning Radio KAYE were often accompanied with sworn statements that the person "knew" for a "fact" that Radio KAYE was being financed by the H.L. Hunt organization of Dallas, Texas. Nothing could have been more distant from the actual truth.

There was never a penny of money granted from any source except the pockets of a lot of poor people who were sick and tired of having their city whipped and lashed by a group of self-seeking brutes who were never interested in anything but making a dollar and did not care what they did to make it! We often wondered where all the "far-right" money that the Left cries about, stays hidden.

Tacoma has several Marching and Chowder Societies that neither March nor serve any Chowder. One of the biggest farces in that direction is the Pro-America organization. It is supposed to be for many of the basic causes that Conservatives fight for. But if it does not actually slant in some way to save them money on a large scale, and do it in the way of a gentleman, Pro-America will turn up its nose and walk away from the same fight that is draining their life blood! As a Conservative organization, it is a fake and there are no words strong enough to condemn its group cowardice! Pro-America is made up, for the most part, of the little old ladies in tennis shoes that the Liberals often crow about!

There are the Daughters of the American Revolution, the DAR. This organization has been infiltrated and killed as an active fighter against any Liberal cause some years ago. Once an active and open unit, it served as a target for a great many of the Liberal blows and brickbats. A measure of its ineffectiveness is that fact that it never appears as a target of any kind for the Liberal bats!

The American Legion, once an absolute bastion of Americanism, bolstered by those who fought in two and three wars, has become a private poker and bingo club. The American Legion has long lost any drive to protect America and it has certainly had the local posts negated until it is non-effective as a voice or a force.

One post has, or had, a representative, Al Anderson, who did spend some time in the outer edges of the fight

for the city. However, he has long gone the way of the rest of the American Legion "warriors". A man, Claude Race, was active for some time for the Rhodes Post, but has retired from the fight and his Post retired with him. The chief function of Rhodes Post seems to be to supply a city employee, Eddie Faker, the proper excuse and platform for the operation of a string of rather odd bingo games in the city and in Puyallup.

Thus the whole fight in Tacoma has been one that has been financed in a small and temporary manner by the individual contributions of many small people. Finances have always been a problem, and it seems that it will always be in the Conservative cause. There is a saying that the, "Most Conservative thing a Conservative is Conservative about is a Dollar" and that is an absolutely true statement!

The wild tales of the Liberal forces and the Rowland's Mob as to the high state of Conservative finances, and the large amounts of money that were poured into both the Conservative causes and into the campaigns of Conservative candidates, has always been just that, wild and improbable tales. How many times I wished that just one-half of their imaginative tales were true.

We needed the air time on Radio KAYE and we were unable to think of any way to finance the matter. We also needed a commentator of some type who would do the type of show that I had in mind and would stick to the editorial directions that I would write. I met with Jim Nicholls several times and finally he came up with the idea that it was warm weather and the evening hours were not attractive to the listener. The time on KAYE from 7:00 p.m. till 10:00 p.m. was open. Why not put a three hour talk show in that time slot and let it see if it would build a new audience and if it could be popular enough to attract some type of sponsorship. I agreed and we discussed the man for the job.

Jim Nicholls told me that he had long wanted another "talk-show" and that he had Floyd Oles in mind for the slot, but had not got around to making any type of a deal with Floyd. Again, I had heard the name Floyd Oles and I dimly remembered his being named for me by Mrs. Stuart as the " . . . friend of the Mayor . . . ". I was under the impression that Floyd was going to do the show. I wanted to meet him, but did not get the chance at that time. I honestly do not remember what the reason was that Floyd refused the show. As I recall, he had a trip to make somewhere to hunt some type of a rock, or to see some old Army buddy. I do not recall,

but I do recall that it was a most impressive reason!

We finally decided that I would take the show until another person could be found to take the regular show. I was not overly pleased at this and neither were several of the other people. It meant that I would have a short time off my regular writing assignments to conduct the traffic of the *New Times* or to do any of the rewrites or any of the now building assignments from the Council.

The name Jon Gold was selected, for no exceptional purpose. It was short and it was colorful and it was an easy name to remember. The name would also be easy to transfer to another voice, any voice that replaced me. That was never to be, I stayed on KAYE for 17 months. It was a thrilling, man-killing, sad, joyful, wonderful, and horrible experience! More than that, it was a learning experience in terror, in one of the most cruel episodes in a cruel and vicious business, politics.

I had the opportunity to take part in one of the great experiences in my life, and I was a part of building something that lives and breathes with a life of its own. The heart of a Radio station that truly reaches the people is a wonderful thing. It beats in a living measure that is a song all to itself. At Radio KAYE we brought people into a realization of the need for friends and the need for concerted action against a cruel and evil monster. We made people see that there was some hope of winning in the end against all possible odds. We constructed a feeling and a solid rapport with out listeners that many stations spend thousands of dollars trying to just come within a sighting distance of what we established by the solid sincerity of our belief in a cause and in what we were fighting for and against.

It is a sick and sorry thing to know that that time is gone, that it will return no more and Radio KAYE is dead. It is as dead as surely as if it had had the switch pulled and the power cut to make it go "black"!

Today, in this late summer of 1970, it is hard to believe that in just six short months all that we worked so hard to build and create has been torn down and is no longer effective. Radio KAYE was killed and it was blown from the battle lists by a man who is probably the most dishonorable man I have ever met, Floyd Oles, one of the former City Managers of the city of Tacoma. More of that later. For the present we will return to the founding of Round Table Forum!

The impact of a small radio show on a small station

was something that we did not foresee. We felt that with a radio show that was slanted towards the destruction of City Management, and all that it stood for, and with a tabloid size paper that was in its turn slanted towards the same goal, we might make some inroads that would begin to awaken people and have them turn their attention to some of the weird conduct of business in the city.

I agreed with Jim Nicholls that I would start the show on August 1, 1968. I had some detailed research writing to do and I would be finished by that time and could devote some evening hours to a radio show. I was unprepared for the demands that the show would place upon me, or the depth that it would involve me in the fight against City Management.

I started to listen to all the talk shows that I could find on the radio dial. I was attracted to KING's "Clark on KING" show and I felt that his wildly Liberal view formed a good pattern that could be used in the opposite direction. I listened to Ira Blue on KGO in San Francisco, and found that it was a watered down bowl of pablum, and I classed the Dick Weeks KTNT show as several hours of promotion for the profit of Dick Weeks. I really could not find a format that I wanted or that I felt would serve the purpose that was intened for "Round Table Forum". The evening show was named by Jim Nicholls.

I went to the legal library, and being able to use it properly, I was able to research the cases of libel in Washington, study the cases, follow the convictions and the variety of appeals and check the results as to their final disposition. For what I did want and intend, I was not worried about being sued for libel.

As August 1 drew nearer, I was not as confident as I had been that the radio show was going to be the help that I felt it could be in the coming months.

While I was preparing for the radio show, other areas of the city had begun to heat up and we began to hear rumors of tapped telephone lines and certain bugs that squeal in the night. I put it down to our own squeamishness about the coming battles that we knew would shape up in the near future.

There is no form of government that will stand and allow itself to be dismantled piecemeal, and City Management is no different than other governments, local state, or national. The *New Times* was being circulated in great style and it was hitting in a style of old-fashioned journalism, known in early days as the "Oregon" style and later as the "Texas" style of newspaper attacks.

One of the most funny incidents came when several policemen, in plain clothes, appeared at Carl Beaty's door and demanded to know if he was operating a press. The presses that printed the *New Times* were regular ten-ton news rotary presses. The whole house of Carl's could not have contained one roller-section of a press. It was funny and at the same time a bit pitiful!

The pressure of the local police began to be felt when I had a telephone conversation with a policeman relative in Sacremento, California. He called me to ask if I were in trouble of some kind. He had noted that our police chief, Charles Zittle, had sent out an APB (all points bulletin) to most of the major cities in the U.S. asking if I was wanted for anything in any city or state. I felt that it was time to move in a direction that might just disturb him a small bit.

Through sources that shall remain nameless, I felt that it was time to take a look at whatever the local police were placing in their "raw files". I secured the "sheet" the local police had compiled on me, and I was astounded at the mess of pottage they had written as possible leads in curbing my career. None of it was true and most of it only hearsay rumor. My judgement and estimate of the worth of the Tacoma Police Force went to zero. I assumed that it was shot through with petty politics and that the Chief was more political animal than public servant. It was evident to me that he spent most of his time cringing in fear of David Rowlands' and going to any length to preserve his job.

I have come to know and like some members of the local police force. I have a deep respect for their honesty and their integrity. I have also come to dislike some members of that same force I dislike their dishonesty, their petty use of their police powers, and their deliberate attempt to use police power to solve political problems.

I knew that if they were that interested NOW, they would be like ants on a sweet roll after the program started. The city government was in for a surprise that they could be forgiven for, as we were about to bring them a combination of radio and written propaganda that would be harder hitting than anything they they had ever been subjected to before now.

During the past 12 years, the Rowlands Mob had been subjected to attacks that had not worked in stirring up the people, because they were simply not the type of thing that bothered any cool public official. Rowlands had always won because the attacks that had been made

upon him and his government had never had any sustaining power and that was what was needed. Rowlands had always simply waited, and former attacks had run out of steam and come to a shuddering halt. It would not be the same this time.

My greatest fear was being ignored! I was frightened that Rowlands would answer our attacks with silence, or that he would take the sting out of my editorial policy by now conforming to some of the most telling points that we had to use against him and the city government! One of the things that had happened at KAYE, prior to my being on that station, was Rowlands refusal to appear on the station or to allow any of his city officers to appear. That was a stupid mistake and I consider that it was one of the worst mistakes that he made during that battle of words!

While I was in Seattle, I had Bob Lavender design and print me some rather blatant and flashy stationery, and I was ready with the personality of Jon Gold and with the legal research and with my stationery for issuing invitations.

In the meantime I had become thoroughly aquainted with a person who I consider to be one of the best informed people on earth, in relation to the social sciences of the new (and old) left. Mrs. Virginia Shackelford is not a big woman when you stand along side of her, but when you are in an audience and hear her calm measured manner of speaking, and watch her making the vital points of her argument, you have the impression that she is a very tall and commanding figure. In private life and at her home she is a very charming person with a far out sense of humor and a definite understanding of what and where the politics of this nation are becoming and going! She has been a fighter in the ranks of the over-all Conservative movement for many years, and, unlike some of her most bitter critics, is well aware that when one loses a battle, you mark it, pick up the many pieces and march on to the next ambush!

Many of the Betty-come-lately critics of Virginia Shackelford do not know what the struggle is all about, and waste their time crying in the wilderness and fighting to take her place as a respected expert in the field of politics! Around Virginia Shackelford, we find the best developing that illustrates what is definitely wrong with the whole Conservative movement in the Northwest, and perhaps in the nation!

Unfortunately, Tacoma contains some of the wildest, actually, demented kooks of the Far Right and the Far

Left, in the Great Northwest. I see very little difference between their wild viewpoints on political matters, and they both use the most vicious of personal attacks and lies to attempt to gain their point and settle their exalted egos! Character assassination in print or on radio is their stock in trade and they follow a pattern.

Again, I must state that I blame the *Tacoma News-Tribune* for their indoctrination and their conduct. For years the *Tribune* has used this method and it has become an accepted local custom. The "kooky" fringe follow the patterns laid down by the *Tribune*, almost as if they attended classes under Bob Merry or Paul Anderson! The methods used by the Hiegels, Shaffers, Medlocks, and Beattys are all the same as the *Tribune*. You simply pick some cudgel and start swinging, and the brain-washed population of Pierce County and Tacoma accept it as Gospel!

Betty Hiegel is a woman who has entered almost every Right-slanted organization on the map, and in America and has been promptly tossed out of each organization for her unstable and wild attacks upon those very people that she has just been accepted by and granted friendship! The perfect type of backyard gossip that used to use the party-line telephone to spew forth lies and misinformation. She now uses the radio and small mimeographed hate-sheets. Her opposite number in the Far Left movement is a woman by the name of Lucille Hurst. The only difference between their methods and their forms of attack that I have ever been able to see, is that one is a little brainier than the other. I refer to Lucille Hurst I think she has a few more brains and can read with more accuracy than Betty Hiegel. Both have little understanding of the movements they espouse and both have little interest in those movements aside from providing them with a platform to make wild and underhanded attacks that are not usually accurate or in the real field they are supposed to be working for and in. Both are considered to be annoying offshoots of any political battle.

It was at about this time that I met a person mentioned before, a Pauline "Polly" Medlock. She was a follower of sensitivity training and a fighter with the school board on that same subject, and she frightened me from the beginning. I had little to do with her and I wanted even less. She has a disturbing habit of walking up very close to you and informing you that she is in possession of a great many secret facts that will make the School Board change their policy! The facts are never revealed, but she insists that

she has them! She always struck me as an intense and wound up person on the very edge of some type of an explosion. I avoided her as much as possible. I was surprised one day to hear a tape of a conversation that she had with another woman, and I found that she deemed me a devil in some type of horns and that I was going to destroy the Movement. I was unaware of just what Movement, but, whatever it was, I treated her pleasantly and avoided all conversation with her as much as possible.

All of these people were in constant attack upon Virginia Shackelford and I wondered if it ever bothered her. She told me that she ignored it most of the time. Once in awhile one of the "Wild Ones" would be able to ruffle her, but only when they were on a "talk-show" putting forth information that was wrong and misleading! I was deeply and forever scarred when I learned from the Liberals that these nuts were considered to be a part of the Conservative Movement and that I was classed along with them, in one big bundle. I nearly ran, full speed, to Virginia to ask her it there were not some way we could clean these people off our axe-handle. She laughed and said that that was part of the price that we paid. After all, the Lefties had their Lynn Hodges and their Jerry Vaughns and some of those people were as unhappy with their issue of "nuts" as we were with what the Good Lord had dropped on us. We had to abide with them and be classed with them but it always galled me to be placed in the same category with some of the real Far Outs who are attracted to God, Country and the Right! They are an extremely harmful element and it is because of them that many of the "middle-roaders" receive a wrong impression of what a true Conservative stands for and believes. I have always assumed the sincere Liberal felt as badly about his share of Filberts on his political tree as we in the Conservative camp.

Unfortunately, many of the Wild Ones in both camps have a certain basic argument that at first hearing does not listen too badly. But, if one really listens and works out what they say, it turns out to be regulated nonsense and it is repetitious to the nth degree. Most of the "Wild Ones" are unfortunates who have lost their way along the road of life and they have extreme problems in self-identity. They long for the front pages and they long for recognition of any type. This makes them doubly dangerous for the host on a talk-show!

There are several types of "talk-shows". There is the daily birthday greeting club and chowder formula exchange

club, such as Dick Weeks' show on KTNT. It has a place and it serves a very good purpose and I do not for a moment fault it in any degree...except for the fact that it should remain just that. It is a problem when it is allowed to get off in the field of personal attack and then when one wishes to make answer, be refused on the basis of, "...this is not that type of show...". That is a dishonest talk-show and Dick Weeks allows that to happen quite often on his show!

We have the type of "talk-show" that Ira Blue and his 50,000 watts of power boom into the state of Washington each night from Oakland-Frisco, Calif. This so-called talk-show is one where a great deal is made out of many subjects, but it is extremely careful NOT to enter the field of local politics. We call them "scatter-shows". The last general type is the local "let's have at it" type of show and this is the type that takes plenty of guts to face an audience which is both loving and hostile and makes up its collective mind to tear you apart or to support your action.

On August 1, 1968, I went on the air with the first edition of "Round Table Forum" and a whole new world was opened to me. The first three nights, Jim Nicholls was with me and we talked about general topics. This was to allow me to have the general feel of the show and to make sure that I knew how to operate the equipment under the divided attention and pressure of a "talk-show".

There is a general feeling that one must have a great deal of wide knowledge to make a good "talk-show". That is not true and it is specially not true of the type of show that I designed Round Table Forum into being. Round Table Forum was designed and brought forth with the single purpose of defeating the aims and measures of City Management government. The fact that it failed is not the fault of the show and it is not the fault of those who worked to support the broadcast!

I started the show on a mild note, and I would not listen to some of what I considered to be "wild accusations" on the part of the callers. I knew that Dave Rowlands was a cold and machine like administrator, but, I could not see see him in the role of standing at an office door to prevent the entrance of petitions, and some of the city-administrative chicanery that was volumned forth on the program took me aback somewhat! I did not intend my answers to be construed as being in support of the City Manager, but I suddenly found myself being placed in that category. That had to be changed and fast. I

had a definite plan of taped editorials for the first half-hour of the show, and I did not want to be classed as a supporter of a system that I hated and then be re-classified as a political traitor!

Thus, I was forced to start the political editorials before, I was ready, but I found that it made little difference. The people were ready to listen. Before I launched any all out attacks upon the City Management, I wrote the City Manager a letter and invited him to be my guest on a new show and assured him that he would be given the red carpet treatment. I waited tensely for several days, for if David Rowlands had accepted my invitation, I sincerely believe he would still be the City Manager of Tacoma.

I was absolutely amazed that a man who had been a political Boss for so many years in Tacoma, and had gathered the fantastic power that Rowlands had, would react in such a completely stupid manner! I could not believe that he was so ignorant of the basic processes of politics that he was not aware that he was under vital and dangerous attack.

I waited and I expected him to react as any sensible political animal would to such a situation. While he had stated that he was not enthralled with the Nicholls approach, he had a new chance and I know that someone with less ego would have gathered up several Department heads and headed for that buzzing fly of a radio station and engulfed them with information and details upon details. Any aware person would have demanded that he be allowed to send some representative each day to both programs, and in a few days the public would have been sick and tired of the continual blatant crying of City Management. Their dials would have been set back to the Irving Clark show or to Dick Weeks Chowder Club.

The days passed and I knew that the man had made a desperate mistake. I then set out on the air the tentative idea that something must be wrong, and the City Management must be hiding something that they did not want to talk about! There was no answer from the Rowlands Mob, either to my invitation or to my first small charges. I was delighted and Jim Nicholls and I talked it over! We knew that from that small bit, we could build a base of propaganda that would eventually swamp the Rowlands Mob and send it under!

To be totally ignored or to be totally swamped by the City Administration was the real fears that we had, and we were in no danger of either. Luckily we had plenty of city officers and plenty of the supporters who would stand up and argue with us and give us a chance to air our

demands and our charges. That was a delightful part of the whole broadcast arena. The Administration answered just enough to be sure that we were given ammunition for our propaganda guns, and we used it, every broken piece!

It was now time to set an editorial "policy" and to plan a series of broadcasts that would begin the first of "high anger" broadcasts. In the meantime I attended Council meetings and study sessions and observed the City Council at first hand. I wanted to know them as political people and I wanted to know all that I could about their private and personal lives—not with the view of "gossip" but with the view of finding weak spots in their personality make-ups. I watched them perform and I watched them as closely as I could through other observers and reports. I wanted to know what they did with their spare time, their women, and what were their drinking habits, their personal weaknesses.

I prepared dossiers of each member of the Council, those on our side as well as the majority. I did the same with all important city officials and I included those police and fire officers that I considered, or had been informed, were unfriendly. I had long known the value of "raw" files, and I knew that a picture of a man can be built from the stray bits of information that are loose about him! The network of information began to appear and I added it to my dossiers each morning. I set aside a definite part of each day, usually between 6:00 and 7:00 A.M., to bring my notes and dossiers to date. Profiles of city officials soon began to appear!

There is always much information about any person. Much of it is fiction and much of it is hearsay, but I followed the same rules as the police and I added all material to my files and marked it: KF—"Known Fact", R—Rumor, F—Fiction. Some material I marked for further check-out and some I never bothered to follow out. I was seldom interested in what policemen might be sleeping with another's wife! I was interested only in material that was useable for political porpaganda.

We were always short of information that would allow a better and deeper penetration of propaganda facts for broadcast. I deemed it absolutely vital that we know all we could and that we build a definite information network. That we did and that we still have. I told Jim Nicholls that "bug" information was available to us, and that I was going to accept it. He agreed that information was needed but he always seemed uncomfortable to know that I had available to me information gleaned from the art of "bugging". I always had the feeling that he had the British view that it was not quite cricket to play the game this way!

There was good reason for our desire to know what was happening. We had found several types of broadcast "bugs", our telephones had been tapped, and we had de-bugged two of the offices we used and found three listening-broadcast devices in each. Our main complaint was that the enemy used such cheap equipment, it was the cheapest on the electronic market.

At City Council meeting one Tuesday evening, a woman remarked to me, "..and don't you just love our beloved KAYE?" It was a weird summer!

8

"---bullets and bugs ---"

There seemed to be little we could do to stop people from placing certain types of bugs and listening devices on our telephones. There were several things that we could do in return. There was a definite shaping of a set of conditions that would take care of the situation although I was unaware of it at the time.

One evening in the middle of September, I had a call from Marshall Riconosciuto, at the station. He informed me that he would be pleased if I would stop by his office at 39 Broadway on my return from the station as he wanted to talk to me. I promised and, after the broadcast, dropped in at his office.

Marshall is a man who seldom comes directly to the point. He likes to bring the main point of a conversation up in a round-about manner that will then open it up for direct confrontation. After a few minutes of general conversation concerning the city and its political life, he asked me point blank, "What the hell are you trying to do to me?"

I was taken aback and asked what he had in mind that I might be doing to him. He moved over behind the large conference table and picked up a pad and a pen that laid there and began listing the points he made in his talk.

"Number One — You have every bastard in this town thinking that I am putting out the *New Times*." That was his first point. His second was one that I did not understand at all. He said, "Half the town thinks that I am sponsoring your new radio program and even Burt McMurtrie thinks that I am putting money in that damn thing". His voice was not too pleasant and he fiddled with the pen and pad like he had more points to make. He did!

"Who the hell do you think you are?" That did not strike me as a valid point, but I was willing to tell him and I was willing to tell him in words that he would understand. Before I could respond with any angry retort, he went on and began to ask me questions as to how I had financed the newspaper and who had given me permission to use the old masthead of

the old *Tacoma Times*. I did not answer directly because there had never been any discussion of "permission".

He asked me what I paid for typesetting for the *New Times* and then stated that I was authorizing too much pay for it! He showed me some brand new machines that had been installed in the building, and I asked if we could set the type there. He would not answer me and I assumed that I could not! I told him that it would be inconvenient to bring the copy back from Seattle and re-set it, and then take it back to Seattle for printing.

He stated that he did not care and that he hadn't offered any service anyway. I did not follow his meaning and I am not clear to the present day if he ever really gave me permission to have type set at 39 Broadway or not. The following Sunday, I went to the office and I found a girl working on one of the machines, and asked her to set the copy and told her what size. She did not object and in a couple hours she had set the type and the current paper was ready for paste-up. I expected to hear from Marshall, but did not hear a word from him concerning what I had done and I have never discussed the matter with him.

There are many people in Tacoma who just "know" the story of the *New Times*. Actually they do not know anything, because I had the biggest hand in that matter and I can chalk up all I really know about the operation very shortly. A great many people who thought they knew all the inside facts that were there to know, knew absolutely nothing about an operation that was shrouded in secrecy from the beginning. I am not sure just who did control the *New Times*. I organized it, and I seemed to lose control of the production more as each issue came forth. And when it stopped, I was as puzzled as any of the many people that thought they knew "all about the *New Times*".

As the pressure of investigation from the Rowlands Mob grew, the production of the *New Times* was so complicated that it became almost impossible to actually get it in print and on the streets. The effect of the *Times* was being spread across the city and it evoked strong support or strong condemnation. It was a dangerous publication looking at it from both sides of the political fence. It was dangerous to the well being of the Rowland's machine and it was dangerous from those who would be moving to stop it's publication. How dangerous we were unaware, but we would learn! Jim and I continued to advertise it on both of our programs and we looked upon it as a public service!

The primary thing that seemed to have disturbed Marshall Riconosciuto was the fact that his son Mike had discovered several electronic "bugs" at 39 Broadway, and

he felt that he was about to be condemned for something that he had not instigated. It turned out that he was condemned for both the *New Times* and the new radio show. One of the men who I had met through Marhsall was a druggist, Fred Dean, and I had talked him into advertising his new drug store in Fife, Washington, by means of time on my program. That further tied us together, and I was also being sponsored by Jim Roberts Oldsmobile Inc of Auburn, Washington. Jim Roberts had often used the Riconosciuto Advertising Agency for placement of advertising and that appeared to make a real complex of connections. Actually, Marshall was unaware that Dean or Roberts had signed onto the Round-Table Forum show, and was rather disturbed that I had used these contacts. He was well aware that the Tacoma-Pierce County Chapter of the Women's League of Voters had opened a full all-out drive against the sponsors of KAYE, and they were rolling out some rather frightful propaganda of their own. Marshall did not want Roberts or Dean to be hurt by their sponsorship of my program on KAYE.

The meeting with Marshall simply convinced me that he could not stay out of the local political battle even if he had wished to stay away from his long disagreement with the Rowland's plans for Tacoma. The discovery of listening and broadcasting devices at 39 Broadway only angered Marshall and some of his close friends. I was perfectly happy to see him be pulled into the battle. It was to cost him a fortune and a business at a later time, but in that wild and wooly summer of '68 we were convinced that we were rolling on a planned course and nothing could stop our propaganda machine.

The "Battle of the Bugs" opened that September, with our finding some of them. We decided to return the favor and see what in the world was happening in the Land of the Liberals.

Electronic listening is not what it appears to be in the movies and on the television tube. There they simply tune their small hand device in and the words come in clear and with no interference. The hero learns what he wishes to know with no tiresome waiting and he is off to act upon the vital information that he has learned.

Not so, in real life. In actuality, the devices work about 10% of the time and in that small bracket the amount of side conversation, radios blaring, TVs blasting and dull monotonous conversation that has no bearing upon what you want to know, is tremendous. I do not recommend electronic bugs for newly minted political spies.

The cheapest of "bugs" is rather expensive. Their

range is extremely limited and they are very fragile. The very sophisticated ones, that are favorite subjects for spy movies, are extremely expensive and give but little better service than a $20.00 bug. The best ones we had were home constructed and they gave an excellent service, if they could be concealed and hooked to electricity or a good battery. After trying to use some of the captured "bugs", we gave up and resorted to having several electronics specialists from our forces build the ones that were used.

We de-bugged the Mayor's office twice and kept the bugs. We were successful in our efforts to bug certain city officials offices and we had a broadcast bug in Rowlands' office for some months. It suddenly stopped broadcasting and we were not interested in investigating the reason. We assumed that someone found it. We also bugged several areas in the police department and were aware of some of the inner conversations of the Chief and his cohorts. We had a full contempt for the police security and for the ability of their "communications" experts. Tacoma's Police Force is about as secure as is a leaky bushel basket. They have never taught their officers not to talk and they have certainly never expected or prepared for any organized attempt to secure information from them or about them. I had no trouble in finding any point of information that we were interested in and it was not due to any "sell-out" of their people. They simply do not know very much about military security and are helpless when confronted by an organized effort to gather and compile information about their operations. Tacoma's security and intelligence officer is a Sergeant Richard Six and we were well aware of his efforts to check up on our activities. I read several of his reports to his superior officers and felt that he was also lacking in training and would be of no worry to an operation that was based strictly upon political goals and with no other goals in mind. The Chief of Police, Charles Zittle, was a trained officer of the military and I was surprised that he at no time innovated certain procedures for office and communications security that are common in the military. Having been an officer myself in the military, I was well aware of the type of training that I had been subjected to and I knew what procedures I would have carried out if I were faced with the same set of problems. However, the TPD did nothing and we were happy that they did not feel that any counter procedures were necessary in as far as City Management security was carried out!

September ended with my starting a new series of taped, 30 minute editorials, each evening. They set the tone for the following two and one half hours of telephone talk time and I

used the tapes to carefully edit out any vestiges of libel that I might slip and make inadvertently if the editorials were done "live".

The editorials were being stepped up in intensity and were being directed down a more steady line of inquiry. They were planned to be stepped up to an extremely high pitch by December. Jim Nicholls was doubtful of whether we could keep the pitch as high as I wanted to put it over a sustained length of time. After several conferences in his office, it was decided to go ahead and drive the pitch and the intensity of the editorial comment higher and higher!

October 4, 1968, was a quiet evening. It was a little wet out and a fine mist was beginning to come down. I left the station slightly after 10:00 p.m. and started home along the River Road from Puyallup to Tacoma. I noted a new car pull from the parking lot of the Hi-Ho Shopping Center where it had been parked close to the road.

The car swung in behind me and I forgot about it. I drove on down the highway and slowly I began to be aware of the car behind me. There is something about a car that is following YOU and it seems to speed up and slow down with each tiny adjustment of YOUR speed and turns. I became aware that the road was deserted and that the car was following me at about the same time. The automobile suddenly speeded up and passed me on the outside. As it went by I had the faint impression that a white man was driving the car. As the car reached a point approximately 35 to 40 feet ahead of me, I saw a long spout of flame from the rear window. At the exact same time I noted the flame, my windshield exploded into a million fragments and something struck my head just behind the right eye. The force of the blow slammed my head into the side window and for a moment I lost complete control of my car.

The car skidded sideways and I had a difficult time regaining control as I was seeing wild flashes of light and darkness and my head was spinning madly. I wanted out of there and off that road as soon as possible. The attacking auto had sped away and I could not see its tail lights.

I could not see from my right eye and I knew that this could be from either the shock of being hit or from having lost the eye. I had been wounded in combat and I recognized that same numb, shock, feeling that a wound by a high speed bullet brings.

After a moment I had the car under control and brought it to a stop. I quickly turned it about and headed back to Puyallup. I did not know if the attackers were satisfied with their work and I wanted no more contact with them.

I turned from the road and went up and over the hills towards the southern part of Tacoma and then made my way through South Tacoma and to my own home by back roads. Along the way, the numbness began to leave and I could feel the cascading blood pouring down the front of my jacket and shirt. The warm feeling of your own blood is not a pleasant experience!

I reached home and tried to stop the bleeding. It was hopeless. The blood was still pouring from my wound and I knew that it must have proper medical attention. I called Marshall Riconosciuto, and asked him to meet me at the hospital. The doctor, who stopped the bleeding, asked me what happened and I told him I was hit by a rock. I could just see and hear the happy cries of pleasure on the part of some of the local police, if I had allowed the doctor to report a bullet wound. The young doctor looked at me askance and remarked that it was the funniest looking rock wound that he had ever seen, and let it go. He informed that if there had been a fragment he would have to report it as a bullet wound. He did stop the bleeding and sealed the ragged cut, and weakly I went on home to bed and a deep question as to what in the name of hell the name of the game was turning out to be in my home town.

The subject of reporting the incident was discussed, and I could not see any advantage in reporting it to the Tacoma Police as we were convinced that they were certainly not on the side of Law and Order! In a conference with Jim Nicholls and Marshall Riconosciuto, it was decided that I would make a full report to the Pierce County Sheriff's Office.

The information that we had concerning the Tacoma police force led us to believe that most of the force was in a neutral position in the political arena. Indeed, we were convinced that the greater share of them did not know or suspect that a full fledged political war was being fought. We also knew that some of the ranking officers were strongly convinced that the City Management form of government was the best form of government for the city. These were the dangerous ones and we kept a wary eye on them from time to time.

Based on the idea that if one was against city management government then one must be for rackets and crime, some of these officers fell victim to some of the stories that were trickling down from above and they were quite hostile to any member of our political forces they identified as anti-city management. This in turn brought a great deal of distrust to the surface on our part, and we listed those that we felt were dangerous and unreliable in any emergency.

We wanted to stay away from and out of the clutches of some of these officers as we termed them strictly "political police". Among those we termed to be such were (and are) Zittle, Dupenthaler, Kristovich, White, Seymour and several others who were not in our view hesitant about using their police position to better the chances of the City Management, to remain in power.

I asked for and received secondary information on these men, and later we added the name of Lyle Smith to the list as a "political policeman".

At about this time, early October, the radio station began to be the focal point for much activity and we seldom had an evening when certain cars did not zoom in and out of the parking lot with a scream of tires and the shouts of teen-agers. As long as they just "zoomed", we didn't care. It was when they stopped and sat quietly watching that we worried. We applied for gun permits and armed ourselves for further attacks, and later, they would come.

The station was unattended from 10:00 p.m. until 5:00 a.m. and Jim Nicholls soon found traces to indicate that people had been in the station. There did not seem to be anything missing. Then, after changing the locks a couple of times, he discovered that several files of important FCC documents were missing and that was a real blow. The station license was up for review and the Federal Communications Commission is a real stickler for promptness in making proper application. Without the files there could be no proper application for a license. That was a blow that caused Nicholls to burn much midnite oil in an attempt to duplicate the records in a fashion that would be acceptable to the FCC. During that time there were four other entries into the station, and several times only luck and care avoided a bad accident. The pressure was beginning to mount.

Leaving the Americana Motel restaurant one day, I noted a man with a camera in a car and I was sure that he had photoed me. I entered my car and pulled away from the curb and slowed down. The other car also left the parking space and followed mine. I went on to K Street and parked behind the Harold Myer's store. There I noted the other car pull in and park. I went in the store and came back out within 30 seconds. The man was photoing my car. I waited until he was finished and took his license number. We had it checked that afternoon. The car belonged to the Weyerhaeuser Company. What their interest could be we were completely puzzled about! After that we had several people who were photoed by the same man in the same car. We

felt that it was time to tell Weyerhaeuser to stay out of the game!

Several months before, Weyerhaeuser had cancelled out one of their promotions, and available on the surplus market were several thousand envelopes with their return address, a number on Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Georgia. We were delighted to find that it was possible to have several thousand of these envelopes sent to us. The next issue of the *New Times* was mailed out to approximately 500 people in those envelopes.

The screams of Weyerhaeuser were a joy to hear! They instantly called police and postal inspectors and they would have demanded the Marines if they had been able to do so. We were not bothered! We simply informed the postal inspectors what the story was and our contacts also told Weyerhaeuser why it had been done. The Post Office Department decided that they wanted no part of local political battles, and Weyerhaeuser said nothing more. Their photo car disappeared and we burned our remaining envelopes, and all was happy in the rough and tumble world of Tacoma politics.

We had only theory to go on, but we felt that someone had made an ass of that large company by allowing his personal politics to get in the way of company business, and as soon as they knew about it—they squelched it! Our attention was diverted by the open smashing of one of our cars. The car was sideswiped in the street, while it was parked, and it was no accident, for the old station wagon that sideswiped the auto proceeded to make a "U" turn and repeat the move. The car was filled with four Blacks. We were now under racial attack and it was not unexpected.

While we were fighting the quiet wars underground and some of the shooting ones, we were proceeding with our mounting editorial policy against the City Management government. One of the chief areas we attacked and with solid smashing editorials that DID arouse people, was the so-called Human Relations Department and the Human Relations Commission. I nicknamed it the "Black Relations Department" and demanded over and over that it be disbanded unless it would pay attention to some of the problems that bothered the people of the city....aside from those strictly with the Black population.

The reaction from the Blacks was to be expected. We were surprised that they did as little as they did. We kept up a barrage of editorial comment on the Commission and we demanded that it be expanded and more fair people be appointed. The Commission had been expanded and one of the new appointees was a man by the name of Jack Gamble.

Jack Gamble was and is an insurance man who takes a vital part in the city and state politics. He enjoys a good battle in any type of a political race. He is one of the best campaign managers that any political aspirant can seek for a director of a political campaign. He has made the same mistake that many good managers make—he has run for City Council position twice and been defeated. The single reason is that he has tried to act as his own campaign manager. This is a mistake for any person who runs for anything higher than precinct committeeman. No one understood this more than Jack Gamble and no one ignored it more than Jack Gamble.

Jack has an enormous sense of humor and a grim determination to have his way noted by those who are in power! His appointment to the Human Relations Commission was one of the master examples of how to wreck and derail a Liberal thrust and do it with a smile! One of the odd parts of the whole Tacoma Story lies in the fact that Gamble is himself, a Liberal Democrat! The fight within the city has no real lines of division, and we find that in some cases Liberal and Conservatives fought on the same side and in others opposed each other!

For Jack, it was a sense of fairness that he had and that he felt the Commission lacked. For this he was willing to be appointed and either see what he could do to make it alter its assinine directions or to wreck it and bring it to a halt. I agreed to do what I could to help Jack. I wrote the material that he used and we planned the moves that would bring the Commission into line or bring it to a halt. It was not a hard task, and with the material that I wrote, and Jack's knowledge of parliamentary procedure, it became absolutely ridiculous in the ease which we accomplished our task!

The ex-Reverend Lynn Hodges was not aware of just what a Human Relations Commission was supposed to do in relation to making itself known as a needed body in the Community. He was so anxious to show the Blacks in town his good faith, that he dominated the scene and he attempted to keep the complete reins of the Commission in his hands. I wrote to several other cities and asked them for a breakdown of their Human Relations organization and how it operated. From these, we built a picture of what a perfect Commission should be, and Jack began to demand that the Commission and the Human Relations Department conform to the basic plan of a "perfect" Commission and city department. Lynn Hodges had organized his department along the same lines as other city departments, and it was a department that reported to a City Manager and by virtue

of that fact it must reflect his views on city administration. That was one of the big weaknesses of the Human Relations set-up in Tacoma—the attempt to Rowlandize it and make it reflect a small City Council in its operating procedures.

In some ways it became a small psychological testing ground for some procedures of inquiry later used on the Council floor. The members often were surprised to find that Mayor Rasmussen dropped in to see what was going on at the meeting. Seldom did he drop in by chance. He was aware of what was coming up and he wished to see the end-effect of some special program that I had written and Jack was to place in operation before the body. The Mayor had asked what direction "Jack" was going to take before the Commission, and I outlined a bare-bones program. He did not direct it or ask that we change it...he simply wished to be informed as to what we were doing! We kept him informed with a special set of reports.

October of 1968 was drawing to a close and we were busy at KAYE with the usual run of "free" candidates broadcasts. Jim Nicholls gives away more time for free to the many political candidates than any other station in the Northwest. It is always funny to see one of the Left Liberals, who has been a part of that group that spread stories of how badly they will be treated by the staff at KAYE, finish a broadcast. Nicholls has a rule that all candidates will be treated equal and with courtesy, and even though it is a temptation to "tell off" some of the younger "nuts", the staff obeys that rule and the candidates usually have to admit they were treated absolutely fairly. Their sense of fairness evaporates somewhere in the parking lot, and they are back in Tacoma telling large stories as to how they frustrated our efforts to needle them. Most of them are liars and they know they are!

October closed in a whirl of gunfire, burned cars, my arrest by the Tacoma Police Department, and my call to appear before the Garrison Grand Jury in New Orleans, that was supposedly investigating the death of President John Kennedy. It was a real month for me, and it certainly put a strain on any organization that we were beginning to have in the fight against the City Management.

We were never quite sure what the table of organization was on the Wild Ones side of the political fence. We knew that certain of their leaders, both Black and White, made decisions that were carried out by their "soldiers" in the field. I was sure that the matter of the shootings was never a definite order from David Rowlands. I felt that he suffered from having too many "kooks" in the supporter ranks who simply started out to "do Dave a favor". I always assumed

that he wanted those favors about like I wanted some "favors" accomplished by certain supporters of the Anti-Management forces.

Several days after I was shot, a man came to see me at the station, and waited to talk to me in a car outside. We were suspicious, but I talked to him. I was floored to hear the first news about an organization called the "Washington Brigade". I was also surprised to find that they were as well organized as they were. I didn't know the man and I was not overly anxious to know about his unit. I felt that it might be a "Minutemen" type of thing, and I was not about to get a simple radio-propaganda broadcast involved in an open shooting war with Leftish Political Forces.

Our conversation was brief, and I answered his questions truthfully. I did not know or suspect any individual or group in the shooting. The next time I saw or spoke to the man it was "Mini-Riot Night" and he was wearing a police uniform.

I was given escort for awhile on my way to and from the station, and I actually did not feel comfortable about it. I knew that a major shoot-out would bring down a complete investigation by outside officers, and that might move elements on our side of the fence to favor cutting back the intensity of the broadcasts. This, I was certain, was the only way to reach the people of Tacoma—continued heavy propaganda broadcasts and hard hitting editorials that really stung the opposition!

October 20, at about 11:00, the trail car was ambushed and a real fire-fight broke out at the junction of 21st and Canal streets on the tideflats. We had decided to change our routes into Tacoma from the station in Puyallup from time to time and the Canal street ambush was the result. The street is lined by brush on one side and as the trail car, clearly marked with KAYE NEWS signs passed there came a blast of gunfire from the brush on the side of the road. The car was stopped and the fire was returned, the battle raged for at least 10 or 15 minutes and finally a car load of mixed Blacks and Whites sped from the scene. There was no indication of any interest by the Tacoma police force and no sign that they had even heard of the battle. We simply decided that they knew but would be ignoring it. There was no mention of it in their discussions that were made available to us.

We put it down as just another one of the many attempts that would be made to scare and silence any deep critique of the Rowlands Regime or city manager government. It was one of the things that added to our anger and determination that we would pull this crime besotted government down if it took all the years of our lives.

The attacks carried on, all personnel had their phones placed on the unlist section of the telephone company. The late night calls were horrendous and threatened the most dire of harm to all involved. The attacks were many and they were varied.

Earlier, about the 10th of the month, one of our chief supporters had his car parked at a driveway near his home and someone laid a pyrobomb on the roof of the brand new Cadillac convertible, and it was reduced to burned rubble, Jim Nicholls had his car sideswiped several times in deliberate moves to cause injury or harm. Our information told us that certain Black leaders were building animosity against our whole operation of a racial basis, and that racial unrest was going to be the key to the large effort against KAYE. This was confirmed by our listening posts, and I was given information that I considered to be too good and too straight from the source of the problem.

We wanted no war with violence against or from the Hilltop population and on a racial basis. We knew we were under that type of "street talk" attack and that sooner or later we would be "hit" and hit hard. Armed guards were provided for the station and we had certain security procedures worked out to protect us in our homes. We had the only radio station in the nation where all the personnel carried guns, and we had guns on our operating boards with shells in the chamber.

In the City Council chamber, Gerry Bott, the Deputy Mayor, kept reminding the Mayor that it was a "...hell uva way to run a railroad...". I couldn't have agreed with anyone more. It was a hell'uva way to run a city!

During the day, as I drove about the city or attended meetings of the Council study sessions and other political meetings, I noted that the people of the city were calm and went about their way with their usual lack of knowledge or what was really going on in the city.

We who carried guns and worried about open war in the city were strangely struck by the fact that the population seemed to go about their business, unaware of the war that was being fought for their future, and the future of the city. It seemed strange to talk to people who had absolutely no idea of what was going on in the city. Later, as the news began to seep through the city that shooting was going on, there was a basic tendency to turn away and ignore the problems. Therefore we made it public knowledge that a war was on and that it was considered to be just that...a war!

We worried about the length of time it was taking for our gun permits to be cleared and allow us to have the right to carry a gun in a legal manner. I had applied for

my gun permit through the County Sheriff's office and we had confidence that Sheriff Jack Berry would treat us with absolute fairness. We knew that application for a gun permit through the city would have been useless, as they would have delayed it and delayed it until it would have been a pointless operation that would have had to be taken to a court to force them to grant the permits. We did not have time for the foolishness that would have been placed in our way! Chief Zittle was still searching all rumors and all records attempting to find something that would be placed against me and would have taken me from the air. We were fully aware of each of his silly moves! We were also aware of his conversations with Dave Rowlands.

Through our sources of information we were appraised of an effort to destroy the complex of offices at 39 Broadway, and we placed an armed guard to protect the property ...it was not enough!

In the meantime, Bob Lavender had been ambushed outside his printing shop in Seattle and stabbed seriously, along with being given a solid beating. The job was accomplished by four Blacks and we were aware that he was beaten due to his supposed connection with the *New Times*. His connection with that sheet was tenuous, at best, and it was only a private joke that led him to print certain "press cards" that allowed us to have a laugh at the idea of demanding press credentials on the basis of being reporters for the *New Times*. It was only a joke and we never used or asked for any recognition as representatives of the *New Times*. The information reached us that there was a planned effort in the works to firebomb the offices at 39 Broadway. We discussed this at some length, as to what measures would be used, and we felt that it was time to demand that a halt be brought to any further violence. We had not fought back nor had we made any overt plans to do so. However, there were certain "hardhat" elements on our side of the political fence that demanded that they be allowed to make these attacks that would, "...teach the bastards a lesson...".

I had instigated the idea of "KAYE COUNTRY" and making people citizens of KAYE COUNTRY, and we had many people and supporters who actually felt that they were the forward wave of the movement for peace and freedom in the local area. The station had come under constant attack through organized applications of offense with the FCC. We began to have a list of those people who were most violent in their attacks upon KAYE. Therefore we had some people to place reprisals against. We also had some people who were perfectly willing to launch an all out violent war against the property and lives of those who most violently attacked KAYE.

Through out this period, I was disgusted with the charges of "...irresponsible conduct..." on the part of the Left, that continually attacked KAYE with physical and oral violence. I felt that holding the Wild Ones down on our side of the battle was a measure of actual responsible conduct. It was better than the Rowlands Mob was doing. They couldn't even control their own supporters and THEY had command of the police force, we did not! I sincerely felt that if there were any examples of irresponsible conduct, it certainly laid at the feet of David Rowlands and his bunch of Wild Eyed, racial bigots, who followed him around. We felt that he was not deliberately stirring them up, he was certainly doing nothing to stop them. Soon, they would commit some act of violence that would place any control beyond my efforts to talk, patience, and Jim Nicholls' counsel of peace and non-violence. Throughout all of this, Jim expressed a certain distaste for those who would resort to violence, and the tone of his editorial policy reflected it!

The night of October 31, was an interesting evening. I had finished early and was preparing for bed when a telephone call from one of "our" people notified me that his car was disabled and ask me to come and pick him up. I left for the Sherwood Inn at about 12:00 midnight. I noted a car pull from a side street without lights, and as it pulled up behind me it moved to my left. I decided I was damn tired of being a target and turned off of 6th Avenue onto Pine Street and stepped down on the gas. The car continued to follow me and attempted to come alongside of me twice. After a chase of some fifteen blocks, the car dropped back and turned on its lights and a red blinker.

I stopped and left the Car. I was a bit relieved to find two city cops and I did not expect to have any trouble with the average patrolman. Instead I was hustled to the side of my car and told to, "...put your hands on the roof (top) Crisman...". I was not surprised that they might know me--the car was a 1968 Oldsmobile, white 442 convertible. The top of this model is quite low, and it is hard to be in a polite position of surrender and place your hands out in front of you. All the while a policeman is demanding that you place your hands on top. The young policeman flashed his light in the car and began to scream, "...he's gotta gun...he's gotta gun..." His partner, a bit more calm, walked over to the far side of the auto and opened the door. While he was doing this, "my policeman grabbed open the door on my side of the car. In turning I moved my hand and he slammed the door and caught my hand in the door. I was more frightened of him than I had been of the attempted assassination.

He slammed the door again and I had a chance to get my hand out of the way, and at the same time I noted that he had a police pistol in one hand and a flashlight in the other! With this combination he began to "frisk" me. I stood there half expecting to feel the numbing shock of an "accidental" bullet. After what we knew about the inner workings of Zittel's office I was not sure if this was a "kill" squad or not! I waited tensely for the approach of the other officer. His movements would dicatate whether I put up a fight or not. If he moved around the car toward me, I felt that it was a setup and I intended to disarm the policeman alongside of me and do what I could to save my life. I was not sure that I could take the man alongside, but I felt that I could put up enough of a battle and noise that would attract some attention from the dark houses along side of the street. Admittedly, it is foolish for any unarmed man to attack two alert and capable policemen. However, in the light of the past few weeks and the happenings, I was not about to stand and let them either shoot me or batter me to death.

Luckily for me and for all, the other officer moved toward the police car and I did relax somewhat. They took me to headquarters.

There I was interviewed by one of the best policemen on the Tacoma force, Lt. McDonough, a tough cop he's known as an honest and fair policeman. He gave me a rough interview and I was aware that he observed it as a simple case of speeding or some other fracture of the rules. He asked no political questions, aside from assuring me that driving a car with markings on it of: "KAYE NEWS" gave me no special privilege.

I gave him no back talk and was happy to be alive I then assumed that it was only a lone traffic patrol that had been a bit over eager about the lights thing. The thing that seemed to upset the police was the fact that I had no gun permit. In fact, my gun permit had been issued that day and I was not able to pick it up. I told the police that and was charged with carrying a "concealed weapon" just the same. The charge against me, to my complete surprise, was "Reckless Driving". The total was a bail of $750.00. I used my telephone call to call a friend, and John Carbone, a bail bondsman, soon arrived to allow me to get on home and get to bed. My one worry was the fact that they had my brand new Olds 442 and it was newly leased I did not want my lease cancelled by a stupid and untrue charge. The case was to drag on a year and be finally dismissed in Superior Court! I still had to threaten to get a court order to get the return of my gun from the Tacoma storage racks.

The following day, the Mayor had the Chief and the Ass't Chief in his office to ask them about what had happened. The Chief of Police denied wildly that the officers had pursued me without lights. In a sworn statement (see page 94) in June of 1970, he admitted that they had. This was an important point in the trial that followed my arrest. It is also an example of the quality of the leadership of the city at that time!

Information from inside the police department later explained the arrest and the silly and exaggerated charges. November 1, and the events of that day were next on the list and they were directly tied to the arrest.

After being released from the jail, I went home to bed and I was awakened by a call from New Orleans, La. I picked up the phone only to be subjected to a barrage of many questions from a Dick Trecourt of the *New Orleans Times-Picayune*. He wanted to know how I felt about being called for the Garrison Grand Jury, Investigating the Death of President John Kennedy. I was so struck with surprise that I did not know what to say to him. I told him I never heard of such a thing and what in the hell was he talking about.

My being named as a witness before the Garrison Grand Jury was released in New Orleans the day before and it had hit the news-wires here in Washington the next morning. I told the New Orleans reporter that I did not have anything to say and that I would have to find out what in the hell was going on.

I had met Bob Griffin, a very fine local attorney, some time before, and he had agreed to defend me in the traffic "thing". Bob Griffin has an excellent practice, has a deep sympathy for the underdog and carries his full load in giving his time to those who can't afford high-priced legal advice. I consider him a fine man and a fine attorney. I now turned to Bob and called him to ask him what the hell I was to do now? His advice was to shut up, give no interviews, and make no statements to anyone until he could check out what the problem was, and how to answer it. I was to meet him later that day in his office.

When I went to Bob's office I found the place packed with newsmen I left without talking to anyone. All day the newscastors, mainly Gene Lewis of Radio KTNT, broadcast the happy news that I had been "INDICTED" by the New Orleans Grand Jury. It was a lie and they knew from their own press service that it was a lie! Lynn Hodges trudged through the County-City Building happily spreading the word that one of "those" people was about to be revealed for "what he really was". Clar Gaisford, the city Finance

Director, earned my never ending dislike for the same reason.

October of 1968 was a month of "...bullets and bugs...". It was a month of what I felt were "buggy" people also.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I have listened to tapes of broadcasts made from radio station KAYE on Jan. 7, 1970 in which Jim Nichols made a number of vicious and untruthful accusations against the Tacoma Police Department, its members and its administration. On Oct. 31, 1968, two dependable experienced officers of the Tacoma Police Department, while on routine patrol, spotted a car at very high speed during the early morning hours. They pursued this vehicle and arrested the driver, Fred Lee Krisman, a commentator for Radio KAYE for reckless driving, no valid operator's license on person, disorderly by carrying a concealed weapon.

In his broadcast, Mr. Nichols stated that the arrest was a "frame up" by the police. He claimed that a car belonging to someone else connected with Radio KAYE had been tampered with at the Sherwood Inn which is just inside the city limits of Tacoma (implication--tampered with by police), and that the police, assuming that the operator of the car would call Mr. Krisman for help, had bugged his line. When Mr. Krisman left from his home to assist, he was followed by a car with lights out (implying the police were laying in wait). He also said that when the vehicle was stopped the officers called Mr. Krisman by name and told him to get out of the car. (This last statement occurs later in the broadcast in an interview with a party that called in).

Although there are many inaccuracies and distortions in Mr. Nichols review of this police incident, I am certain that an investigation will reveal conclusively that there was no "frame up" by police, that they had nothing to do with disabling any vehicle belonging to KAYE, that they did not lay in wait for Mr. Krisman and that they never called him by name when he was told to get out of his car. I discussed the case with the officers, both of whom are experienced and in whom I have complete confidence. They stated that they were sitting with lights out observing a shopping area on 6th Avenue when their attention was attracted to a high speed vehicle. They immediately took pursuit with lights out but quickly turned their lights on. They had not been interested in politics and did not recognize who Mr. Krisman was even after he identified himself and could not have called him by name. The false accusations by Mr. Nichols were damaging to the reputation of the Tacoma Police Department, its members and its administration. Mr. Nichols, to the best of my knowledge never contacted responsible or involved personnel of the department to obtain the true facts. I was never advised of the broadcast by station KAYE. After the review of the police incident Mr. Nichols made mention of the fact that in order to end such wrongdoings, Chief Zittel would have to go.

On the same date, Mr. Nichols falsely accused the administration of the Tacoma Police Department of destroying, deleting and changing records. He said that"it was shocking but I assure you that it is God's truth --that records have been falsified, records have been deleted, etc". He stated that during the last few days Mr. Rowlands (former City Mgr.) was in office there was a frantic scurrying through the police files so that certain records could be removed. If Mr. Rowlands had wanted to do anything with police records, he would have had to go through me as Chief of Police. I vehemently deny that he ever at any time approached me relative to deleting or changing any police records. Acting Captain of the Identification and Records Division will also make such a denial under oath.

The above is true and correct to the best of my ability.

Subscribed and sworn to before me by Charles B. Zittel who personally appeared before me and executed the within as his free and voluntary act this 15th day of June, 1970.

Charles B Zittel
Former Chief of Police, Tacoma, Wash.

[illegible] Tacoma, Wa

9

"KAYE, Tacoma and Kennedy"

It seems incredible that the city of Tacoma and the fight against City Management government could be mixed in any way with the Garrison Grand Jury investigating the death of the former President.

At the time that John Kennedy was assasinated, I was a part of the high school faculty of Rainier, Oregon, and I had no more knowledge of what had happened than any other average American citizen. In the years that followed that incident, I moved into the field of political and ghost writing for a great many people and some rather prominate political figures.

I have written material for some of our Congressman, both in the Senate and in the House of Representatives. I have written material for several governors and people who tried to be governor of several states. I have written a great many things on order from a great many sources. I have written a great deal of material for certain political figures in Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and in the state of Washington.

One of the odd attitudes of the American public is that they are well aware that most political figures from the President of the United States on down to city councilmen have speech writers. They accept the fact that the President has a speech writer, but as the offices descend in rank, the annoyance of the public rises in direct proportion when they are faced with the fact that certain people have their speeches and their news releases written for them. I have never been able to quite figure out the basic reason for this attitude on the part of Americans. They have always had the view that a "ghost writer" is some type of a sneaky profession.

I assume there is a certain amount of truth to this general feeling. There is a man that rises on the floor of Congress and quotes from his own book at times. I wrote the book and the congressional representative never saw the book or knew what it contained until after it had been

printed. However, it is his book in that it contains the over-all material supplied by his staff for the basic view of the man's political stand.

I was asked to return to Louisiana and to testify before the Garrison grand jury for that exact reason. I had written a lot of material for some of the political figures in Louisiana and the Garrison Grand Jury was a political hatchet that was making a deep inquiry into their political battles in that state.

I want it made perfectly plain, that I was under no direct compulsion to go. I was not called as a direct participant in any crime against the state. I was sought by the Garrison Group simply to give what political information that I could on the local political situation in Louisiana. I knew nothing of the matters they wished to discuss and was excused after one hour and five minutes before their "grand jury."

I went to New Orleans, simply because I knew that if I didn't, there would be loud cries in the local press asking what I was afraid of in Louisiana, if I were actually an innocent man! The *Tacoma News-Tribune* attacked me in every vicious manner that they could and they wrote a great deal of half-truths. One of their reporters, Edd Jeffords, who I had met before, went a long ways out of his way to assasinate my character openly admitting that he hated my editorials on KAYE. I called him a liar on the open radio waves and I repeated it nightly. He wrote lies and the *Tribune* did print them! To sue for libel would have only given them a platform to really expand on my supposed "bad character." It was what the *Tribune* hoped for and I was not going to give them the opportunity.

Jeffords, well connected with the whole Hippie Movement in Seattle, was given a well researched looking over and the *New Times* wrote his story completely. I repeated what the *New Times* said on the radio and invited him to sue me. He has never filed any suit!

He did write a column that struck us as "funny." He wrote an article for the *Frisco Outcry* that recommended that I be shot! It turned out that Edd Jeffords was also the Chairman of the Washington State Association of the Investigation into the Death of John Kennedy. I always wondered if there was any connection? The coincidences seemed wild!

The month of October had also contained one other incident that we were unhappy about but we always wondered about. As the month drew to an end the rumor of threats against the office complex at 39 Broadway were rampant. We kept getting the word, usually reliable that an attack

was planned, and indeed we did discover one firebomb that had failed to ignite. We had used the office for a late night conference and as we left we found the deadly thing in the front yard, smoking and fuming. We put it in an empty trash can with a tight cover and the fuse finally went out! That gave our rumors some extra validity. Late the next afternoon, we again discovered a set firebomb in the back of the building. I was not at the office at the time, but I arrived shortly thereafter and anger was running quite high.

While I was there, Ray Kinser, a Boeing engineer, came into the office and also Jack Willis—we talked about the incident and also the matter of the Weyerhaeuser Photo incidents. Marshall Riconosciuto, arrived shortly thereafter and after learning what had happened said nothing. He walked to the telephone and called Chief Charles Zittle and in a calm but fury-filled voice told him point-blank to call off the dogs or we would start killing. He told Chief Zittle that enough was enough and if there was one more attack upon any of the people on the anti-management team that he could damn well expect a shotting war in the streets. Zittle stated that he knew nothing, could do nothing. Marshall slammed down the phone and that was the decision arrived at—we would let slip the dogs of open war if the attacks did not stop!

The attacks stopped!

From that time on the overt violence slackened and we began to breathe easier. Even in the days of Mother's Day Riot we had no open attacks upon any of our people except Jack Gamble, and we considered that only a riot reaction.

I later talked with Jack Willis about the problem, he is a Tacoma fireman and one of the men most responsible for obtaining decent wages for firefighters all over the state of Washington. He told me that they felt that the fire department was well trained and could handle any type of riot problem that might develop on the "Hill." I was not as confident as he, as all signs pointed to a coming racial problem that could well be a major riot. The *News Tribune* was stirring up the problem and the City Manager was only too happy to take advantage of the problems to assign blame for the past racial imbalance in city hiring on the Mayor.

In looking back it seems incredible how easy it was for the Rowlands Mob to use the *Tacoma News-Tribune* to build their patterns of race hatred against the Mayor. I felt a helplessness I have never felt before in politics. The slanted front-page editorials that passed as "news"

stories continued to have headlines that were seldom associated with the main part of the story.

The newspaper painted a dismal picture of a gross, uneducated, brutal man that had no mercy or sympathy for the poor or the people of the minorities. This was not true and I was amazed that a so-called reputable newspaper would be so bold as to offer these outright lies to the general public. The political power of the paper, joined with the organized disruption of the Opportunity Development Inc. group was a frightening combination. Add to this the screaming demands of the "concerned citizens groups" and it was a foregone conclusion that something would explode in the city before long.

We did not expect trouble in the streets before the advent of good weather. The wet climate of Washington in the Puget Sound area is not good riot weather in the winter time. The cold, endless rain has a tendency to make one more philosophical in their approach to the political scene. The loudest noises about were the continued railings of the *Tacoma News-Tribune* and the issues of the *New Times* calling them a liar! People on both sides enjoyed the reading of the papers and the man in the middle was more hopelessly confused about his city than ever.

After our return from the "grand jury" hearing in New Orleans, where Bob Griffin and I spent an enjoyable five days at the expense of the wealthy private backers of that farce, I settled down to a regular attack upon all of the Far Left movement in the city.

One of the "disturbing" elements of the city had been the opening of the Court C Coffee House. A small storage room of a former department store had been converted into a typical "hippie joint." The Coffee House was the brainchild of the Human Relations Dept., Director Lynn Hodges. The stories that reached my program as to what type of programs were being offered stirred my deep curiosity and so I attended. As usual, the stories were not exactly true. Instead of a den of "dope and vice" I found it to be an open forum where the "kooks" could air their views as well as the mentally disturbed and the semi-violent. I never really thought that "something had to be done about that place" as so many of my listeners and callers insisted. I rather valued it as a source of new propaganda material. I had to have "filler" material for my program at times and I knew I could always depend upon the weekly program of the Court C to provide me with some bit of whimsy to present to my audience.

I don't recall too much of the programs that I watched.

One was a "panel" on yellow journalism, presented by some of the Liberal "tame" radio commentators, a writer or two from the *Tribune* and the news director of Radio KTNT, Gene Lewis. Lewis made a statement that I referred to many times. He stated that, "The people of Tacoma were stupid and sometimes it was necessary to adapt the news to their level." I was delighted to hear a wise open statement like that and I made use of it in my radio material. I always gave proper credit to where I had heard it.

Most of the material found at the Coffee House was stupid and boring and it was only warmed over liberal hash that is usually presented at these places. The old "God is Dead" and "Racism in Cities" and a few other hack subjects that seem to always light up the candle-wicks of the Sensitized.

I went to one program to hear a review of a new book, "The Rasmussen Years," a title that I thought rather pompous as Rasmussen had been in office only a year and a few days. The "book" turned out to be a rather thin little paperback, cheaply printed and containing what read like, warmed over Rowlands—as sieved through the *Tribune* and mopped up by Hodges. It was a laugh and not worth the juice my recorder drew from my batteries that evening. I recorded it and replayed it for my listeners..it was funny, funny, funny!

I found that the most disturbing thing about the Court "C" Coffee House was that it was seldom able to present the juicer programs that it advertised. Something always seemed to prevent their presentation at the last moment. My attendence fell to zero.

In December I instigated the battering approach of Nazi accusations. This, I feel, was as shocking to the Far Left as anything that was ever said or released by Radio KAYE. It sent a shock wave through our own supporters and some of them complained that I was now being too "rough" on the representatives of City Management.

I took the view that "when you fight with rats, you must use those tactics that only rats understand." I still hold to that view and in light of all later happenings I feel that I was correct and that I am still correct in the approach. I deeply believe in the theory of massive retaliation and feel that in the coming political wars for the future of Washington state and the nation, that is the only approach to take!

When YOU are the one that is out in front, when it is your neck that is laid on the line each and every

day, and when YOU are the person that is taking the verbal, financial and physical beating that any person will be subjected to in the War Against Communism.. then you develop a feeling of independence. You develop a sixth sense that tells you when you are on the right track and you learn to trust your hunches. In the winter of 1968-69, Jim Nicholls and I felt that we stood back to back fighting a vicious war that had erupted in many directions. We felt that we were alone, far out in the front line and we were fighting a war that seemed to have no support!

Part of our feeling was reflected in the phrase I introduced on my station breaks, "This is Radio KAYE, the Only Free Station in the Great Northwest." We felt like an island surrounded by hostile territory and in truth, we were. We had garnered many new supporters with the brash, fresh, and sometimes wooly attacks we made upon the political stand of those that followed the City Management garbage wagon.

The complaints were pouring into the Federal Communications Commission, in Washington. The process they use is to simply photostat the letter, send the station a copy and ask you to explain the complaint. We saved them and answered them in batches! It was apparent to a blind person that the complaints were a result of an organized effort to rouse the FCC to our "bad radio". We adopted the procedure of writing directly to the complaining person and sending a copy of our letter to the FCC with a cover letter. It did stop some of the "better known" names as they were unaware that their complaint was being sent along to us in exact duplicate of their original. Some interesting names were discovered among the complaints; bankers, lawyers, and a steady covey of "simple housewives" that all used the same master letter as a copy-model. The model was designed by the "KAYE Committee of the Women's League of Voters". Some of their complaints were badly mixed up and some were funny as any serious subject carried to the extreme can be at times.

Jerry Holtzinger, another commentator on a since defunct station, KOOD of Lakewood, made some cracks about the City Manager. A man by the name of Fishback, one of Rowlands' assistants, sent a complaint to the FCC bitterly castigating KAYE and me. I wrote him a letter with a copy to Rowlands wherein I stated that I did not argue with his right to his opinion, but I felt that if he were trying to "get in good with the boss" he should have the right station and the right program

and the right time of day before he complained. He had blamed me for the remarks of KOOD and he had listed me as a morning talk-show host. Inside information told us that Rowlands gnashed his teeth on that incident and we heard no more from Mr. Fishback.

"Research in the public library had given me the information that Hitler had been a busy man at one time installing "city managers" in Germany, not with the same idea of our use of City Managers, but with a great many of the duplicate powers that we have in most City Manager cities. I offered this bit of information to the public and was given a counter-blast that was astounding. Even some of our close supporters did not like that viewpoint. They wanted the City Manager tagged as a Communist as they had always dreamed of his role and I was breaking the rocks in a different direction!

In answer, I repeated the names of the books in the library and the pages that the information could be found on and went on to develop the Nazi idea as best as I could. Through one of the listeners, I secured a copy of the Nazi marching and war songs and I recorded them in a Nazi salute which I played for the "honor" of Dave Rowlands each night at 7:30 p.m. For some reason, this sent some of the more wild Communist Hunters of the Far Right out on a campaign to convince people on our side of the political fence that I was a secret Communist agent. I was astounded at their reasoning, but relegated them to their proper nitch and forgot about it!

There comes a time in these political wars when the antics of people on your "own side" puzzle and frustrate you more than does the opposition. Both Jim and I found ourselves under a whispering campaign attack that was simply incredible. We were astounded that people that represented themselves as "Conservatives" would enter into such vicious attacks upon our characters and upon our motives. Jim was supposed to be garnering the money like a royal prince and gambling it away and spending it in a foolish manner. I was never able to see the point of the story, but it circulated among our friends as well as our enemies.

In Lakewood, a suburban area of Tacoma, a small station, KOOD, had an early morning talk show and a late afternoon talk show. The latter was operated by a woman, Sally Tennor. She got into the act with a tall tale of being in possession of facts that could prove that I was a "sex-maniac" and that I enjoyed

going about beating old ladies. She had a "friend" in the prison structure of California that could supply her with absolute proof that I had been recently released there. I heard her unmistakable voice on several tapes and listened with astonishment to her tall tales!

Jim and I were accused of "stealing" money from the station and from old and trusting ladies. One such story had me in the act of beating some poor woman. The only real problem was in proving what time this happened. The "absolutely proved" time first given was at a time when I was in a public court room. The second "absolutely proved" time was at a time I was substituting for Jim on the morning program. So it went. Some voice called a talk-show in Seattle and asked the poor moderator if he was aware that, "Jon Gold was out with someone's wife and had shot a Deputy Sheriff" the night before. The man was unaware of just who Jon Gold was and hastily wrote a letter offering equal time on his station, KTW! So it went for months! What astounded Jim and I were the facts that were proved, and those seemed to be that the wild rumors were started by members of our own supposed "Supporters".

We found ourselves defending our positions, not on a political base, but on a moral base and from many people that called to say, "I just want to make sure that it is not true that....." and they would relate some tale that was absolutely astounding. I soon developed a thick hide and I took the same position that Jim took. If they were really friends they wouldn't listen to what was only obvious tommyrot! Jim is a kinder and more patient man than I am and he spent a great deal of time in shushing the fears of many supporters that were disturbed by the sorry tales. I took the attitude that if you call me and question me, then, "Go to Hell"! I refused to defend myself against the nuts and the depraved. There is no doubt that there are some border-line perverts that delight in those type of weird sex-stories and criminal attacks! The Hell With The All! That was the attack I took and it seemed to serve to some extent. I was surprised that the most perverted and disgusting stories seemed to originate with some of the most proper women in the Conservative camp! They were repeated with delight by the females of the Left!

Shortly after I went on the air, a woman's voice came on the line one night and it asked me some questions and left the line. I noted that the voice returned from time to time and she seemed to know the harsher

side of the City Management mess that hung over the city. I soon learned that when the voice of "Gravel Gertie" came on the wire I had some tid-bit of information that could be followed up and usually gave me some type of a propaganda break. I asked Jim Nicholls one night, when he was in the studio, to listen and tell me who owned the voice. He listened only a second, smiled and wrote down the name Helen Anderson on a pad and left! I talked to her several times after my program and finally stopped to see her!

Helen Anderson is a direct person, opinionated, informed, brash and with a good understanding of what the long fight is all about! She cared for her war-wounded husband for many years and was deeply wracked by his death in 1969. She has been one of the long-time fighters against City Management government. She has telephone contact and intimate acquaintance with most of the major politicos of the state and Tacoma. She is on a first name basis with most of the news and talk-show commentators and has a cousin, Jack Ryan of the Seattle PI, whom she berates for his "wrong view" of the news of Tacoma. Her house on McKinley Hill is stuffed with an amazing amount of reports, files and records that any political anaylst accumulates after entering the field of political investigation. She has been a source of research and has been a faithful soldier in the war of politics. Her work in the area of continuous petitions for the many changes sought by the long-time workers has always been outstanding. Through Helen, I met John O'Leary and decided to support him in his later successful campaign for City Council.

I noted that several steady voices repeated themselves on the talk-show each night and I began to wonder if a rule concerning how many times a person could call each week was in order. I decided against it after a talk with a KMO news reporter, Win McCracken.

McCracken had had an experience with both telephone and TV talk-shows and he offered me several pieces of good advice. The best piece of information I gleaned from Win was through a story he told me.

One of my concerns that began to worry me about the evening talk-show was that after KAYE had to drop to 250KH in the evening, our voice pattern was not good. The station just does not have the proper equipment to reach out far enough to cover an acceptable broadcast area. However, I lost my worry about not reaching enough people when Win recounted the fact that he did not hear me at night. He said, however,

that it was not a matter for concern because just that day a Liberal friend had approached him and asked,

"Did you hear what the SOB, Gold said last night...?"

"No, I didn't," answered Win, "but tell me this, how many people have YOU told today? How far have YOU scattered what he said?"

I lost my fear of not being able to reach the largest audience. I know that if my program was controversial enough, I could cover the city easily! Win was right and I was right..the news of the program began to spread and the Nazi salute began to have effect in the pained outcries of the opposition! I kept it up and even Jim became somewhat worried. I continued to shove the tempo of my broadcasts high and higher! Jim became more and more worried and so I at last had the chance to meet Friendly Floyd Oles!

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"---the Riot Makers ---"

My first meeting with Floyd Oles, later to be our city manager, was one that left me absolutely unimpressed. I was not able to pay enough attention to him to make any classification of what I thought of him. He came into the station and went to Jim Nicolls' office on a Monday morning, when I was replacing Jim on his morning talk-show.

Jim introduced him to me and I went in to start the show. During the early part of the show, I glanced out of the front broadcast booth only to see this little man staring at me and making no effort to hide the fact that he was displeased with my handling of Jim's show.

The next morning he returned and after the show was over at noon, he came into the broadcast booth and sat down. He told me that what he was about to tell me was for my own good as well as that of Jim's and the station's. He then proceeded to tell me all about my evening show and what I was doing wrong. From the tone of his remarks, I knew that he had little knowledge of the political situation in Tacoma and that he was not informed on what or why the evening program was being slanted in the direction that it had taken! I considered him just another "nut" who was a "know-it-all" and actually knew nothing!

To my surprise, Jim invited me to have lunch with him and Floyd Oles. I was astounded at the deference that Jim paid to the man and I was wondering if Jim were actually taking him seriously. Throughout lunch, Floyd Oles harped on the theme of getting back to a gentleman's fight ; that it was our duty to be progressive and show the opposition errors by well-thought-out and timely political remarks; that we must educate the people by showing them a revealing picture of what a fine government that Council-Mayor form was, and what it could do for the people.

My first reaction to Floyd Oles was that he was a pompous, self-inflating ass with an ego as big as all outdoors. I have never had cause to change my mind! I have never been able to understand what Jim Nicholls saw in this outlandish person whose sole aim in life appeared to be the self-inflation of his own ego. I have yet today to understand why a man with the experience and the background that is possessed by Jim Nicholls, would be taken in by a man who had the shallow, self-seeking aims that were displayed by Floyd Oles.

Floyd Oles left me cold, and I disliked the man. During lunch he returned in his mock, friendly manner to the "misuse" of my talents on the evening show. I wondered if the pressure had grown too great for Jim and if he wished Floyd to take over the show and lower it to a more friendly level. I asked Jim this question and I offered to leave the show if that was what he wanted. Jim denied that he had any plans for Floyd and I believed him! I still do! I simply think that Jim was taken in like a small boy by a con man of the first water! I went my way and dismissed the interview with Floyd Oles as time wasted and forgot about him!

The Council fights went on and the propaganda campaign of the *News-Tribune* did not let up. More and more, the paper was blaming the Mayor for the ills of the city. I was never surprised any more at any statement that the *Tribune* might print. Nothing was too preposterous, nothing too exaggerated, nothing too belittling for them to print about Mayor Rasmussen. The campaign was on in full measure to assure that he was defeated in the Fall elections.

During the winter and spring of 1969, I attended almost every study session and regular meeting of the City Council. I was able to observe the Council at close quarters and I drew several conclusions from my observations. For one thing, some of the City Council members refused to attend the Council Monday Noon Study Sessions. "Becky" Banfield was among them, so I did not have the chance to meet her until later in the spring. I was most impressed with the manner in which Rasmussen handled the problems in the study sessions. His piercing questions on city problems continually showed that David Rowlands was not familiar with many of the facets of city business and depended upon the efforts of underlings to supply him with an overall picture. These underlings were picked by Rowlands for their willingness to play doormat to his large boots. The continued reference to their "trained ability"

was sickening when watching them perform at close range!

The five majority council members made it to the study sessions where they began to take note that that "man from KAYE" was present, and slowly they opened up enough to speak to me! Gerry Bott was the most friendly. He struck me as a big teddy bear that wanted to be friends with and liked by everybody. He appeared to be caught in the trap of having committed himself to the City Manager, and was never comfortable playing the role of Management Supporter.

Dr. Arnold Herrmann was the man with a deadly sense of humor and absolutely no idea of what the legislation before the council was all about. Many times, his slowly made remarks were so far away from any relevance to the subject matter at hand, that one would think that he never looked at an agenda. Later I knew that he seldom did.

Hal Murtland was always late, always mouthy and always angry. His attitude towards his council duties always struck me as if he were unhappy to be there and they interfered with his work as an attorney. I always wondered why he ever ran for the position when he was obviously displeased with the time the duty demanded from him! He was a hold over from the rubber stamp days when Council Meetings were held to a brief hour or two at a lunch table in the Tacoma Club or some bar! There the old council would vote a mass "YEA" and allow the Manager to conduct the city in any rickety manner that he wished. Since the election of Rasmussen, times had changed, and an attorney might well be displeased with the time that was now demanded from him.

"Moe" Finnigann always showed at study sessions, as he did at council meetings, wearing some of the best styles in the city and with his silver hair in perfect groom. He always spoke with a slow deliberation that went on and on and on and when he had finished, no one knew what he had said or what his point might be. The general gist was usually that the Manager was right and we, as citizens, or they, as Councilmen, had no right to think differently or question anyone's motives.

Mr. L.H. Johnson was an elderly man with a fear that in some manner the city might slip from the grasp of his friends and the City Manager. His barbed remarks to Slim Rasmussen were usually ignored by the Mayor, and I considered him to be a bore. He would

run across a sharp remark to make concerning the Mayor and repeat it for several weeks running. He was usually ignored by all present! The Majority Five I had termed as The Five Dum-Dums and they seemed to resent this at first. Later, I do not believe that any of them really cared that the city referred to them as the Five Dum-Dums. It was a catch phrase that I wanted people to adopt and use. It would influence them at a later voting date, I felt. Therefore, I repeated that phrase over and over on the air. I made sure that I complimented each man on his personal life and his personal stand. But I separated their personal stance from their political life and I pounded away at the theme that they were walking idiots on the podium of the City Council.

I never spoke to the men unless they spoke to me first, and David Rowlands never did have any reason, in his eyes, to speak to me. I was always a bit afraid that he would and that he would act friendly. That would put me in a position of not being able to state on the air that I did not know him and only worked from his record. I could never decide if he were really as politically stupid as he seemed or if he really had the ego that made him think that he knew what was "right for the populace"!

Even at this late date, I feared that someone in Rowlands Mob would have enough political smarts to realize that they could shut me up with a simple procedure of being Mr. Nice Guy. I always assumed that the years of success at "handling" Tacoma had made Rowlands believe that he really could not be taken for a fast political ride! His cold sneering manner, flat lifeless voice and his non-blinking eyes struck me as reptilian and the man repelled me in every way. I wanted to be engineer on that long, fast ride for Mr. Rowlands and his whole Mob..right out of power and out of City Hall!

It was at the study sessions that I observed the officers of the city, and I made up my mind and my views of their ability as they displayed their lack of knowledge about anything that the Manager did not nod his head and confirm. Their deference to the man made my skin crawl, and I looked upon most of them as crawling toadys and stated so upon the air! To me, he represented all that was wrong upon the face of the city, and he was the leading figure in a real-life drama that was, in my mind, a blot upon the city!

Most of the officers paraded through those study

session doors and I observed them and took notes on them. I noted that the most nervous was Stanly Bixel, the Director of the Department of Personnel. Stan Bixel always looked nervous and with his nervous twitching of the face he struck me as a man who looked "guilty". No reason; he just looked "guilty". I later read some inter-office memos that were most uncomplimentary. The memos were written by his boss, Rowlands. I also saw some reports wherein a former employee had summed up some of the office laxity of the Personnel Department. The report was a true one, and it would have made any normal Department head jump to cancel some of the holes that it had revealed. Instead, as is so typical in City Management government, the reports had been sent along to Rowlands and solidly squashed. It cost the city unknown thousands of dollars.

The Planning Department paraded through the study sessions continually, and they were always led by a man, Russell Buehler, who never made any impression upon me as being a man involved with the present. His commentary was always given in a monotone voice and he seemed to be aware of what his department was for and what he was talking about. I don't recall being impressed, one way or the other, by Mr. Buehler.

Marshall McCormick, the City Attorney, had suffered a heart attack and was absent from duty most of the time during this period. His assistant, Bob Hamilton, I chiefly remembered only as the man with a voice that knocked our portable transmitters off kilter on Tuesday night. Usually he was smiling and affable without being friendly! I never had any reason to feel that he was anything less than a follower of the powers in the throne, and as such I consigned him and his smile to the under regions.

Many times the Finance Officer of the city, Clar Gaisford, would appear and he was always vocal and seemed vaguely familiar with the Finance Department. He had a nervous habit of consulting Dave Rowlands with his eyes in the Study sessions as well as the Council chambers. He made this eye--consultation each time he was called upon to supply the council with finance information. I was aware of the feud between him and David McLennan, and certainly the reasons why, all of the reasons! McLennan, is the tax and license director and formerly in that department when it was a part of the City Finance Department. The reasons for its division into the present two departments made an in-

teresting but not a very pretty story! I considered it simply another blot against Rowlands and City Management government!

Many of the Department Directors never appeared at the Study Sessions or at the Council meetings, and we were always too busy to seek them out, as a matter of course, for only the reason of making sure we knew them. I don't recall having ever seen Frank Evans of the Civil Defense Department. That is a section of the city that is pretty well forgotten. I only recall Dr. H. McNutt being present once and he was not called upon for any great amount of information. Fom what I knew of Dr. McNutt he was, and is, a fine physician and an excellent health officer.

Public works was always wandering in and out and they seemed to have a great many disorganized programs. The amount of plotting boards and maps that they brought with which to make their presentations always struck me as a waste of time. Plain photo copies for each member of the council would have served far more efficiently. The Director, Gilbert Schuster, I have never had any conversations with and I have never given him more than a passing note of attention. His worth as a public servant is considered to be that of the usual Rowlands appointee.

Several of the Department heads were seldom present for any meetings with the council and so I never knew Doug Hendry, of Transit, never met the Airport Manager.

Public information and General Services is headed by "Bud" Bond a former radio news man and his department is seldom thought of in exactly that manner. His area is reserved to producing publicity releases for the city and issuing the variety of small brochures that any modern city seems to feel absolutely needed.

Until quite recently, the Public Relations Department was under the direction of the Mayor, but it was made a department by itself by council action. I felt that this would place the department under City Manager control, but it appears to have changed the policy but little. Bud Bond is a man who is aware of the political tides that flow and ebb about him and he walks a tightrope to make sure that he shows no real favorites in his treatment of city employees, elected officials, or newsmen. I have always had the feeling that Bud Bond, should he ever decide to discuss the subject, would be classed as a follower of City Manager government. I have always granted him the same neutral

treatment that he has extended to me! I don't tell him anything and vice versa!

As winter wore away into Spring of 1969, we organized and placed into operation a small unit that was to examine candidates for the city council positions that would be coming up, and the need for winning them. We had a mayor and four councilmen, on "our" side. We actually needed one seat to win a majority and reverse some of the plain foolish conduct of the cities business.

Several times we called meetings and asked many of the old "soldiers" of the antimanagement wars to come. Many came and many were delighted to see that the open fight for political office was to be taken up again. The election and the administration of Slim Rasmussen had given heart and hope to a great many people who had completely given up all hope of ever finding a definite representative government alive in Tacoma.

One of our best organizers was a woman who, along with her husband, owned a very nice gift shop--Thelma I. Coonan, better known as T.I. She was one of the real stalwarts of the battle and her talents in governmental records research are outstanding. The patience that must be displayed in governmental research is amazing. It is hard to be completely appreciative of the patience and the pure personal demands that searching the government records demands. T.I. Coonan is one of the best. She is willing and she is cooperative. Her role in the demanding task of tracing what happened to certain monies programs, and the intricate organization of the "tax free" "welfare" and land groups was and is amazing.

The last people on earth who will greet T.I. Coonan with happy smiles are those many officers and public officials who see her hoving into their offices with notebook and pencil. Most of the Tacoma and Olympia officials are aware of her and they are also very much aware that the off-hand answers that they usually use to brush aside annoying people, will not work with T. I. Coonan.

The work of T.I. Coonan, and her group, "Task Force Coonan", I deemed to myself, was also one of the sources of my deepest frustrations. Many times she laid before me the complete work of an investigation that revealed illegal "tax free" properties or the monkey-shines of certain Councilmen in the investment-development with the photos of the complete records, including changed dates and all the usual hanky-panky, that goes on when one single man and one single form of government has been encrusted with complete power for far too long. What good did it do to do all the re-

search? There was not a chance of presenting it to a City Attorney. He would have been unemployed the next day.

The Prosecuting Attorney, Ron Hendry, refused to prosecute on open theft charges that had been confessed openly and set aside by "Management Decision". What good did it do to present him with evidence of graft and corruption. He tucked his head beneath his wing and there it remains! The County of Pierce and the City of Tacoma have an excellent working agreement . . they ignore each other in any matter that might have political overtones or be reaching into the rotten core of the City Management system! The Superior Court Judges in Tacoma--Pierce County can be depended upon to head for the hills in any matter of legal responsibility that is placed before them that has the slightest tinge of illegality erupting from that same core of City Management government!

The courts and judges of any city or judicial district, are only reliable as far as the tenor of justice is averaged out across the whole courtroom procedures. Tacoma and Pierce County are noted for their laxity in the field of their relationship to the City Management system. I personally sat in Judge DeWitt Roland's Court and watch the action of the City Manager, as he simply sent down word to the Court to dismiss charges against a man on trial. The charges were dismissed. It was a travesty of the proper procedure of a modern courtroom! The City Assistant Attorney, Ben Zderic, was visably disturbed and submitted strong protest. He was lucky to retain his job! The City Attorney, Marshall McCormick, and his Chief Assistant, Bob Hamilton, accepted it as normal procedure and did not seem to be aware of the complete tragedy of that acceptance! I later heard McCormick state that he was for the retaining of the City Attorney as an appointive office! My reaction was shock . I cannot see how any citizen can justify placing the administration of justice under the iron hand of the average City Manager. There is no reason or argument that is stronger than the complete failure of the City Attorney's office in Tacoma, under appointive conditions. It is not an office but rather an extension of the iron hand of one--man dictatorship, and it is a danger to the peace and the freedom of the citizens of the city!

Thus, much of the research and the work of T.I. Coonan was lost motion. At least it has remained so until this date. The chance of any fair hearing in most of the cases is almost nil! Strong pleas to appoint and

call a Grand Jury have been pooh--poohed for many years by the very judges who have made a travesty of justice in Pierce County. The key note is always set by the *News--Tribune* in a "guide" editorial, and you may depend upon a strong denial of need from one of the "tame" judges shortly thereafter. They appear to take rotational turns in making their denial that any such thing as a Grand Jury could be possible in Tacoma-Pierce County!

One of the shocking cases that came to light in the winter of 1969 was the complete ignoring of city and county taxes by certain non--profit organizations. The Goodwill Organization was the worst offender, the Salvation Army, the least offender, but still most of the "non--profit" welfare and social organizations were in the tax avoiding game up to their institutional eyebrows.

Tacoma has one of the most complete and harsh "public solicitation" ordinances of any city. The demands of the law are rather rigid and the penalty for breaking any part of the code is severe. The law has been and is usually applied to those who do not "know the code". In short, if you represent one of the accepted "in" organizations, the law does not apply. If you represent a strange organization, the law is applied in all its harshness! Some of the large professional fund raisers have come to town and raised money in the millions, and never paid a dime in solicitation taxes. A blind lady selling brooms to support a crippled daughter is hailed before a local judge instantly! The law is applied to those who have not the funds or the organization to "reach" city hall and usually through the City Managers office!

All of this came to light during the investigations of one Clay Patterson, a blind ex-electronics engineer, who now heads Washington Disabilities Inc. Clay is a deep-voiced jovial man who accepts his blindness with the outward exuberance of an enthusiastic young freshman on the new ball team. He has traveled extensively and has looked into nearly all of the laws covering the welfare of the blind and the disabled in the western states.

Patterson is a long-time enemy of the modern sweatshop, that is blissfully known as the "sheltered workshop", and of the state and federal laws that allow the mental and physical handicaps of the poor to be exploited by such pure profit-making groups as the Goodwill Industries Inc., the Salvation Army and United Cerebral Palsy.

Some of the tales brought to the desk of Clay Patterson were indeed heartbreaking, and they told a story of exploitation of handicapped labor in the labor-price market running from 15¢ per hour to a high of 65¢ per

hour. I was shown check stubs from the payroll slips of employees of the Goodwill of Tacoma, that ran as low as five and six dollars for a full week's work. I was shocked and I listened to the story as it was revealed by Patterson.

The handicapped were not able to support themselves on the wages they were paid. The public welfare still had to pay for their care. The organizations still drew certain monies from the state and Federal government for their "training" of the handicapped they exploited. The labor of the handicapped is leased out to business firms, one of the worst being Brown and Haley Candy Company, where the handicapped re-packed boxes of candy, under lease. Other firms had them cutting plastic and reducing large sheets of carbon paper to size to be placed on the regular commercial market!

The sheltered workshop situation is a nation scandal, not the sole property of the City of Tacoma. The national laws that mke it profitable to set one of the "workshop" organizations into action, desparately need revamping! The fact that is it a national problem did not excuse the organizations in Tacoma from paying their fair and just share of taxes on a local level.

The special status of these organizations as units of "mercy", "goodwill", "kindness" make them a glorified find for the large industrial giants such as Weyerhaeuser Lumber which has used enslaved labor for years to pack their Cedar Bark products. They are in a position of flaunting this in the faces of the varied unions and what union wishes to attack handicapped persons of the pitiful physical wrecks of the individuals as they are affected by cerebal palsy. It would be worse than attacking American Motherhood!

Armed with these weapons of "non-profit" status, an image to the public of being a Christ-like servant to the good of all mankind, these organizations have simply made the assumption that they were excused from paying taxes. There are no existing laws that allow them to have that status supplied on an automatic basis. What they actually did was to simply assume that they were not required to pay taxes.

This was not without the knowledge and the protection of the City Manager and of the Tax and License Director David McLennan. Both of these men were well aware that the "do-gooder" outfits were making a farce of the city tax laws and they ignored the matter—McLennan, because his job depends upon the goodwill of the City Manager; the City Manager because it was from these

sources that monies could be obtained to pay for the election of "friendly" Council Members.

By the winter of 1968-69 these organizations had piled up fantastic tax bills to the city. We felt that if they were required to pay all taxes and penalties, the sums would have mounted into the multi-millions. We staged a series of programs on KAYE wherein we held interviews that revealed all the tax loss figured, and the City Council minority demanded the answers to a large amount of questions. The final upshot of the matter was a large hush-hush attitude on the part of the newspaper, and the five Dum-Dum Majority brought in and passed an ordinance forgiving all but a minor portion of the back taxes. It was a play of corruption so open, so blatant, that most people were startled when the Prosecuting Attorney maintained a stolid silence.

After the Great Forgiveness Act, the *Tribune* began a short series of articles on the worth of the Goodwill and the matter of past taxes was shunted over to a question of a matter of court, and that has never been resolved. There is little likelihood that the matter will ever be completely resolved in any of the Pierce County courts, and so the business of giving the general public the "business" goes on unabated. This is the city that Lyle Smith, as a Chief of Police can find no evidence of public corruption. In close reality, Tacoma is one of the most corrupt and graft ridden cities in the United States.

Our many investigations were turning up odd connections in every direction. We were well aware that there was to be some effort to stop our activity and that it was not to be in the area of violence, and it certainly was not going to be slanted in any direction that could be fought in the open. For the first time we heard the rumors that several of us were involved with the Mafia.

The Federal Bureau of Investigation took years to make up its mind as to whether the United States had an organized crime empire. It certainly does not take that much investigation to know that the amount of organized crime in the Tacoma area, or in Pierce County and environs, is nil. The Great Northwest is just not an area where the amount population, mainly poor population, allow the growth of any real return on the amount of money that it takes to "organize".

At about the time that Tacoma was being chastised as the "dirty back-yard of Seattle", and we had legislative crime committees making great hay from Tacoma's

penny-ante operations, elements of real organized crime from San Francisco entered the Seattle scene. They were quickly stopped by the Seattle police but not from the overview that the Seattle Police Force was efficient.. the police force had crime well organized in Seattle and have had for the past 40 years. Tacoma, despite some vestiges of city pride, has been Seattle's little stepbrother in the economic scale of the state for many years and as such has not been able to support organized crime.

The real organized crime in Tacoma wears a posh suit, long hair, and arrives from Washington, D.C. with a brief case stuffed with new ideas for "poor programs" or with the plans for a new computer that "ain't gonna cost the city nuthin'"--nothing except the shirt off of the taxpayers back. The real organized crime has been in the development of a base of revolutionary operations through a program called "Model Cities". It is and was the "camp followers" of the federal funding programs that brought on Tacoma's famed mini—riot.

Tacoma was a city where a great number of ships were built during the war years and where that program was chopped almost on the same day the war ended. It was the major wartime industry and the local labor market was deemed unable to supply the need for the amount of men and women needed to build the ships of World War II. Therefore it was an accepted fact that trainloads of Southern Negroes were brought to Tacoma, as well as the other West Coast cities.

At the end of the war a change had come to the city. It had not taken Joe Black long to note that the racial climate was a lot different in Tacoma than in Alabama or in Georgia. He liked it here in the great Northwest, and he wrote home and had Uncle Bill and Cousin Charley pack-up and come out here where the "living was easier". In the twenty-five years since the war ended, Tacoma has spawned 65% of its own Negro population.

In 1968-69, most of the local Negroes under 2 years of age, were born in Tacoma, they are native sons. Most of their complaints about lack of schooling and the lack of opportunity in training are fictional. They stem from the stories told over and over of the horrible conditions that the Negro is supposed to have suffered after he was deposed from the forced Reconstruction governments in the Southern states after the end of the Civil War!

Propaganda is a needed thing in most communities, if for nothing else than to keep the local communal

history straight. The lack of education, if existent, among the Negro population of Tacoma is mostly self-inflicted and is not the blame of the Tacoma schools or the white man. The lack of opportunity is also one of those myths that cannot be shot, hanged, or drowned. It simply lives and it arises each time a Negro is not hired on any job. The accepted fact is that the reason can be no other than the color of his skin.

However, Tacoma suffers, as a great many cities do, from the Federal Freebooter, and that is the flow of Federal Employees that follow the many, many entwined "free money" programs about the nation. Shortly after the installment of the OEO and the Opportunity Development Inc. in the Tacoma-Pierce "poverty war", the administrative jobs were filled with strangers who swarmed in from other projects where they had served in an "assistant" status. The amount of people, Negro or white, that worked in all the federal projects that had lived in the local area for ten years or more were almost nil!

To be sure, the "Board of Directors" and the "Trustees" were all local people and they were "names" in the local community. Their knowledge of what was being done in the gears of the machines, where they rode as honored passengers, was totally lacking! Prominent doctors and lawyers lent their names and their reputations and many local businessmen were proud to have their business mentioned as a "sponsoring" agency. The whole picture was ridiculous!

I have recounted my experience with the "brains" of the OEO-ODI complex, and to pass through their offices and watch them making ponderous decisions from mimeographed directives from "regional" and be aware that they did not understand the hodge-podge of what they were reading any more than the half-educated "grass-roots" worker who tried to write inflated sized words to express a simple message, was embarrassing. I always felt rather sorry for these individuals. I also felt sorry for the local people who tried to justify the wild approaches with the end product of "the good being accomplished". The record is clear in most programs instituted in Tacoma. It has been a farce and an expensive farce! There is no reason for it to continue as such.

There the average reader will shut the book and state that I have written the old message of the Far Right, "Down with Federal Funds" . . and there he is wrong! I have never had any quarrel with federal funding of programs. I have had a quarrel with the

methods used to disperse those funds. That is the difference between most of those who fight over the Federal Money Spending in Tacoma. The *Tribune*, will not allow this viewpoint to be expressed. They have decided that any person who argues against any form of waste is a "kook" from the Far Right and must be destroyed. They have the coterie of Leftist reporters who will write the destruction stories and do it with the phony smile of a professional murder crew!

All of these facts led to a certain part in the building of a riot climate in the city. The growing clamor against the Urban-Renewal was being translated into cries for the end of the federal pump-money in the Hilltop area. The fact that this was not the overall message did not matter. The local Negro leaders were determined to translate honest questioning of federal programs by council members and the general public into some type of a racial pattern, and they were spurred on by the malfunctioning Human Relations Commission. Lynn Hodges as the Director of the whole Human Relations Department was not interested in any measures that would halt the growing mass of mis-information that was being printed by the *Tribune* in order to discount the political stand of the Mayor!

Alfred E. Cowles of the radical Washington State Board Against Discrimination, an actual Washington State Agency, circulated into the city and out again, on a regular basis. One of his assistants, Robert Ford, was one of the chief complainers against "discrimination" in Tacoma! Other problem areas were being developed also, many of the Negro preachers were fountains of hatred against a repressive Mayor and slowly the poison implanted by the *Tacoma Tribune* and the Rowlands Mob became an accepted fact.

It was a massive campaign to reduce the size of the effect of Mayor Rasmussen and eventually it worked in his case. I was astounded at the belief that was wide in the Hilltop (Negro) area that the Mayor was the cause of racial discrimination in the hiring of city employees, and I informed the Mayor that this would be a coming complaint!

From Radio KAYE we broadcast a steady stream of denials that there was any thought of repressive racial programs on the part of the Mayor . . still, the *Tribune* painted him as an evil, repressive man. The city Manager was given Whitewash after Whitewash, in the press. To read the press of that period one obtains the impression that the Mayor was beating poor

Mr. Rowlands with a whip each day as the Brave City Manager did battle to right wrong and bring peace and harmony to the city. In truth, it was the opposite.

Aside from a few vicious speeches where he referred to the Mayor in the most gutter phrases, Rowlands refused to see the Mayor or to talk to him about any city problems. The cold, arrogant, contempt that Rowlands treated the Mayor with each working day was now changed to a "humble man picture" in the public gaze of the City Council chamber each Tuesday evening. Even here the mask slipped at times as Rasmussen continued to drive ahead with a questioning of the procedures and the goals of the City Manager, and the venom poured forth in large doses at times. At these times Radio KTNT usually developed "static problems" and sometimes left the air for a few seconds. Their tape delay allowed them to cut out remarks made by the manager that were foolish or irreverent!

There were many factors that helped bring on the riot of Tacoma, but most of the publicized ones have little to do with the actual reasons. There were many voices speaking in the city and many of these voices were speaking in tongues that translated into simple terms meant, "Let's scare hell out of 'em and then we can get a few of the advantages that we ask for".

The riot itself was a simple thing set off easily and not really getting underway into a big riot scene, simply because there were not enough people interested. The Tacoma police held a warrant for a Negro man, two policemen in a prowl car spotted the man and his wife in a car in the Negro area of town. They stopped the man—there was an argument. The arrested man's wife threw herself down on the parking strip and began to shout concerning police brutality. A crowd of teenagers gathered and they demanded the release of the man and the rock throwing began. The riot was on!

For most of Hilltop youth the riot was a "fun-thing". The streets were cleared of police and the areas of the riot were zoned off, there was small chance of being arrested and it was a lot of fun to run through the dark alleys and pretend that something of a major event was taking place! There was little looting and there was little crime in the sense of major fires or disaster being instigated.

Tons of rock were moved from one alley to another in the pockets of small boys, but as there were few cars in the area with white people in them there were few opportunites to use the rocks. Alleys were dotted with small piles of rocks where small boys had later dumped

their pockets! Some of the local stores were smashed and it was a matter of damage in the hundreds of dollars instead of thousands or millions as in other cities!

At 1524 South K Street is Vic Miele's Cafe, and Vic himself is a small Italian that usually has a bright smile and a greeting for all who enter. A great many businessmen come to Vic's to have Italian Sausage and eggs for breakfast and it is a favorite spot for most followers of sports to gather and argue the merits of their variety of sports heros. Racial problems would hardly be a steady item on the menu of social problems discussed in that spot. Some of the younger Black troublemakers decided to "run Vic out of business". His cafe was firebombed several times. All Vic did in reaction was to brick up the front of his building with cement blocks and go on with his business.

Vic had been designated a "white racist" by the juveniles after he had refused credit to some of the least likely in his small operation. Next door was the KA WAY Store a small family owned business and it also was in trouble for not extending endless credit to those that did not pay. That business was firebombed out of existence. The police force could never find any guilty parties in this action.

All in all and taking into consideration the size and the content of the Tacoma "mini-riot" it was not much as riots in cities go . . however, it was enough for the drama to be played out in Tacoma. I entered the riot area several times and at one time did see sniper fire being directed down from an apartment complex and across Jefferson street however, it was easy to avoid and quite inaccurate. One policeman was shot and very seriously wounded. Several carloads of people were stopped in the Negro area and some were beaten. Jack Gamble, a member of the Human Relations Commission drove into the riot area and was stopped and had his nose bloodied. He was more concerned with the fact that someone kicked dents in his automobile.

The riot set off a large cry to get at the basic wrongs in Tacoma, I kept asking in radio editorials, what wrongs were they asking about . . in the noise and the shouting no one ever answered me. The Human Relations Commission set up a special committee to study the causes of the riot and bring in a study. The project was abandoned in favor of a special unit organized by the Washington State Board Against Discrimination.

Mr. Alfred E. Cowles arrived in town to tell the people of the city just how to do the job! Washington is

quite scarce in racial-discrimination events and advantage must be taken of every break . . to justify the existence of the WSBAD. I attended a meeting of the Human Relations Committee and found that Cowles had been invited without the knowledge of any other person to move in and take over the complete investigation. Months before I had read the WSBAD report on a racial school-event in Pasco. It was one of the most biased and inaccurate documents I have read and ended up by recommending that all teachers and everyone else that could be reached be subjected to "sensitivity training" . . brainwashing!

I fully expected the WSBAD report on Tacoma to be the same. It came out in 1970 long after it had any important meaning as a relative document and it was a mass of statistics that proved nothing and said nothing . . . there went $60,000.00 of the Washington's taxpayer's money I am confident that not ten people ever read the complete report. The important thing about the entry of Mr. Cowles group into the city is that it set a precedent and it is a bad one! Mr. Cowles was not adverse to losing his smile and reminding one that he, " . . had the power to MAKE you report to him . . " This agency of the state is a silly and wasteful operation and the legislature should redesign it or kill it off and relieve the Washington taxpayer of a burden.

The Riot Makers were actually unsuccessful in making a full scale riot. I blamed the primary problem of the *Tribune's* extended coverage on the Mayor and the light in which they slanted that coverage, the political frustrations of Rowlands, and the opportunist dreaming of Lynn Hodges for the riot and I deemed them the Riot Makers. However, in that, "forgive them for they knew not what they were doing"..as usual!

11

"Enter The Mafia"

One of the silliest and yet one of the most persistent rumors that has circulated in Tacoma is that the close group of battlers for clean government, and for government by free democratic election, are members of the Mafia! This is a loose term that the average fool repeats without knowing anything of what it means. Some of the women that I have asked, ''WHY''..were only aware that it was a word that meant something bad. They did not readily connect it to the known background of the actual Mafia. The real Mafia as determined by the FBI is not widespread in the nation today. Something called the Cosa Nostra is the actual structure of organized crime. However, being behind the times as usual, the Rowlands supporters went in for large doses of whispering campaigns based on a nasty thing called the Mafia!

Their method, as out of date as it was, seemed to work. The later City Manager, Floyd Oles, informed five members of the city council in a special meeting that he had definite ''black & white'' proof that I was the leader of the local branch of the Mafia and that such proof was being forwarded to Washington, D. C. by hand carried courier.

My own information sources and friends in Washington, D. C. told me that the poor old man had actually sent a copy of some of Chief Zittle's raw files back to the FBI, and included a copy of some silly material that had been circulated ''proving'' that I was a member of the Central Intelligence Agency.. I never understood why he grouped the two together, however, that was not strange, I never understood any of the Zittle-Rowlands-Oles rubbish!

Mr. Oles answer came in three parts, an official one with a cool denial of my supposed criminal background, a note from me asking if he had lost his mind, and an unofficial note from Washington, D.C. asking him the same question.

The summer of 1969 wore away into the fall weather with little more happening in the governmental battle and the city

and the people began to gird for the fall elections of a new Mayor and a group of four councilmen. It was to be an odd election and it was to disrupt the city and it certainly displayed the fact that all the propaganda produced by KAYE and all the counter-propaganda released by the *News-Tribune*, did nothing to really sway a large share of the general voters views.

Violence was not expected at any time during the day and KAYE announcers laid aside their weapons and for the first time in months we went unarmed, through the streets of the city. The violence that was to break out was not in the form of physical violence and it was more damaging in the long run.

We were beginning to be submitted to the "violence" of character assassination again and this time it was a definitely planned campaign. The first rumbles began during the late summer when I began to hear remarks concerning my Mafia friends. I could not place the actual direction and again I thought that it was just the same bunch of half-demented "kooks" that hang out on the Far Right Fringe that had never ceased their attacks upon me. I was also informed that I was running around with "a known Communist agent". I was at a loss to explain what member of my friendly circle was a known Communist agent. It turned out to be Virginia Shackleford that they were wildly referring to and then the source of that silly rumor no longer disturbed me. It was my chief gadfly, Betty Hiegel, and a buddy of hers Carl Beaty..commonly referred to by most people as Kirl Buggy!

The matter of "rumor" is not as important to most people as it is to those that run radio and television "talk-shows". The reason being is that given a properly organized small group, they can call in and kill off an evening for you with wild questions that refer to your "mysterious" background. Rumors are to be avoided as well as possible and they are usually squashed as soon as possible. Neglecting them can raise enough pressure to eventually earn you a reputation as a completely immoral person and the matter of a broadcasters license can be affected. I have always found that the best way to make a large rumor die is to bring it out openly and demand that the tormentors prove what they say. Luckily, few of the "idiotic fringe" of either Right or Left are well enough organized to make a common attack..or sustain an attack.

The real danger erupts when those cold and calculating people make great procedures out of a deliberately started and fed group of rumors!

As the feedback from these rumors began to reach us,

we were suprised to find that many people were being included. It is silly, in looking back, just these few short months to believe that the many, many people of Tacoma could believe that Fred Dean, a native son, with several generations of druggists behind him on the local scene, could be seriously thought of as a member of the Mafia. Marshall Riconosciuto has an Italian name, it was a natural to hang the charge on him. He is still plagued with that stupid term. Don Murphy, a man who operates a lumber salvage yard and a building demolition business, as well as owning a large mountain ranch, was classed as a member of the local branch of the Mafia!

It soon became apparent that anyone that was prominent in the fight against the City Manager form of government was slowly being assassinated by this method and it was not the "kook" crowd. The Bank of Puget Sound became a fountainhead of such spurious statements and the former Bank of Tacoma contributed it's part to the same rumors and added the touch of charging "dope peddling" to the Mafia charge! It was silly, it was ridiculous, it was assinine, but still people seriously believe it! What was worse we were being questioned by supposed supporters on our own side of the fence.

I was puzzled to a great extent about the wide and sudden influx of these odd and rather carefully tailored tales. Seeking out all our old sources of annoyance, I found the Idiot Fringe, both Left and Right was more interested in scaring up the variety of candidates than attacking their friend and foes! I laid it aside as the candidates for city office began to shape up and make themselves apparent.

Laughable, rough, Gerry Bott, was in the race for his seat with a John O'Leary of McKinley Hill. This was a race I was interested in as it was a mark of personal pride to be able to put together several areas of attack on Gerry that would defeat him. He was a personable man and was popular with a great deal of the voters. I studied him with care. I had noted a slight hesitancy in speech and a tendency to misplace words when he was angry or excited. I decided to test him and see if he could be thrown off base in personal confrontation.

One day at a Monday study session, I noted that he had waited to talk to another councilman for a moment and I hoped that he would make some remark to me, he didn't and left the room. The following week I again waited for him and this time he did make a remark to me about something that I had said on the air! I slammed my hand on the table and reacted in high "mock'anger" and proceeded to "tell him off". Gerry Bott stepped back in a suprise move and was in-

articulate. After a few sentences he found his voice and it took him sometime to react. By the time that he resented my remarks and was building up a head of anger, I suddenly switched and spoke to him in friendly tones, again he took a step backward and was thrown off stride by my sudden switch. We ended up in a friendly conversation. I often wondered if he thought he won the "argument?"

Whenever I think of Gerry Bott, I tie the name Tom Wells to it, and I am always given a chuckle. During the time just prior to the elections, we found need for a special organization in the McKinley Hill district. We organized the Eastside Voters League, in 24 hours. I called a man by the name of Tom Wells and appointed him as President. He refused the appointment.

"I can do a far better job as Executive Secretary", he pointed out. "I can find someone else to act as President". That was the full membership of the East-Side Voters League. Later to my surprise I found that Tom had kept the Eastside Voters League and recruited members and it is still a going and very active political organization. John O'Leary refers to them as the Beeler Boys of McKinley Hill and between elections they fight among themselves, but, they are great supporters of Slim Rasmussen and John O'Leary.

They sent out invitations to all Council Candidates to a large meeting and it was one of the biggest and best of the season. Gerry Bott refused his invitation with the remark that the "...Eastside Voters League was no longer the good Democratic organization he had known in the past." It gave everybody a good chuckle, but, we also gave the (new) League credit for helping to get out the vote. Tom Wells and his League are always ready to champion a good cause or a good man. Tom, himself, is a thin wiry man with a pear tree, the only one like it in the world.

As it turned out, though Tom took a lot of ribbing about his "exclusive" pear tree. The United States government issued him a patent on it and Tom is busy getting ready to service the many queries he had had from all over the United States. He still has time to raise a family and fight the good "fight" for God —Country— KAYE and the Democratic principles he deeply believes in. A damn good man to have around.

The whole purpose was to test how far I would push him on the air. He was one of the few members of the "other side" I might not have been able to handle, with pure on the air propaganda. The other incumbents were sarcastic, arrogant, and plainly contemptuous of both KAYE and myself! I would not be faulted for any type of an attack upon

them and their politics. Gerry Bott was Mr. Nice Guy to a great many people, I could not make definite references to him that would not cause resentment. I wanted the good-will of Gerry Bott transferred to John O'Leary. Therefore he was more of a problem than the rest of the other "Dum-Dums" grouped together!

I decided that the only way around Mr. Nice Guy was to take that same approach to him, therefore I hasseled him on the air. I played up his "nice-guyism" as a bumbling, fumbling, lost bear in his own woods. "I like Gerry Bott, he's a nice KID", became a stock phrase that I repeated over and over. I wanted it impressed that he was only a grown-up sized "kid" that followed along after the rest of the Council Majority as did a slightly retarded kid brother in a boyhood group. I am confident that it worked, he was defeated by a small majority in the final elections. He won the primary, but by such a small number that I felt that I needed to concentrate on him a bit more and I did.

Gordon Johnston came into the political scene as a serious candidate at the Democratic Picnic at Spanaway Park. I had heard that he was to run in the elections as a candidate for Mayor and I was amazed. I could not picture him as a Mayor then and I do not seem to be able to imagine him as Mayor at the present time. To me he appears to be an imposter that sneaked into the Mayor's office while he was out to lunch.

I lost all confidence in my ability to work in the field of political subjects when Johnston was elected. I simply could not actually beleive that that many people would vote for someone that made the assinine statements and the un-educated wild guesses that concerned the subject: Tacoma. I was wrong, they did and Mayor Rasmussen lost to this man by the slim margin of 340 votes. It might as well have been ten thousand. The real tragedy for the future of Tacoma was played out that night and it will be many years before it completely recovers from the odd vote that was cast!

Prior to the coming of the election season, I told Jim Nicholls that I was growing very tired. The handling of a planned propaganda campaign that has an overall research and production schedule of many, many hours each day can bring on a continuing state of fatigue that is deadening. In the fall, dear old Floyd Oles arrived back at the station in full force.

Jim Nicholls hung on every word of this man like they were words of some type of wisdom. He repelled me and the sound of his dry, dusty, voice as he railed away at the City Manager in his recorded five-minute tapes was maddening! Jim played them at several intervals and he

always announced it like he was announcing the President of the Nation. The final straw came when Jim ordered me to play the fool's tapes at 8:30 p.m. each evening on my program. I was ready to quit.

I had noted one thing, this man, Oles that had so readily told me how to make a better program from my time on the air..and wanted to hold up the high ideals of his position as an expert on government, quickly adopted and copied my style of approach to the programs he made..after he could see that MY way was paying dividends. His tapes began to be more abusive of "King" David Rowlands, as he termed him, than any I ever produced. Jim hung on every word.

When Oles called and complained that I had not run his tape at the proper time and ORDERED me not to let it happen again..it was too much..I signed off and quit. I felt that the greater share of the battle was over and that we would surely win a council majority and the Mayor's race. I had had enough of the senseless abuse, the mindless attacks, the blind unreasoning hatreds. I thought that I could walk away and not be responsible for what I had created. I found that I could not!

I took a few days off and then came back to the program. I was refreshed and I felt that it would not be long before I could leave and the past would heal itself. I was very, very wrong. I had created a monster and a Frankenstein, and it still pursues me. I find that it is impossible to walk away from the type of thing that I have done with words and music and not leave a scar, not only a scar upon me but a scar upon the community.

The Mafia thing was growing and it was taking shape as a definite drive to dishonor each and every one of us involved in the political battle, that was felt to have some type of leadership! It seemed that everywhere I went I ran into the half-joking remark that concerned my Mafia friends..whoever and whatever they were supposed to be.

I finally stopped long enough to call a conference with Marshall Riconosciuto, I found that he was concerned as well as I and we began to hear the other rumors. There were strange rumors that there was a traffic in drugs and that it could be traced back to certain levels. This was really serious and we took time to stop and really take a second look concerning these movements.

The thing was to grow by leaps and bounds and it was a steady source of annoyance that has not been resolved to the present day. We are still bugged by rumors of the Mafia but, that and the subtle drug rumors have quieted down and we are slowly returning to the status of ex-members of the Mafia and we find that not quite as bad.

The passing months had brought to flower a new project with an old background in Tacoma. The question of CATV—or as it is properly known Cable Television. This was one of the most important subjects debated by the city council both before and after the municipal elections of 1969.

To have a proper perspective we must again return to a time some years in the past when CATV first became a fledgling industry in the Northwest. A television engineer, John Monson, was one of the first CATV operators in the Northwest and he has since that time piled up great experience working for other developing CATV organizations as a consultant.

CATV as such, is not a big issue in Tacoma, the fringe benefits are the big question and it is there that the CATV corporations intend to use their networks to gain many millions of dollars in the future. The possibility of a CATV company in Tacoma has been a question for many years. The first request for consideration was submitted by Marshall Riconosciuto in 1961. The refusal was direct and curt, primarily based in the City Manager's office. Dave Rowlands stated that the city was not "ready" for it and that ended it! The real reason, of course, was that the *News-Tribune* was not ready yet to install their county network. That came in the mid-1960's. A franchise was granted to the *Tacoma News-Tribune* and they happily commenced to ring the city with a network of wire.

In the summer and fall of 1969 Riconosciuto organized the Tacoma Cable Company and the fight began. The company was organized and it was well financed for any developing company. Upon submission of it's application for a franchise, the City Manager was suddenly struck with the terrible pangs of "fairness". That was a new doctrine in City Hall, but, it was deemed a needed one for the city to obtain the full benefits of something called CATV. Therefore the Council was requested to hold off any further action and almost every CATV organization was invited to apply for a Tacoma franchise. The action was purely personal spite and it served the city ill in the long run. It was a perfect example of the single, emotional decision of a city dictator!

So began the long drawn out hearings of the CATV fencing game. It was not to be settled until the new council took over and then it was a factor in the sudden Recall Committee formation!

In the meantime the affairs of the city toddled along and most of the attention was upon the coming elections. The field was heavy with candidates and most of them were in the battle for the fun and had little idea of the real problems

of the city. The primary election peeled the fields down to the individual candidates of expressed philosophy and they proceeded with the electioneering. The new candidates that expressed some ideas of what the people wanted to hear were, Fred Dean and John O'Leary. George Cvitanich was a longtime councilman who was running for re-election. John Jarstad, a sports announcer and owner of a winter sports shop, also tossed his hat into the election ring. His race was not a difficult one as the incumbent, Attorney Hal Murtland, decided not to seek re-election and Jarstad was pitted against a Negro, Harold Moss.

I listened to a couple of their speeches and I could see no difference in their political philosophy so I nick-named them as "Tweedle-Dee and Tweedle-Dum" on the air and asked for a write in vote for Jack Gamble, a third candidate that was beaten in the primary vote. There was a great deal of discussion but aside from making a friend of Jack Gamble, I was not able to convince people that they should write in Jack's name. Of the two candidates in that position.. if I had to choose, I would have selected Moss as the more preferable one for a council seat. I felt that we would at least know where he stood and we would know his aims and goals. With Jarstad, it was a toss-up! There was never much doubt in my mind that he was straight City Manager oriented and he has proven since that time that he is a follower of the City Manager form of government! He has not impressed me with any deep sense of care for the future of the city. He has impressed me with the fact that he is clumsy in the basic footwork that a city politician needs to make his moves pay and still seem to be for the good of the city as a whole!

Fred Dean is a Liberal, I deem him to be a Limited Liberal, by that I mean that he is willing to go along with many of the Liberal projects in federal spending in the city but, he is Conservative in his views of how the money should be supervised. He has a deep sense of responsibility and despite the heavy propaganda and economic attacks directed against him in the campaign and as a member of the City Council, he stands straight and makes his decisions based upon the best information and advice that he may obtain!

George Cvitanich, approached his campaign with the studied worry that he takes all campaigns. He is never liable to underrate an opponent and probably overrates that person who runs against him. He has been on the Tacoma City Council and has fought many a minority battle during the years when the Council was mostly considered to be a direct rubber stamp and a "yell squad" for Dave Rowlands.

Without an open realization, Cvitanich was deeply in-

fluenced by Mayor Rasmussen in the two years that he sat on the same Council and watched a master with the gavel work. George picked up much information and polish from that experience. Cvitanich was also elevated to the position of Deputy Mayor, in the newly elected Council. His work with Rasmussen to counter the blows of the Majority Five under the direction of Dave Rowlands should go down in the municipal histories as masterpieces of how the well informed minority can circumvent a giant, but ignorant, majority.

Fred Dean is that man on the council that most deserves a good watching for the future. It is almost a cinch that he will be selected for Mayor of the city or as I have asked him to do..move into state politics and take his well balanced understanding and sense of humor upward in that network! For Cvitanich, the route should be through county and then to upper office in state government. It is a shame that George Cvitanich has wasted ten years in the battle for a clean, honest government in Tacoma. The battle has been a long one and it is far from being realized. George Cvitanich should be rewarded by being sent to higher office and into the county government first. It is there that we need his city experience as the fight grows wilder to commit the city to a Metro type government.

Helen E. Banfield is a small blonde! She is desperately hated by the *Tacoma News Tribune*, the Washington Democratic Council, and by every member-representative of the Far Left. She has slammed many of them in that place where they can least take it and that has been in areas of public exposure. She is a trained nurse who is married to Dr. ''Bud'' Banfield, a tall quiet-humored member of Tacoma's Park Board. Dr. Banfield does not always agree with ''Becky's'' views on city politics and he does not hesitate to tell her his opinions. I do not beleive that they influence her vote to any great degree. She is the mother of six children and they range in age from college level to Brendan who is four. I have been to her north end home many times and I have noted that she is one of those efficient women that can balance their family responsibility and their public office and grant proper attention to each!

Her presentations in Council meetings are made in a manner that grates upon the nerves of the current Mayor Gordon Johnston and he retaliates with outbursts of what he evidently has been told is "dry humor". Actually instead of being "dry humor", his remarks have a tendency to sound like the most obscene of outbursts, instead of the phrases that he speaks. That is simply a defect of personality that Johnston cannot help or be blamed for in any way. He has a bad habit of making his remarks and looking about to see

if they have been appreciated by those in the Council Chamber....they seldom are!

Becky Banfield does not appreciate his remarks, but they seldom ruffle her and she completes her council work with little notice of the gadfly mayor! She is not as calm at home and she often makes her feelings known to those that she has confidence in and has a trust relationship! She is as any woman, when she is confronted by the rumors, and the obscene remarks. She has a deep well of emotions that are not unending and it is a mark of shame that a woman of pride, accomplishment, and integrity, should be subjected to the vicious rumors that have been deliberately started about Becky Banfield.

She asked me if we could track some of them down and we did. I was pleased to report back to her just who was starting the wild rumors and how silly they were. One of those rumors had to be scotched and it was a silly one. The people were being fed that Becky was holding nude swimming parties with Mayor Rasmussen in her backyard pool. The problem in believing them was the fact that Becky had no backyard pool!

Most of the rumors could be traced back to certain members of a vicious little "killer squad" of the Women's League of Voters. We seldom ever referred to them as voters — we replaced the word with a better adjective, "vultures". Vultures were what they were and are. Most of the rank and file are not involved but there is a leadership in both Tacoma and the state organization that is actually "mentally sick". They have defamed and dishonored the reputation of the organization as a whole!

They have spent so much time pounding on the reputations of those members of the Council that certain wives became sick with anger at Becky. The rumors were repeated over and over, ways were searched out to reach friends of the women involved and the poison was seeped through their empty skulls, growing in content and perverted directions. The fact is not a surprise nor is it a new trick. The Women's League of Voters have used the same trick on Council members, state legislators, and congressmen, all across this nation.

They discourage women from running for office unless they have been "accepted" and given the stamp of approval first. The Women's League of Voters is a vicious organization and it should receive the same investigations that other suspect left-wing and right-wing radical groups have had! Unforunately the majority of their membership is made up from the young housewives willing to serve a few hours a week for the betterment of her community. Most of their

meetings and discussions do cover consumer legislation and "housewife bills in the legislature". However, their selected and groomed leadership follow the exact line of the radical Far Left. Most members are not aware that they belong to a radical, Far Left, organization, and that they provide the camouflage!

The continual flow of attacks upon Becky Banfield have been given encouragement by the *Tacoma News-Tribune*, with its misinformation, innuendo, and outright character assassination stories about her. The blatant "drive" to "get" Becky Banfield is so open, so undemocratic and in some eyes so illegal, that it is hard to believe that a brainwashed community can allow itself to be used to this degree.

The fact remains that the citizens of Tacoma are being "used" and they are for the most part unaware of their direction and their fate. It is hard to realize that a modern city with all of it's news outlets and input areas can be sealed off and turned into a small area of private organization and controlled government. The average citizen feels that his paper and his television set are his windows on the world. He is correct to a certain degree. He is also wrong! In relation to local subjects he is blind, and he is uninformed.

As has been noted before, the *Tacoma News-Tribune* owns the only real television station in the city. It processes local "sight news" to fit the same pattern that the *Tacoma News-Tribune* news columns follow. The local "fishwrapper", as it is widely referred to, is a heavily censored paper. Much of the crime and political news of Tacoma is simply ignored. The only other television station is a skeleton structure, owned by the Elroy McCaw estate, Channel 13 KTVW-TV. It staggers along with six or eight hours of broadcasts that refer mostly to stock market and aside from that produce no regular television broadcasts of news, local or other wise. The station itself is never aware of how long their broadcast day might be. Their rickety 1951 equipment fails at all hours and the station is "black" most of the time! Its future as a station is doubtful.

Tacoma has five radio stations in their broadcast area. This includes KAYE of Puyallup. There is also one station in Lakewood, KOOD, now "black". The stations are not inclined to take up any battles for the freedom of speech or for the express purpose of submitting even a loyal opposition.

The *Tacoma Tribune* station, KTNT, pours forth a steady stream of propaganda that is negative to all forms of government aside from that its beloved and approved City Manager style. It has several commentators that do not hesitate to make comment that is both laughable and polit-

ical. It has two commentators that make their political broadcasts appear to be something other than that, political. One, Murray Morgan, is an early morning "news" voice that ranges from the hollowly learned critique of the local Little Theatre stage plays, to the incoherent ramblings concerning the political news of the *Tribune*. He reflects the exact opinion of Gerrit van der Ende, a local banker, and former City Manager of Beverly Hills, California. That is enough for the average person to know, to decide that Murray Morgan is a bit slanted in his "news" broadcasts. He seldom has his facts exactly straight. It should be pointed out that his broadcasts are actually fully acceptable, if, they would be vocally stamped with the word "propaganda" and allowed to enter the airwaves. To broadcast his opinions of individuals as "news" is dishonest broadcasting. The other commentator is one Al Cummings. Cummings operates a mildly amusing morning show with songs, many commercials, and some light political patter...it is mild and acceptable as such. He also operates an afternoon show, pompously deemed "The Omsbudsman", wherein he shows his fairness by allowing all sides of a question to be aired. The chief problem with the Ombudsman is that it is always "just out of time" when any opposition to the steady flow of City Manager adoration attempts to speak! Al loves playing the part of "political innocent", however, he strikes with the speed of a rattler when the opportunity opens to barb a supporter of any conservative view! He usually is to be found mouthing the ultra-liberal line.

KTAV and KMO are stations that do not allow any form of political broadcast to be made and they stay strictly away from the community aside from collecting the money for their commercial announcements. They spend their hours on the air in light patter and once in a great while they will make an announcement that a bad accident is diverting traffic at some intersection. This, the management of both stations feel, is far enough into the political world of Tacoma and the state! Their news is strictly off the wire and the wire of local events comes out of the offices of the *News-Tribune*. If the *News-Tribune* states that it did not happen...that is what these stations also broadcast. In return they are allowed to exist and the Women's League of Voters leave their sponsors alone and allow them to have their fair share of the local radio advertising dollar.

KLAY-FM is a local FM station that is owned by a local man, Clay Huntington. He is an advertising man and KLAY is strictly programmed for nice music and for "pipe work", that is, piping of its programs to the shadowy

ceilings of supermarkets and restaurants. It is a quiet station that reflects the basic view of the Big Establishment in Tacoma....in short, if you are going to make a noise, do it with hush and quiet!

The suburban areas of Tacoma contain two stations, one presently operating and one standing "black" and deserted. They are KAYE of Puyallup and KOOD of Lakewood, the former is blasting away at certain targets and the latter was forced from the air by the continual threat to their sponsors. KOOD was a small station and it was a sundowner, meaning that the FCC rules made it leave the air at sundown each day. That gave it extremely limited coverage.

KOOD tried to stay away from the political situation, however, the movement of a large organization in Lakewood itself toward an act of incorporation for creation of Lakewood as a city, gave impetus to a political slant to the station! It did not have time to build wide listener support or a commercial depth that could not be reached by the hard-driving "kill" squads of the Women's League of Voters.

For stations that do not stay strictly out of political opinion, and are not Left oriented, the Women's League of Voters have "telephone call units" organized that harass and bother sponsors with any and all threats that it takes to move them off of a station. We always referred to these WLV units as "call girls", they were never pleased with our nicknames for them!

Thus it is possible for a modern city to be nearly chopped from any vital news of a local nature. The Seattle radio and TV stations cover the national news and the Seattle scene quite widely. They ignore poor old Tacoma, unless we have a juicy murder or a very bad auto accident, or a large fire!

Most of the citizens in Tacoma have no way to hear or read the other side of the news and it is possible to start any type of a rumor. One reason is that it is that very subtle sixth sense of the people that tells them that they are not getting all the news of the city and, when they hear many of the wild stories that are circulated, there is no possibility of discounting them. The City Management supporters would have it in no other way! It serves them best to be able to slant the local news in any direction that serves their own needs.

So..we return to the matter of the circulating rumors of the Mafia Membership and the tales of the Wild Ones that circulated so freely in the city in the fall of 1969. There were many rumors and most of them concerned the political

future of the town. The *Tribune* raised its hysteria with continued attacks upon Mayor Rasmussen and we answered the *Tribune* from Radio KAYE with attacks upon supporters of the City Manager.

One of the first indications of further trouble came when one of the warehouses of Drug Sales West was burglarized. The theft was not a major one as far as merchandise was concerned. It was from the Lawrence bonded section that a large amount of laboratory equipment was taken. Drug Sales West was a subsidary company of the Riconosciuto Advertising Company. Years ago Marshall had started an advertising give away called *Channel Magazine*. This was a TV guide that was given away by drugstores to their customers and supplied to most hotel and motel rooms. From handling druggist advertising, it was a small step to handling their supplies. Drug Sales West had been formed to handle many of the items that are sold in drug stores. It supplied merchandise and some minor drugs, cheap aspirin, foot powder, soap, all packaged under a variety of store and "house" names.

In 1968 the Food and Drug Administration made new rules that made it economically unfeasible to further package these products for vendors. The machinery was dismantled and stored in the third floor of the warehouse at 1506 Pacific Avenue. All machinery was properly inspected and sealed by the FDA. In September it was stolen and a proper report was made to all interested agencies, including the FBI. Thereafter we began to hear wide and open rumors of drugs on the market from some source that we were supposed to have knowledge of and about. Nothing could have been further from the truth!

Local bankers that held outstanding commercial notes on many of the supplies of the firms of Drug Sales West, Western Products and the advertising agency began to demand instant payment. Some of the lease vehicles were called in by the leasing organizations because they had been..."told that they might be picked up in narcotics raids".

The whole thing was becoming serious and it had to be stopped, it was beginning to "get to" a lot of interested people. We went back to obtaining as much information as possible on all possible sources of the untrue information that was being circulated and believed in business circles. It was one thing to have the wild stories of the Far Right and the Far Left, circulating, and in a manner that only annoyed one..but, were easily dispelled. It was a far more serious thing to have such bottom stories of illegal operations being circulated that serious businessmen were

questioning the basic honesty of the many individuals involved!

Then came what we called, The Big Frame.

12

"The Big Frame"

If you are an ordinary citizen in Tacoma, Washington or in Anytown, USA, you go about your daily tasks with a certain measure of knowledge of safety and security. You work your eight hours a day and you enjoy certain shows on TV, and that is about it for a daily schedule. You take your mystery in small doses, an hour at a time, as the hero makes it all come out correctly on TV.

It is hard to believe that the world does contain the counterparts of the fictional life that you see on the TV and movie screens. To those who sincerely believe that a City Manager is proper and that Dave Rowlands was a white knight, it is hard to have them see this monstrous thing as we saw and do see it. We connotate the form of City Manager government with almost every evil and permissive section of modern society, that would, under the guise of "progress", withdraw from us those personal freedoms and civil rights that we hold so dear!

For me David Rowlands was not a man, he was a focal point of all the unjust, unfair, biased, bigoted, self-seeking, ignorant fools who attempt to bastardize the democratic process for their own gain. He was the spokesman for a governmental system that is so cruel and unjust, so iron hard in all its judgements that it seeks its own social level, and that level is with the same barbaric thinking of the Nazi dictators.

For me, City Manager government gave the power of justice into certain hands that perverted that justice and allowed such terrible things to happen as shooting and beating, arson and character assassination. It encouraged and performed blackmail, physical violence, and, last but not least, an attempted frame-up that has not been satisfied to this date.

The battle for the city of Tacoma has not been for the benefit of individuals who deeply believe in a "system" of government as opposed to another "system". It has taken on the values of a "holy war" wherein we fight

for the right of a man to live as the traditional American has been assured that he has a right to live.

It has all the aspects of a real war and one where the weapons of the day are selected according to the current need. We have all the problems of real war--logistics, support, recruitment, changing loyalties, and those that fall along the way. Many of our best people have lost heart and given up or swung off into some wildly unconnected crosscurrent that loses them to us forever. Some of those who join our forces and our views are self-seeking and we are aware of it! Some of those who come to join are sent to join, and we are usually aware of that also, in time!

The average citizen is not aware of these variables, and he is certainly not aware of the many battles that are fought for his vote and for his confidence. He observes the outcry in City Hall as a battle between two opposing forces that have different ideas on how to administer the city. He has been brain-washed to believe that government by the hired executive is somehow "elective" government. Nothing could be further from the truth.

I have talked to citizens, especially young ones, who are not aware of what we mean when we say that to back away from the City Management form of government is a sick and sad surrender to all the Evil Forces of dictator government. They cannot see the wrong in having what they term a "trained man" for a Chief Executive and handing him the full power that City Managers have! It is a surrender of the very basic beliefs and constitutional freedoms. To give that to a City Manager means that you will surrender to a County (regional) "manager" and then to a "District". It is a socialization project so large, so monstrous, that it exists beyond the average capability to envisage it!

There are those who regard people of the Conservative area as blocks on the road to true freedom, to liberty, to progress. We are painted as "reactionary", "hate-peddlers", "criminals", "terrorists"....all good healthy Communist inspired words right out of the International Youth Handbook as issued in Prague, Czech. Still a great many innocent Americans will hear and believe these words and the Evil Ones that peddle them. I have never really had the pleasure of having a full description of us that did not have these words in their context!

The view of the average man in the street, that "politics" is directing the battle in Tacoma's city hall,

has a completely wrong view. The real battle is for the souls of men!

As election time drew near, it was becoming apparent to all who had the finger on the pulse of the public that it was to be a close election. There was a better-than-even chance for Slim Rasmussen to be returned to office for another two years, and to win a majority on the City Council. Under these favorable conditions it was thought that a definite end to the 13 long years of misrule, injustice, and terror could be brought to an end. There was no doubt that the disposal of David Rowlands was high on the list. If elections sent back a favorable Council balance, they would dispose of him at the first meeting of the Council.

The city government was no different than any other unit of government in the world, and it desperately wished to retain power. One of those ways was a release of a scandal involving the candidates, or close supporters of those candidates, of such a huge proportion that it would literally, "blow them out of the water", as one reference put it!

For days we had been hearing rumors of a large "frame" for someone. I went to Mayor Rasmussen and he discussed it and I told him that our source was usually quite accurate. He listened, but after hearing the story he said there were too many details missing and not to worry about it until we had more to fill in the picture. We could pick up no more information. All was quiet, but we had that feeling one gets as they watch a suspense drama unfolding on a screen. It was tight and tense all across the city!

Then in October the Tacoma police made a large "drug" raid, and the front page of the *Tribune* offered a story that said that in a house police had raided and picked up the " . . . largest amount of LSD that had ever been found on the West Coast". The paper elaborately described the amounts of laboratory equipment that had been found and stated boldly that many finger prints had been taken. The owner of the house had said that he rented it out and the police stated that the criminals had never returned.

There were some very odd angles to the story. One was the fact that house address and owner were not mentioned—that is contrary to the usual *Tribune* practice. The police apparently took *Tribune* photographers along on the raid. There has been little more ever mentioned in the press. The promised arrests were never made.

Within two days we had the whole story. We knew what had happened and what was being put in the world. We thanked God for our information sources and contacts inside the city government! We correlated the information and we had a conference to decide what action could be taken to counteract what evidently was going to be a massive frame-up!

We knew that the fingerprints on the machinery and equipment belonged to both sons and daughters of some prominent lakewood citizens. There were several other young people involved who came from well set-up social circles in Tacoma. We also knew that the fingerprints had taken the police aback somewhat. It was not what they had expected to find. Their own informant had been moved by other than principles of good citizenship!

The equipment and the machinery came from the material that had been burgled from the warehouse at 1505 Pacific. The packing crates had the firm name on them and it had been looked upon as a big and lucky break by the forces of both certain police officers and the city management. The large tins of "LSD" that had been captured were in reality a foot powder called "MICO". It is used mostly by schools and gyms to make a sterile solution for their shower footbaths, and by individuals that have athletes foot. It is extremely remote from any known narcotic. That was the big "drug" raid.

The Tacoma Police took off in a peculiar direction. They did not make any official notice to the firm of Drug Sales West, and the material was marked and placed in a locker for safekeeping. Several days later, the material having been returned from official labs marked "NIL", they quietly destroyed the "MICO" and retained the lab equipment. If it were properly handled, it could still be used to great advantage in the coming elections.

What better way to disavow and dishonor such candidates as Fred Dean, whose drugstores did business with Drug Sales West, than to connect him to Marshall Riconosciuto in some dreadful manner and make it all appear that a secret underground traffic was being done in drugs. Fantastic! Not a bit. They tried the same pattern openly and publicly in the later problems involving CATV. The calibre of some of the Tacoma Police and the City management leaves a lot to be desired! So the Big Frame Rolled On!

A couple of years ago the Drug Abuse Section of the Food and Drug Administration was combined with

the U.S. Treasury and the Bureau of Narcotics. They still, to a great degree, retain their individual investigation powers, and they are made up mostly of young men who are eager in their jobs. They felt that something was wrong with the "greatest drug raid ever made on the West Coast", and they decided to investigate to see why they had so little information on this big, big operation.

What they found they did not believe. They were not satisfied that it was only an elaborate political hanky-panky game. They were convinced that there must be something more to it than just what they could see on the surface and the lame story the TPD officers told them. They began their own investigation, and from their facts they felt that it was clearly possible that the raid had uncovered a lot of "LSD" and it had made its way back into the market through corrupt police hands! That was an angle that the local police did not expect nor were they informed that this conclusion had been drawn.

Certain local officers were placed under federal investigation, among them the present police chief, Lyle E. Smith. Others under investigation were Lieuts. White and Seymour and Sgt. R. Six. Police Chief Zittle was placed under close observation and City Manager David Rowlands was given a small cursory investigation. I gave a report on these investigations to Tony Zatkovich and George Cvitanich in December after I had been given the whole story. Chief Smith was still under investigation when he was appointed Chief and that is what inspired the anger of Tony Zatkovich and George Cvitanich. They were both well aware that the appointment of Chief Smith could be regarded as their doing. They disavowed the action!

Since that time, the Tacoma officers have been released from investigation, and the federal investigators have decided that it was possible that a supposed large city police force could be "used" as a political arm of the Management of that city!

Most of the police in Tacoma knew little of the political involvements of some of the TPD, and they knew little of the way that the force had been used, and to some extent was used, under Floyd Oles as a terrorist, political police force.

I began a campaign on the air to have the Chief removed. I felt that if that were an accomplished fact that maybe there would be a different slant on things with a new Chief of Police and a new Assistant Chief. I was never given any information concerning Asst. Chief Dupenthaler, and as far as I know, he was not

involved in the political sham that was the lot of Chief Zittle.

As elections drew nearer, I decided to make certain mention on the air that would alert any of the opposing side to the fact that there was a two-way street involved in any type of a "Big Frame". We went back into the mass of overall information I had accumulated and we checked out certain leads that we had never used and decided to put out a counter-force. We put together an issue of the *New Times* that was pasted up and ready to go, camera ready.

We arranged with supporters to have crews ready to distribute the throw-away tabloid as far and as wide as 100,000 copies would go, and then we waited. The content of the paper waited with us, safely locked away in a downtown business safe. It would not do for it to escape by accident as it was a piece of work that only the worst of criminal attacks could make us release.

The scandal on prominent figures in that issue of the paper would blow many a family apart in the City of Tacoma, and what we knew to be true was bad enough to cause a great deal of real problems. We did not want to use any part of the contents of that issue and only three people ever saw the material that went into the issue! It was best for the future of Tacoma that we never use it, and it was best that it be allowed to die if we were unmolested. We waited tensely as election time approached. The paper was ready to go and we had made arrangements for a printer to be on standby all night for the several nights prior to elections and during election night.

We had stated in the proper places that we would take retalitory action if there were efforts to use the "Big Frame" for political purposes. Election night came and went and we were not forced to use the material. We felt that the message had gotten through to City Management.

All through the month of October, I kept up the pace of heavy propaganda and continuous attacks upon the validity of the City Manager type of government. I went back onto the past records, and I kept repeating the same choice bits over and over. I wanted it driven into the heads of the listeners and all who would listen to THEM that City Management was a product of a sick philosophy and a danger to the average man and his future.

I went through the history of the appeals, before the Council, of Clay Patterson, the blind engineer, where

the Majority councilmen, save Gerry Bott, got up and left, with the poor man still thinking he was speaking to them. Each time I thought of it, I was able to add a bit more contempt to my voice. I honestly feel that it was one of the most contemptible tricks that I have ever witnessed on the part of public officers.

I was never able to have a vestige of respect for them again. They were Arnold Herrmann, Moe Finnigan, Hal Murtland and L.H. Johnson.

I repeated in intricate, the history of the contempt that City Manager government had for law and order. I went through the "sugar-bowling" incidents again and again. That had been a piece of real handy workmanship on the part of city management. It was an open violation of the state law and there was never a question about the matter.

State law in most states forbids the rolling of funds from one department to another within the structure of a city. The ability to do so means that the Manager and the Finance Director can transfer funds one step ahead of their own audit and thus allow that individual department to show a definite sum that is absolutely correct. It is a convenient ploy when pressed for time, even if there is no attempt to defraud a city. However, it is against the state law. When Mr. Rasmussen asked Clar Gaisford why it had been done, his answer was that it had always been done that way. That did not make it legal, simply because the Manager wanted it done that way!

I rolled these, and many other slips on the part of City Management, out across the airwaves and the people of the city began to respond. In the meantime, the *Tribune* was making great hay with the attitude and the stance of the Mayor.

The campaign of Gordon Johnston was rolling and we were not really worried about him. The original candidate of the Left had been John Anderson, a former mayor and a good enough campaigner, but actually a relic of a by-gone day in Tacoma's political past. After the first few days, no one including Gordon Johnston took him in a serious light.

There was one thing about Anderson's campaign that interested me. I had warned the Mayor that the *News-Tribune* and their silly headlines were being plotted for a definite use. I was not telling him anything that he did not already know. Sure enough, the very day that John Anderson registered, a small tabloid appeared singing his praises and re-printing the headlines from

the *Tribune* to "prove" that the Mayor was a bad, bad man.

In the Council, the CATV wrangles went on and on, and there was little to be said of them that was new, with the exception of Jarstad adding it to his campaign as an open matter of political question. I felt that it was a foolish thing to do, but Jarstad deemed himself an "..expert in the field of television..". The average man or woman in television can be termed an expert in CATV on the same relationship that a simple Sunday fisherman can be compared with the director of a fishing fleet and a packing plant. The extent that CATV will be used as a replacement for present services is not envisaged by even the most enlightened prophets of modern urban and suburban development! I felt that sooner or later Jarstad would be called on to prove his degree of expertise.

The election drive of John Anderson began to bog down, and he was not really taken as a direct worry to our side of the fence. I had noted in looking over his career that he had been Mayor during the last era of the *Tribune's* "vice and corruption" years or as they put it, the "time of the vice-lords". I began to refer to Anderson as the ".....vice-Lord Mayor....." and I made two rather scathing editorials concerning his use as a tool by the *Tribune*. I felt there had to be some connection between him and the "happy headlines" he had used in his campaign tabloid. He screamed that he had been attacked, and he demanded that I supply them with tapes of my broadcasts. I made the tapes and sent them along to him. I had not the slightest worry of any libel action and I rather hoped that maybe he would start some action as it would be easy to prove that he was only seeking publicity. I also offered him double-time, as a counter measure, and sent a copy of the tape to the FCC. I heard no more from Anderson nor did the FCC question my view of "fairness doctrine".

One of the easiest ways to stop the standard attacks upon the station (about the "fairness doctrine") was to mention several times in any one tape that we would offer double time to those who wanted it, and that we would turn the station on at any time of the day. In short, if the harassers wanted to broadcast at 3:00 A.M., that was great with us; or if they wanted to have it at 6:00 P.M., that was fine. They never took up the offer and the FCC did not forward one demand for "Fairness" to KAYE during the campaign seasons. At intervals, I sent excerpts of the tapes that made the offer

of "double-time" to the FCC. They never answered me. Of course, they never made any fuss about our "fairness" either!

There seemed to be some support for Gordon Johnston building up in the city, and we looked into that area of what was happening. I asked for several interviews with Johnston and he turned me down. I felt that he was acting extremely coy and that he was reflecting that same old attitude that had been used by Management forces—the idea that you are not "worthy" of attention.

I hated to see this odd attitude develop on the part of Gordon. We had been boyhood friends and as he is several years older than I, he had been sort of a neighborhood leader among my younger teen-age group. I kept remembering him as he was when we were kids, and I found it deeply difficult to plan any type of a real propaganda program.

We had looked into his life and background and it was the same as most of the average men of today. There were no blemishes and there was no political attachments that could be explored. I did not use those sections that I could have used to make him appear inadequate as a candidate. I felt that I did not want to break the rule against going into family background, and I certainly did not wish to allow any real personal attack to be made upon him.

I am sincerely convinced that a majority of the people wanted to vote against Gordon Johnston as Mayor of Tacoma. They did not because the *News-Tribune*, while not praising Gordon, did do a complete hatchet job on Slim Rasmussen. It was a completely despicable and deplorable example of "power-journalism", and the reaction of the people to it was, to me, not expected. We were too close to the campaign and the members of the electorate directly involved in the campaign. For as hard as one might try to keep ahead of the general public and read their day-to-day reaction to the political propaganda, it is impossible to forecast just what the final thoughts are going to be as each voter pulls that voting handle.

I am not sure that an all out attack on Gordon Johnston would have garnered that extra 341 votes that Slim Rasmussen needed to retain his office, but I have taken my share of the blame for his defeat. One never knows what the actual effect will be of political attack, outside long and time-tested propaganda areas. The attacks upon the City Manager and the Form of Govern-

ment were entwined, and each represented the other so it was as if I were attacking some faceless machine. People do not resent this. They do resent hearing the scandal of certain people's lives revealed. It is not good tactics today and it has not been for some years.

With the proper build-up, I could have exploited his flunk-out from the University of Washington. I could have exploited his manner of speech and dress as being the silly attempt of a middle-aged man to appear as a hip teenager. There were several areas of this type that could have been used. I did not use them as I sincerely felt that when the count was in, the people of the city would have rejected his false picture of youth and his continuous twisting statements that revealed that he knew little or nothing of the workings of the city government.

Some of his own statements, that were meant to inform the people that he was going to "run the council", were so preposterous that I felt that he was to be defeated and that he would be rather a laughing stock. I was still not giving the *Tribune* and some of the bankers and church pulpits enough credit for the organized propaganda campaign that was going on against Slim.

I have judged, in the time since November of 1969, that we concentrated too much on cinch candidates like George Cvitanich and did not allow Gordon Johnston the full attention that he needed. That will not be neglected when he runs for his next term as Mayor. His sanction of the Recall effort, and his refusal to seek any manner or means of bringing peace to Tacoma, will insure him a campaign that he will have dreams about for the remainder of his life!

I have learned a deep lesson from the Gordon Johnston campaign, and that is not to allow your affection from another day influence your decisions today. I was completely shocked when one of his older brothers approached me on election night and said, "Well, we sure kicked you in the ass, didn't we?"

I was so shocked I could not answer for a moment, and then only with a query as to what his general meaning was.

"Well," he stated, "Despite all that crap you put on the air, we still rammed it in and broke it off. How do you like it?"

Before I could make any answer, he went on with a further statement that did a lot more to anger me.

"That's what class, real class, will do for you, and that's what we got, real class."

He then proceeded to call me a damn liar, that I had never known Gordon in boyhood, and that I was only trying to ride on Gordon's coat tails. I thought that he had lost his mind. For a moment, I felt sad about the whole thing, and I was sure that he remembered playing football with us in the street, and a lot of other boyhood scenes came back. I stood there looking at this "winner". I felt the anger mounting. I could recall any one of two dozen nasty attacks that I could have made on Gordon, and here was this grinning ape telling me off as if he had won something personally. For one of the few times in the past ten years, I became truly angry. I told him in straight terms that winning an election did not remove one from the gridiron, but that if he thought I had been "mean to his brother", he should take a listen in the coming months.

I walked away completely angry. I felt that I had been quite gentle with Gordon, and that he was not in the Mayor's chair due to any damn signs of "class". In fact I have noted that he dresses and acts like a juvenile ass, and I have never gone out of my way to say so to any audience. I was angry with myself for losing my temper, and I did my best to ignore the new Mayor in the short time I had left on the air. I later met the new Mayor's wife at a council meeting where she was ensconced behind his desk. She also made reference to the abusive treatment that I had given poor Gordon. I only looked at her and left the room. I was quite sure that she felt that she had "shamed" me for my conduct. To the contrary, I did not want to laugh in her face!

The day before election was a nervous and rising pressure boiler as far as I was concerned, and I kept phoning to see if the copy of the *New Times* was being held correctly. That copy was dynamite and it was never to be exposed to anyone unless the Rowlands Mob attempted dirty work, and then we would have it on the presses in 10 minutes and the first issues would be delivered to homes within a half-hour. The large "run" would take two or more hours to complete, but we would have the first issues off the presses and into the neighborhoods.

We anxiously waited for the first afternoon issue of the *News-Tribune* and we were relieved to find nothing in it that indicated that the Mob was getting ready to start a "Big Frame". We stood by and waited and we felt that if the afternoon issue of election day were not filled with the "Big Frame", then they would

not try to make a large frame-up story. We waited and counted the hours.

None of us wanted to react with the material that we had ready to go on the presses, and we knew that the general public would be split. Some would believe the "Big Frame" story and some would not. The same would apply to the material we would release. It was a matter of a Mexican stand-off, and there was no chance of anyone coming out of the mess unscathed. We were determined to go down in a group and we would all go down in one black exchange of propaganda. The effect on the voter would be beyond calculation!

Timing in a large propaganda operation is important. To react after the Management Mob had sent their vicious lies into the public field would only be looked upon as a "sour grapes" thing and would be pointless. Therefore, it was important that the blast from our side be as close to the same release time as the *Tribune's* as possible. We had that times to a five-minute break-point. We felt that they would use the regular afternoon edition of the *Tribune* and run it as a "news story". We did allow for a special issue of a paper by the *Tribune* and we kept up a watch on their plant with a short-wave radio equipped automobile.

Election day came and there were no movements that indicated any special issue of the *Tribune*. There were no movements in the enemy camp that could not be in some way accounted for as normal errands on their part. We waited throughout the late afternoon and when I went to the County-City Building to assist Jim in reporting the final election returns, I was confident that nothing was going to happen. The time for action had come and passed. I called from the County-City Building and had the "paste-up copies"of the *New Times* destroyed. I was deeply relieved that they were never needed!

We were convinced that the "Big Frame" was over! We were wrong!

13

"---Fumblefingers, Inc---"

While much of my time was spent in the gathering of data and the proper production of editorial tapes for my show, I did take time to note that Jim Nicholls and Floyd Oles were having more and more conferences and that they were cooperating in the production of the five-minute tapes that Floyd produced for the general public enlightenment.

Most of Floyd's comments were not directed to any general goal, and they struck me as aimless efforts to make his name well known and, at the same time, establish a record as an "anti-management" individual! I had noted that his tapes were very seldom connected into any type of a meaningful message, and that he spent as much time attacking the general principles of the Democratic Party as he did in making comments on the City Management government of Tacoma. Somehow it seemed rather irrational to me, but as long as he left me alone and did not interfere in the real politics of the city, I ignored him. That was a mistake!

I treated him with a cool courtesy that was seldom returned, and I had no plans to discuss with him at any time. I assumed that he was simply another voice in the over-all battle against the Management form of government, and we would have to live with him as well as with other irrational off-shoots of the Far Right.

Those few times I had heard him hold forth on Tacoma city politics, I was rather surprised at how little he knew of the form or the reasons for City Management, how it was engendered, or how and why the people were kept in thrall to it. He spoke of a great many national, and state and local figures as if he were on a first name basis with them, and he insisted on being addressed by his military rank.

He once held forth to great length on how being a military officer engendered a great sense of responsibility,

and he repeated it several times for my benefit. I was able to give him the only answer that would shut him up—I told him that I was well aware that being an officer demanded certain responsibilities. I had been an officer myself. That stopped the flow of talk about being a military officer. I could not see what being a military officer should have to do with his interest in the fight against City Management government. This was a war, but of an entirely different nature. Here the accent was placed on the correlation of information and the decision of what moves to make, based on the amount of information that could be converted into propaganda.

The arrival of election night brought home two factors that still bother the city and a great many people. One was the narrow defeat of Slim Rasmussen for his second term as Mayor. The second was the inspiration to appoint him as City Manager and give him Council mandate to dismantle the political machine that is still Rowlands controlled.

While we mourned the loss of the Mayor, the former council Majority votes had been voted out of office, and the control of the Council now passed into the hands of those who had been the minority. Due to election laws covering Mayors, Slim's term would extend on until the 20th of January 1970, and the new Council members would take office in November of 1969. That would give the new majority six members until the end of the Mayor's term, and a five member majority after that.

New members on the Council were Fred Dean, John O'Leary and John Jarstad. George Cvitanich had been returned to his Council seat with a large majority vote. The new Mayor did not make his presence known to the Council. Other members of the New Council did not care to be seen in their new roles and there was some talk of the possible resignations of Arnold Herrmann and Moe Finnigan. Unfortunately they did not resign.

The idea that Slim should now be appointed as City Manager was first broadcast over KAYE, and Slim was questioned about the subject on election night. He did not confirm or deny that it could be a possibility. I had high hopes that it would become a reality.

For some years the *Tacoma News-Tribune* had printed stories at regular intervals that praised the talents of Mr. David Rowlands. They indicated great fear at times that some rival city would be stealing his gigantic talents away

from the city of Tacoma. Indeed, rumors spread through the city at almost regular yearly intervals that stated that certain city fathers from Detroit, Milwaukee, Philadelphia, and most of the great East coast cities were here and looking this champion of champions over.

Rowlands always had a mild and modest little statement for the press that denied these rumors and made sure that the people were to be soothed as he was not leaving Tacoma, "...until his work here was finished...". It left a feeling of having just witnessed Jesus Christ deny the temptations of the Devil, and it left one sick with remorse that he was such a selfless man and would not go on to his higher rewards in the field of public administration. Now he was to have his opportunity to leave this terrible, ungrateful city and move on upward and onward to the sound of drums and trumpets. The New Council was going to fire him flat! He resigned!

I had one final satisfaction out of the campaign to dislodge the man. Less than one-half hour after he resigned and signed his letter of parting, the original copy was delivered to me as a momento. I had it framed and it hangs, like a scalp, on the wall at KAYE.

I fully expected the great cities to twist and jump with joy. Now that the "great man" had been released from his bondage of duty to Tacoma, surely they would start lining up at his office door in droves. They never came and for some strange reason they have not sought his services.

The new Council appointed the city attorney, Marshall McCormick, as interim City Manager, and it was announced at the installation of the new Council members in the public auditorium of the Public Utilities Building. I felt that for a matter of a few weeks he would serve in that capacity, but as a long term appointment, it was little better than having Rowlands in the chair! McCormick had just recovered from a heart attack and he was not in the robust health that the position demands.

For weeks I had demanded that Charles Zittle, and some of the other department heads, be romoved from office along with Rowlands. I knew that McCormick would never remove men that he had worked with for a great many years. As long as he was there in that job the department heads were safe. Zittle would still be able to process his political cat work and some of his brother department heads would be in the position to keep the city boiling as they resisted all efforts to reform the government. I was for action and for fast action.

The *Tribune* took a few days to recover from the shock of the election, and it did finally dawn upon them that they

had not won any election. They had, along with the Wild Liberals, lost the election. The matter of just who won the election has still not been settled and will probably never be settled. The *Tribune* would soon wake up and they would start their sniping all over again, and this time they would attack the Council. That was fairly obvious. They had no Manager to be "against", and they were in support of the new Mayor. Therefore it would be to their best gain to start a campaign against the new Councilmen.

The matter of the CATV franchises were being held over to the New Council. They finally made up their minds to allow the merits of the companies to be compared on a straight item by item check, and make the declaration of franchise grants based on that final comparison. John Jarstad demanded the right to hire a private consulting firm and he hired Bull & Associates of Seattle for a stated fee of $1800.00. This was to be used as a basis for Recall issues later. The whole idea of "experts" was ridiculous and certainly Jarstad was aware of the matter. Bull and Associates had never rated a CATV firm before. They did a poor job on their first try. It should have been a deep source of embarassment to John Jarstad. Instead he conducted himself as if he were proud of what he was doing. He gave a puny and a pitiful performance as the concerned councilman! His consulting company was quite adequate in throwing dust and making muddy water!

After much discussion and many hearings, the New Council awarded two franchises, one to the Tacoma Cable Company and one to the *Tacoma News-Tribune*. I could not see that the *Tribune* should have a million dollar property handed to them by a city that they were in the middle of wrecking. However, the Council did not consult me about their actions and they awarded the franchises on a basis of what they felt were the best awards they could make for the citizens of the city.

The *Tacoma News-Tribune* the very next day launched an attack upon members of the council that was unbelievable. They attempted to prove a "conflict of interest" between the drug stores of Fred Dean, the Tacoma Cable Company, Drug Sales West, and the new Deputy Mayor, George Cvitanich. I was present on the council's podium when I heard Neil Modei, sometime reporter for the *Tribune*, beg him for an off-the-cuff interview that was only for information and would be "off the record". Fred stated that it was to be off the record because he did not know the extent of the whole set of accusations, and that he did not want to make public remarks that might be able to be used in any possible court action. Neil Modei promised, with great fervor, that anything said would be held

in confidence. Neil Modei printed most of Fred's remarks in the next day's *Tribune* as a special front page story. It was typical *News-Tribune* conduct!

A day or two later the same man, Neil Modei, approached Marshall Riconosciuto and asked him for some information concerning the finances of Tacoma Cable Company. Again he promised that it was just research work and that he would keep the information in the strictest confidence. Modei lied. He printed a garbled version of the interview that was untrue and so garbled that it resembled little of what had been said! That article has been the basis for many attacks by the New Left on the Tacoma Cable Company and it is still being referred to as if it were the Gospel Truth!

The end product of the fictional accounts of *Tribune* reporters and their attacks, was the withdrawal of the *Tribune* franchise for CATV at the following Tuesday night council meeting. The screams of wounded Left Wingers at the goring of their Bible were loud and they were a joy unto mine ears!

This action of the part of the New Council did set off a whole new series of wild scrambles among the many CATV firms, and it opened up a whole new bidding world for the second happy round of CATV hearings. John Jarstad gathered up his tattered robe of an old and scarred CATV "expert" and went back into the business of telling the Council where it was wrong.

When David Rowlands quietly folded his tent and left the County-City building, he left behind the worst financial mess that the City of Tacoma has ever faced. The budget had never been worked on aside from the little that the various department heads had turned into the manager as their estimated requests. It had been gathered into some semblence of a pre-final book, and with that the New Council sat down and went to work to attempt to make some sense out of the weird world of city finances.

It was a long and grueling job. Rowlands had the city in such a financial mess that only a genius could even read the books and making sense from them in a budget form was almost impossible. I could not believe that Rowlands did not have a second budget tucked away somewhere and that it should have been given to the New Council.

They had no place to turn for information except to the Finance department and the Director is not noted for his good humor! He conducted himself as if he were being dragged off to confront a criminal court and did walk out one night in high anger. The New Council showed its patience in not firing him on the spot. Clar Gaisford has bragged ever since about the night that, "...he told the bastards off...". Why they did not fire him is not known to this day.

Other business had to be conducted and among that order of business were several appointments. Tacoma, aside from the City Council, has several rather independent boards that also work for the people of the city. They are the Park Board, Department of Public Utilities, Library Board, and the Civil Service Commission. The last and the Park Board are elected and the other two appointed There is a planning commission and some 35 or 40 minor boards. Mayor Rasmussen nominated my name for appointment to the Library Board of Trustees. That was a pleasing appointment to me. I used, and still do, the library a great deal. I am deeply interested in its welfare and I enjoy being a part of the Tacoma operation. The Mayor appointed me to the Tacoma Library Board of Trustees. The shouts of pain from the New Left rose in flashing and screaming lights across the city. The officers of the University of Puget Sound were willing to stand and cry out against this monstrous "injustice." Several of their professors did make an appearance and spoke wildly and hastily against me when the confirming resolution was introduced. One, a man by the name of Sinclair that I had never met, gave a complete and fictional account of my "criminal" background, and the fact that I use my middle name as well as the name on this book was supposed to prove that I was a far Rightist and a burner of books! It was the same old Far Left Hash, warmed over and repeated right out of Marx through Mao and confirmed in the Court "C" Coffee House. It evidently did not impress the Council, I was confirmed in the position by an 8 to 1 vote. The only man who voted against my appointment was "Moe" Finnigan.

I later found that the complete staff and Board of Trustees were a bit unhappy over my appointment. I decided to call upon Mr. Ibbitson, the Director of the Tacoma Library, and try to assure him that I was not, in any way, going to request that the library burn any books or curtail service to politically unacceptable people. I never found him in! After several telephone calls and stops at the Library offices, I decided that he did not exist. There was a problem that had to be discussed because it was a part of the viewpoint of the Council that some of the department director were being rather uncooperative in the budget cuts.

The library funds had taken a large cut from their requested appropriation, and the Board of Trustees had simply closed the Library at 6:00 p.m. and that was that! The City Council were convinced that they were able to keep the Library open and it was looked upon as a definite political action by the Board of Trustees. I was instructed

by members of the Council, to check that budget over and find out what the truth of the matter actually was, and what was needed to keep the library going. I did as I was told to do!

I found that the Assistant Librarian was the expert on the budget, a Miss Mary Frances Borden. She was the "brains" in the entire library set-up. I met her and asked her for a copy of the budget and her figures that the Board of Trustees had used to make their decisions on the library hours. The figures and the budget showed that the Board of Trustees had their financial backs against the wall, and it might be that we would have to cut more services.

I later found that the Director had agreed to the Council's figures and had stated that he could "live" within their cuts and not curtail services. The actual action of the Board of Trustees had the appearance of "spite" to the Council. They were angry with the Board of Trustees and the Board was angry at the action of the Council. It was the general opinion of the public that everybody was to blame.

I attended my first meeting of the Library Board, escorted by a *Tribune* reporter and several members of the "Nut Fringe" in town. I was quite sure that they expected some bizarre performance from a member of the "Lost Far Right". My radio work had been able to convince the Lefties that I was Far Beyond a Goldwater Conservative, and I assumed that that was a definite measure of their brainless following of anybody that could tell them a story. Few of them ever bothered to ask me what I was for or against in politics. Their assumptions are at all times weird.

The other members of the Board, Mrs. Bowman, Mr. Broz and Mr. Honeywell treated me with courtesy and I returned the same. We got to work on this small piece of the city business that was disturbing the public. The Board had honestly worked hard to find some measure of relief aside from service curtailment, and this I told the Council. I also told them that we needed more money and we needed it badly. I was assured that this was impossible. Eventually we appeared before the Finance Committee and a raise of $5,000.00 was recommended by the members of that Committee and we were granted that small raise by the Council.

I was willing to serve in any capacity on the Board, and I did speak to the Finance Committee on our needs, Mr. Honeywell also spoke to them and we began to relax in our Board meetings. The Board of Trustees decided

that I was not going to demand that all Liberal authored books be banned and burned and they were willing to accept their fate of having me on the Library Board of Trustees!

My appointment to the Library Board of Trustees was not important. What was important was the reaction that it evoked. The same small crew of "concerned citizens" who have pushed every illogical, idiotic, political area of chicanery in the city for 20 years, and their rising younger generation, conducted themselves as though they were (are) barbarians and then make accusations of the same against anyone who resents being pushed around.

Tacoma is hag-ridden with the purveyors of a sick, foreign way of political life. Whether they are aware Communists or blind ones, their cry is the same. It is a weak solution of Marx mixed with some crazy socialistic ideas that they feel can be grafted to the half-rotten trunk of City Management government. It is a matter of rooting out that very tree of financial and employment supply, in order to kill off many of the political opportunists who flock to any city with City Management government.

Tacoma is unlucky enough to have a very large Office of Economic Opportunity structure, and through its dummy corporation, it also is deeply involved with the form of City Management.

City Management, per se, in a city or town of less than 15,000, is not unacceptable under the right form of Charter. Beyond that size, the city becomes a hotbed of political experimentation, graft and corruption. City Management is the most corrupt government that it is possible to place in operation, and Tacoma is one of the most corrupt cities in the United States.

When the City Management was voted into office, the City of Tacoma had somewhat more than a million dollars surplus in its coffers. The Manager, over the years, did not keep a finalized audit of any real meaning, and most of the department audits were performed by a local company, Knight, Vail and Gregory. This company several times made recommendation to the Manager's office that certain practices be stopped and that certain records be more up to date. Their recommendations were ignored.

As the business of the city grew more complicated with its involvement in the Federal programming, the question of matching funds became vital and the surplus was used to balance the budgets. This allowed the Manager to come to a permissive Council and

simply state that he had the budget in order and would it please be voted on as he wished to get on with the business of the city. Prior to the Rasmussen era, this was an automatic procedure. The City Council, thus the people, never really knew what the financial condition of the city was. Most Council members did not care.

When A. L. "Slim" Rasmussen became Mayor of Tacoma, the happy, golden period of 30 minute, rubber-stamp, council meetings came to an end! It takes time to ask and answer questions. It takes time to answer questions when you have the answers—it takes enormous amounts of time when you do not have the anwers, and the mistakes and stupid conduct of 12-13 years begins to be laid out in open view! The rattling of machine-gun fire questions made every Tuesday night a full review of some aspect of City Management that was degrading to citizens, and absurd. Something had to be done to support the Manager of the *Tribune* and their supporters would be revealed as the biggest bundle of tom-foolery that any city in the United States ever had revealed.

The *Tribune*, et al was devoted to the "form" of government, not the Manager as such. The *Tribune* did not care who was Manager as long as he played the Manager Game and played by the rules. When the elections forced David Rowlands to resign, the *Tribune* grudgingly gave him a small editorial comment on fine work, and he went into his job at the University of Washington with no fanfare! Hoving over the horizon was a new hero of larger proportions, as he was more easily handled than was Dave Rowlands, and easily more co-operative.

The Council made Floyd Oles Manager!

I was shocked absolutely numb by the announcement that he was to be made the Manager of the city. I had worked hard to convince that Council that the only solution was to make Slim Rasmussen Manager, and get on with the work of the dismantling of the political machine that Rowlands had created. I wanted to see each department head removed, and in some cases cut down several niches to find men that would be able to see their way to a new city that was not a political machine.

Each night, I tolled off the names of those department heads who should go. I was never able to convince the Council Majority that men like the Fire Chief, James Reiser, should be sent back to the ranks; that

the city needed Stanley Bixel, like it needed a hole in the head. He had applied to the State Personnel Department for a job and had been denied.

My view was to let him go.

The Council paid no more attention to me than it did to any other source of advice, and they decided that it would cause a real scream across the city if Slim Rasmussen were appointed Manager. During the month of January, 1970, I polled the Council steadily to see if the name of Slim were acceptable as Manager. The vote, as far as I knew, was an automatic "NO", with Jarstad, Finnigan, Johnston and Hermann. I never bothered to ask them. The Majority Five stood divided, with Dean and Zatkovich voting against Rasmussen. That was it. There were no easy solutions.

I asked both Dean and Zatkovich their reasons for their objecting to Slim. Dean stated that he thought that it would cause a legal tangle that would not be good for the city. Zatkovich stated that his opinion was that to force a beaten candidate down the throats of the people was simply wrong! As far as the legal question was concerned, Zatkovich felt that that was the problem of the courts. As far as the view that it might displease the Far Left, Zatkovich couldn't have cared less. I talked to him several times, and he stated each time that he thought it was wrong to reinstate a beaten candidate. I conceded that he might have a point. However, I also looked back at the imperial conduct of the Council under the direction of Dave Rowlands, and some of the open and dastardly tricks they pulled, and I was not convinced that the end did not justify the means! City Management government is wrong, and it is an evil process that must be stamped out! It is a corrupt form of government that does not tell the truth to the people at any time. I was willing to see any form of shouting and law suits, if it could mean the end of City Management. My impatience with Tony Zatkovich was large!

I asked John O'Leary how he stood for the Mayor to become the Manager and John stood firm in his belief that it was the shortest way to free the city from the long years of its bondage. I polled Becky Banfield and she was behind Slim as well as was George Cvitanich.

I had had some long talks with George, and as senior member of the Council he was well aware of all the pitfalls of attempting to govern a city without a friendly City Manager. Despite the City Charter forbidding the

Manager to set policy, it is impossible for one to run a large city and not set policy and in vital places. The tolerance policy on open and private gambling was a matter of concern to the Council. It was set by the City Manager and conducted by the Chief of Police. Rowlands had always refused to discuss the "Tolerance Policy" in public, and demanded a private meeting with Rasmussen. Rasmussen demanded an open meeting and there the matter stuck for two years. There is no public knowledge as to what the gambling procedure is in Tacoma today. The Manager system is given credit by the *Tribune* for "cleaning" up the city. That is nonsense. A person can walk away from the County-City Building less than ten blocks and find all the gambling and prostitution that any city has to contend with, and both the Manager and the Police Chief knew it! The present Manager and Chief know it now!

My talks with George allowed me to know that Floyd Oles' name was being bandied about as the potential City Manager. I was thunderstruck. I could see no larger disaster for the city than to appoint this self-idolizing, pompous jackass, to a post of real responsibility! However, George Cvitanich told me that it was a needed thing for the Council to have a City Manager who was friendly and one who would carry out the policy of the Council. I stated that I was violently against the appointment of Floyd Oles, but when I was told that he would appoint Slim as his assistant, I saw a solution to all the problems of fast dismantlement of the Rowlands Political Machine.

I felt that if Slim were the Assistant Manager, he could do what work was needed, and Floyd Oles could do what he was best at, and that was trotting about the city making speeches to a variety of groups. He is a great speech maker! He is not very clear in most of his speeches and he sometimes wanders a bit, but all in all, he is able to keep an audience mollified for a short time!

Jim Nicholls was very happy for Floyd and remarked to me that it would be great to have a friend in City Hall who was not always trying to think of some way to do us in. I agreed, but I had the feeling that Floyd was not in this to make any of us happy. I never trusted Floyd; I never liked the man and I never hesitated to tell him that exact set of facts!

John O'Leary brought a resolution to the Council floor to appoint Rasmussen as City Manager. The Council took a recess. The crowd groaned! It was a tense night—one of those meetings of a group of people where-

in the electric static can be felt in the air and it represents the emotions of the crowd. The supporters of Slim were out in force and the opposition was out in force. They waited for the recess to end.

When the Council returned from the recess, there was a motion to amend the resolution. The name of Floyd Oles was substituted for Slim Rasmussen and the vote was five to four in favor of the appointment of Floyd Oles to the post of City Manager. Tacoma entered the period of its deepest political low. Floyd Oles brought a new mannerism to the office of City Manager. That mannerism was the heavy "Oles Image" type of conduct. At least with Rowlands, we knew how the man would react to any given set of circumstances. With Oles, his conduct was irrational and he was not able to tell the truth from one moment to another.

The Wednesday morning after his appointment, the telephone rang early; 6:00 A.M. or so. It was Jim Nicholls calling to give me a message from Oles. We were not to "second guess" him for at least two weeks. That is, we were expressly forbidden to ask any questions on his conduct for two weeks. I was annoyed at being given a military order. I take orders from no man on this earth! Two weeks! I was told there would be no appointment of Slim for two weeks! It was crazy!

I knew that the *Tribune* would be raising holy hell in the afternoon issues, and I felt that to wait two weeks to appoint Slim was absolutely the ravings of a madman. I thought I might have misunderstood Jim Nicholls and so I called Floyd Oles at his home. I asked him what was meant by the "two weeks rule"? He stated that he wanted time to mollify the *Tribune* and that would be best as he could soothe their fears and then there would be no fuss about appointing Slim. He talked like a man who had just arrived in town. To think that he would be able to "soothe" the *Tribune* and the Left Wing Nuts who were in control of their steering gear was insane. I told him that the afternoon papers would be eating him alive and that an appointment of Slim would keep them off of him. He paused and thought that over and then agreed to make the announcement of Slim's appointment as soon as he had a press conference at his new office.

Later I dressed and went to the County-City Building A press conference was in progress in the Manager's office and I walked in and stood in the back. I heard no announcement concerning Slim Rasmussen. When I went to the station that night, I did not hear any talk from Jim that gave any indication that Floyd had informed him of

any rapid appointment of Slim. The next day, I heard that the Manager was not going to appoint him, and I went to Floyd's office. He was too busy to see me. I was told to call back at four that afternoon. I never went back!

As I went through the week I began to see that Mr. Oles was not in the mood to be appointing anybody to act as his assistant. I called his office several times. There was never any time to speak to me! On Friday I informed Becky that a massive double-cross was in the making and I was right! On Friday afternoon I prepared a tape that openly accused Floyd Oles of bringing more and more heat to the Council floor as his conduct was not that of an honorable man in living up to his commitments. I commented that Oles was not doing the job he was hired to do and I informed the public, on the tape, that the hard battle to dislodge City Management was being sold out in the first days of Oles regime. On Saturday night I played the tape. Jim Nicholls was shocked that I would attack Floyd Oles, and on Monday he spoke to me about it. His remarks were mild and he was anxious that I lay off any further critique of Floyd Oles. We spoke on the matter at some length and reached no agreement. I told him the same thing that I had told Floyd, that the longer he waited, the worse the criticism would be when he appointed Slim. I do not feel that Floyd had ever told Jim that he had promised a swift appointment of the ex-mayor. For the first time Jim and I did not find any common ground to reach a compromise. A coolness began to develop.

Jim Nicholls is an honest man who has the same weaknesses that most of us humans are subject to. A Canadian by birth and an American by choice, he has a deep appreciation of the guaranteed freedoms of this nation. Those people and movements that would erode those freedoms, attract his attention and his dislike. He has a deep commitment to those who he calls, "friend" and his attitude is one that in the political world we call a "stand-up guy". He defends a friend loyally against all comers and he has a forgiveness for those who rail against him that far outshines my own views on that subject!

There were times when the editorial policy of my program shocked Jim Nicholls and I know at times it was too rough for his tastes, although a huge man in physical build, he is at heart a very gentle man. Jim was never able to develop the rolling twisting phrase that expressed hatred and contempt in tone and still

read well in cold type. He very seldom, if ever, prepared his editorial comment on tape. He used his emotions and off the "top of the head" remarks to get across his daily message. Many times he lapsed into the tones and approach of a minister, his original calling! On the other hand, I prepared all of my editorials on tape and I re-made them time and again to allow myself to get the "exact" phrase, the "pointed" meaning and still be within any charges that I had created libel.

Many people informed me " . . and I HEARD you say that . . . ", after telling me of some highly libelous remark that I had made. They heard only in their own head. Terry Riley of the Young Democrats, "heard" me call Rowlands, " . . . a thief and a gangster . . . " they were words that I never used. However that was the effect I wanted and that is what I was to put across! I called Riley a liar!

The quality that we call being a "stand-up guy" can be carried too far, and in Jim's outward loyalty to Floyd Oles, I sincerely believe that he has allowed his stubborn streak to far outdistance his good sense. Floyd has been proven an open liar, a traitor, a completely dishonorable man, unable to discharge his duties as a manager or a man. Still Jim Nicholls will hear of no critiques of the man.

On Sunday, there occured an incident that has had many thousands of words written about it, and it has been chewed over as fine as hamburger in the papers and in the City Coucil room.

I wanted to talk to Slim Rasmussen, and I wanted his opinion as to why Floyd was holding up his appointment as Assistant City Manager. I intended to go to see Slim at his home in the afternoon. Shortly before I was to leave, Ray Kinser stopped at my house and I told him to come along. We took his car, and we drove out to the South A street home of Slim and his wife Eleanor. As we arrived in the driveway we noted a station wagon in the parking space. It was Floyd Oles car. There was no planned meeting.

Mrs. Rasmussen answered our knock and invited us to enter. Floyd sat in a large chair like a spoiled child. Hardly had we entered the room before he launched into a long diatribe as to how my broadcast was that of a madman and that my spoken charges were "damn lies" and I was a "damn liar". He went on in that tone for a few minutes and I did not answer him at the time. I wanted to know what he had said to Slim. He had said nothing!

It developed that he was not there to talk about a job as assistant manager, he was there to ask Slim to use his influence to pull me off of his back on the radio. I tired very quickly of his long harangues on the fact that he had, " . . the Oles image to maintain—my word means something in this town . . . ". Long inane speeches like that did not answer the question! When was he going to appoint Slim? That was the question?

Shortly after our conversations began, Marshall Riconosciuto arrived. He was there to speak with Slim about some past records of the Urban--Renewal Department. Marshall listened to the heated conversation for a short time and then spoke up in Oles behalf, stating that he should be given time to arrange his schedule and get used to his office.

I then remembered that Oles and Marshall were long time friends and they both had served, and were serving, as trustees of the KAYE Truth and Justice Fund! I had not see Riconosciuto for several days and I was angered that he should be taking the side of a thing like Floyd Oles. He still counseled patience!

Later, Oles would name all of us a "goon squad" that had threatened his life that day. It was another of his tiresome lies. The fact that he included his long time "friend" Slim Rasmussen and Marshall Riconosciuto, who had served with him and spoken for him, only further blackened his already tarnished "image". We left after nearly six hours of futile discussions and with only a promise that Oles would " . . sleep on it . . " as his single compromise! I considered a remark like that a weaseling way to say, "NO". His wife was there and spent the afternoon weeping and muttering in broken English that she was against his taking the job.

The next night, Monday, I placed an editorial on the air that stated that I did not feel that he was there to be the great "peacemaker" and that he was not doing the job. I feared that a massive "double-cross" was taking place and I demanded (editorially) that the Council consider jerking the man from the job. My advice was ignored!

Shortly after the program on Monday night, Jim Nicholls arrived at the studio and he was visibly shaken. Floyd had threatened to sue him if I made any more critical remarks about him. Jim demanded that I tone down the timber of my remarks.

"You may criticize his ability or you may make remarks concerning the manner in which he carries out his duties, but no personal remarks, and you

must not second-guess his appointment of Slim", were Jim's instructions.

I felt that this was unfair, for Floyd was now a hated City Manager and he was indeed conducting himself as a most hated city manager would. What was fair for Dave Rowlands was certainly fair for this wretch of a man! I told Jim exactly that and I told him that it was unfair to demand that type of conduct. He heatedly told me it was unfair for me not to give the man a fair chance, at least the two weeks that he stated he needed

We broke it off at that point for we were each becoming angry over a man who I thought was less than what a man should be in his position. We left the station in a different mood than we had ever faced each other before. I liked Jim and I hated to see him hoodwinked by a man who I thought was deserving of only the worst of down grading names. His treatment of Slim Rasmussen bore out my judgement.

The next night was Tuesday and Council meeting night. I had business in Seattle and did not get to the council meeting. The next day, I was still determined to reveal to the listeners the whole story of what had taken place on Sunday. Marshall called me slightly before noon and then stopped by. I rode to Seattle with him while we discussed the Oles problem. His counsel was to pipe down and allow the man to show for himself what he would do. I again stated that I felt I was under a tight censorship, and that it was unfair. Marshall did not tell me that he had talked to Jim on the phone and the ride to Seattle was meant to talk me out of any further critiques of Oles. The upshot of the whole conversation was that I promised to call Jim when we returned to Tacoma. I did so!

Jim was cordial, but still determined that I should not make any personal remarks that would be construed in some way by Oles as material for suit. I had never brought the station any suit while I was there, but that did not seem to matter!

Jim closed off his conversation by telling me to have a talk with Marshall and call him back in an hour or so . . . to me that was the same as telling me to " . . go to Hell . . ". I never called back, and the program was finally finished. Jim and I would meet at times and we treated each other with courtesy, but never with any warmth of friendship again!

In the days that followed, I was amazed to hear the vicious attacks upon me by the Idiot Fringe and their cohorts and the fact that KAYE allowed them to make a great many mistakes in broadcasting that I was a member

of the Mafia and that I was a secret Communist of some sort! It all finally became too much and I asked Jim to knock off the malarkey. The use of his air by the open nuts in the city was beginning to assume the proportions of the assinine. Every talk-show in town was dominated by some female harpie making libelous attacks upon me, each of KAYE's talk-shows seemed to be dominated with such material. I assumed that allowing it to run it's course was deliberate on the part of KAYE.

Now that I had no open mike voice to defend myself, I was fair game for all of the "nuts" in town and they had a field day. Al Cummings encouraged the attacks and I was out of patience with him, but I did not want any silly libel suits in my name. It would be a field day for the *Tribune*. I could just see the headlines, "Former Radio Commentator Now Complains".

Oles annouced to the Council that he had proof that I was a member of the Mafia and THAT was carried on KAYE radio. Even the KTNT had sense enough to avoid that stupid statement!

Oles now went hog-wild with his power as a City Manager. Never before were the shortcomings of the City Charter so well defined as they were under the silly administration of Floyd Oles. He went cross-purposes to the wishes of the council at every turn. Each plan to junk him and dispose of his services fell short in some manner, and it appeared that the Five Majority were going to allow this man to take them down to oblivion with no attempt to fight back. Each attempt to drop him came to naught. I kept telling the Council that he was selling them out in every manner possible. They fumbled the ball each time and we began to refer to all five of them as Old Fumblefingers!

14

"Short Change"

A few days after the appointment of Floyd Oles as City Manager, a meeting was called at the University of Puget Sound and most of the Far Left showed up to make a case for the Recall of the Five Majority members of the Council. Some of the bare accusations that were discussed as possible reasons were as silly as the final charges decided upon.

The charges were, in plain English: that the appointment of Floyd Oles was wrong; and that the Council Majority had ignored Jarstad's "expert" company (the one that had never rated a CATV company) rating service and handed out a franchise based on their own judgement instead of the "expert" non-rating company.

I honestly thought I was reading some gag material when I read the full charges the first time. I actually could not believe that grown men in the full flower of their intellectual capacity could be so childish, or that they could expect the grown citizens of Tacoma to believe such silliness. I still had a lot to learn about the citizens of my home town. They not only believed such tripe, but signed enough recall petition slips that it was possible to demand a Recall election. I was absolutely amazed, but I was deeply impressed with the clever and overall propaganda work that the *Tribune* had performed. I have recently gone to the library stacks and re-read the front pages of the *News-Tribune* since the Recall movement began. The overall brainwash job that has been performed on the Tacoma citizens is a masterpiece of written propaganda. One again the *Tribune* has marshalled their opinion, and like robots citizens are being slowly fed into the maw of the Recall Machine. The same tactics were used to keep Rowlands in power for a great many years! What is the cleverest thing about the Recall Movement is that the citizens have actually been sold a belief that something is wrong and that they are on the "side of right". In reality, like prisoners of war they

have been completely brainwashed, and they march along reacting to each of the *Tribune's* psycho-stories like they were all strung on a single bobbin.

What is most cruel for the citizens is that the Recall laws of the state, hazy at best, have been perverted from their definite and avowed purpose and applied to a case where in any form or ghost of a fair hearing they would have been laughed out of a court of law.

The Recall Committee had their case heard before Judge W. Brown. I sat and listened to the man go through a tortured circuitus 30 minutes of rhetoric that was intended to justify the decision that had already been arrived at, and I was filled with loathing and disgust. There were many there that day who felt the same. The man actually upheld the Recall and gave it a green light. It was one of the stupidest decisions that I have ever heard justified by a man on the bench. That decision was topped, however, a few weeks later when Judge Rummle turned down a counter-recall move made by the SOAP committee, on charges far more serious than the first. It was an all around "put-up" job that smelled to high-heaven! It has had the effect of lowering respect for this county's Superior Court judges to a marked degree!

The average citizen in the City of Tacoma is as certain as most of the citizens across the nation that his courts are made up of seasoned men of the law who are there after a long and successful practice that allowed them to accumulate the experience and the ethics that any judge should and must have to be a judge. The average citizen in the United States is wrong! Appointed judges are on the bench because some political advantage arose to somebody out of their appointment. Most of Pierce County judges are there because some section of the Establishment allowed their appointment and they will react to that Establishment as well or better than any other approved section of the judicial body. To bring any subject before their august presence that remotely smells of anti-city management is a lost cause. They will rule in favor of the "system" each time.

While David Rowlands was City Manager, one of his responsible officers in city government, a Burke Henderson, grew light fingered and made off with a large amount of city cash. This was not the personal property of David Rowlands and it was not the personal responsibility of Rowlands to decide what his punishment should be or how it should be carried out. Rowlands decided that the man had a long and faithful service, so his punishment should be to repay the money and be jerked out of service for several

days, and then be transferred to a position in city government where he would not be tempted. The procedure was established and of course it should have applied to all employees. The sad fact was that it depended upon the position that you held and how long your service had been faithful to the "machine". A young girl, with a small baby, "borrowed" $40.00 from the traffic fine department at the same time, and the Rowlands machine threw the book at her. She was turned over to local courts and justice was swift and harsh.

In the past history of the city there were case upon case where high officers were guilty of financial hanky-panky and fund shifting and "borrowing". City Management decided the cases upon each and every merit that could benefit the "machine", and in each of those cases the men involved became Management supporters to a fantastic degree. I did not blame them, they were repaying a debt.

In the Henderson case, a fund was raised and an attorney, Murray Anderson, was hired to go after Rowlands and force him to bring the matter to a regular court. I felt that most judges would be angered at the ursurption of the powers of the court. I was wrong. They did not mind at all if Rowlands served as that Chief Justice of the Pierce County judicial delegation.

Brought into court on a writ of mandamus, the City Manager didn't bother to make an appearance, and before Judge Johnson the case was given a swift and garnished touch of several legal opinions. Then it was decided that City Management was above normal Law and he could damn well do as he pleased about whether he wished to punish people that took the taxpayers' money. He could also set the punishment for such action. It was a travesty of justice and it was a prostitution of the courts in Tacoma that was completely reprehensible. Therefore, I well knew what the results would be when the second recall committee brought its charges before a local court. There would be some fast double-talk and the case would be dismissed. Several weeks later the Save Our American Principles committee (SOAP) brought some carefully tailored charges before Judge Hardin Soule. They were given a short hearing and the later judgement of the court, presided over by a Judge Rummel, held that the same quality and more in recall charges that had been sufficient by Judge Brown..were now not quite the same. It was a silly and sickening thing to watch as the Tacoma city attorneys, quite obviously, in favor of the Recall Movement performed outstanding to hold back full and sufficient charges against the Minority Four..while they had loafed their way through the so-called defense of the Majority in Judge Brown's

court. They could have saved their energy. There was no way possible for them to lose. In the political courts of Tacoma, it is impossible for a person to attack the City Manager form of government in any manner. It is as equally impossible for any man to lose in defending the corrupt policies of that dishonest political machine. The morals and the ethics of the judges now sitting on the bench in Pierce County are so far gone that it is an accepted fact by most of the population that there is absolutely no chance of a fair hearing by any political decision.

Most judges run for office unopposed as attorneys are well aware that it is suicide to openly attract the wrath of one of these so-called "judges", by any political challange to his seat.

There were several things concerning the court hearings on the Recall cases that bothered me deeply. The first, of course, was the lop-sided decisions, and the second was the fact that in appealing for an attorney, not a single Tacoma attorney stepped forth to volunteer to process the SOAP case. Virginia Shackelford, Helen Anderson and Marie Glunt had to make the initial filing and Virginia did the court work. It was a sad commentary on justice in Tacoma. Local attorneys made loud outcry and shouted that it was not true that they would not defend the SOAP Committee from the attacks of the court. Despite the loud noises, no one offered their head to the *Tribune* chopping block! Several attorneys laughed about it and they were open in their support behind the scenes, but they certainly did not wish to be known or connected to the SOAP case.

Neil Hoff, a former legislator, got into the act with an oblique filing in the name of John Jarstad, that no one understood. I assumed that it was simply another manner of advertising Jarstad and allowed it to pass, as did most people, with little note.

I was aware that there was another set of charges drawn up and ready for filing as the decision of the court was not unexpected. I would have liked to see them filed in another jurisdiction and heard in another County that was not hag-ridden by the committed legal supporters of City Management governement.

Members of the City Council Majority counseled against this as they sincerely believed that it represented "spite" tactics and that the citizens of the city were well enough aware of the true picture. They were wrong! I kept saying they were wrong and I told them that they were wrong. They did not listen. The voters of the city were being squeezed through the continual *Tribune* propaganda pump like formed

noodles, and as pre-formed noodles they would go to the polls and vote.

The effect of the two court decisions was devastating to the reputations and the day to day city work of the Majority Five. The honest faith that the average man has in his courts was now working doubly hard for the Recall Committee. Seldom did the people passing the petition sheets through the city have to stop and explain what the charges were. When they did, it was only necessary to state that, "The court has found them guilty, you know" and the signatures were obtained when the voters should have never signed such a document.

The front runners, serving as the stalwart upright citizens who were shocked by the criminal antics of the five majority, were a carefully picked broad cut of the local community. Ronold Thompson, an attorney, was the only one that I knew. I had met him many times at Marshall Riconosciuto's office and I had always had a deep respect for him as a man and as an attorney. When I was informed that he had accepted a leading role as an attorney in the Recall Movement, I was surprised. I was certain that he was of some common sense and that he had not taken the role as a matter of policy but rather as a lawyer — client relationship. This was denied, and I attended a news conference where he and the other "front-men" were put on display like stuffed figures. They sat at a table, Bradford Gierke, an attorney, James Billingsley, a doctor, and Jack Warnick, a businessman of some type. Ron sat there making an announcement of the high-flown principles of the Recall Committee. I tried to catch his eye, for I knew that if I could catch his eye and look at him, he would break up in laughter.

The grim faces of the rest of the Committee were ridiculous and, to make it more so, a little bearded man was hopping about stage-directing all the proceedings and being ignored by the press. The yapping little man was a Jerry Vaughn, one of the Poverty Program boomers who had come to town to ride the wave of false prosperity produced by the federal spending programs. He had a bad past record of being involved in every Far Left flicker of movement that had occurred in the city for several years. If there was anything that could stamp the Recall Committee as a completely false organization, and its "high principles" as phony, it was to have Jerry Vaughn included in its charter membership. He was involved in so many "concerned" movements that he had earned a nickname among the men of the press. They called him, "Old Ad Hoc".

The committee got underway and demanded money from the community to allow it to off-set the valued process of

election, and they started a campaign of lies and horror stories involving the "honesty" of the Council members who they had filed their charges against, and some of their stories were carried by their people from door to door!

The *News-Tribune* gave its full support and printed every phase of the operation as though it had basis in honorable intention. Some of their stories were farces but they were perfect examples of how far the paper will go to preserve the memorial left to it by Frank S. Baker, the past publisher of the *Tribune*.

The wild and enthusiastic support given the Recall Committee by the *Tribune* was a puzzlem just as had been many of the actions of the *Tribune*. I really wanted to know why the *Tribune* fought so hard to preserve a form of government that, without the continual propaganda support of the *News-Tribune*, would have been voted into oblivion many years before.

The most obvious answer was that the *Tribune* profited under that form of government. That was true. Their holdings were not overly taxed, they paid no street tax for their venders as is customary in most cities. However, these few small tax breaks were not enough to account for the overwhelming and massive retaliation that was brought down upon anyone who criticized the City Management government. The publishers of the *Tribune* had long been aware that the form of government, City Manager-Council, had been an expensive failure for Tacoma. The demand for massive Federal support was a deficiency of the type of government, not a credit to it. The *Tribune* was well aware that the form of government had not stopped gambling, prostitution, or any other form of urban crime. Why would the paper demand that citizens support a form of government that was corrupt to a degree that was never known under normal forms of city government?

Part of the instructions that are given a City Manager, in the handbook of the International City Officers Association (formerly Managers), is the requirement of a friendly press. Therefore, each new manager city is surprised to find that the Managers office is open to them 24 hours a day. There is nothing wrong in this open door policy, but the policy is an open and shut proposition. There is never a rapport instigated between reporter and Manager..it is established between paper ownership and the Manager. There is where the relationship becomes a matter of public concern.

A single-newspaper town worries a great many people about their handling of the news, that is secondary to their advertising policy. Most merchants still rely on the local

paper to get their sales message across to the general public and they must go to the editors and owners of that paper to get their advertising in that paper. As long as the rates do not prohibit advertising, the merchant will not fight the policy of the paper. The *News-Tribune* is especially small and petty in punishing those who do not agree with its point of view. Two small examples point the matter up in a fine and sparkling setting.

In the fall of 1968, Burt McMurtrie, the long-time critic of both the *Tribune* and City Management, was involved in a contract dispute with his radio station manager, Jim Baine of Radio KMO. Baine had shifted the much-listened too and popular "Breakfast With McMurtrie" and the even more listened to "It seems to Me" programs about, dropping one six p.m. broadcast and placing the other at a later hour. This was ruinous to the programs as they had for years occupied these time slots and were listened to and advertised on as such.

We had the absolutely crazy situation of Jim Nicholls and myself taking up the battle for a commentator on another station and demanding that listeners send in the letters of protest to the Management of KMO. They were deluged with letters of protest and we thought it most comical. Burt McMurtrie was a little puzzled by it all and did not remark one way or another. We followed by making a large thing out of his birthday and sending out the call once again to people to attend his birthday party at the "Top of the Ocean" restaurant. Through it all, the *Tribune* and Radio KMO maintained a stolid and steady silence. It was cheap. It was small. It was petty. It was a full stamp of the phoney leadership of both the *Tribune* and Radio KMO. There was more!

A faithful listener and admirer of Burt McMurtrie's called me and offered to pay for an advertisement in the *Tribune,* after I had noted on the air that the birthday tribute was being ignored by the "fair" press of Tacoma. I went to the *Tribune* offices with a $100.00 bill to buy an advertisement. I was coldly refused! I returned the money to the listener and she cancelled her paper. It was a poor blow in retaliation! I told the story on the air. The *Tribune* never denied it!

There is little doubt that back in the late 40's and early 50's the *News-Tribune* under the direction of Frank S. Baker, was sincere in wishing to see Tacoma cleaned of open vice conditions. However, for the paper to maintain that nothing to better serve the people can ever come along, is insane. To stick to the misguided belief that all men and women who wish to leave the City Management form behind for a better government are in search of criminal means

of support and wish to degrade the city, is absolutely insane. For the *Tribune* to maintain that the City Management is a good form of city government, in the face of proof after proof that it is not, that it is corrupt, that it is dishonest and that it cheats the people—that too is the behavior of the demented!

The *Tribune* like any large organization, runs on a set of rules and regulations that are promulgated out of a general "thought" or "direction" policy. The reporters know that the paper supports a form of government that is bad, but they also know that it is a general, if blind, policy for many years to support that form of city government, and so they slant their writing in that direction. They search out and seek stories to prove that a change of government would be bad. The upper ranks of the *Tribune* read their own paper and believe what it says. So it goes, the *Tribune* reads what it writes and it writes what it wants to read! The citizens suffer. The paper has no public responsibility in any way and it regards the city of Tacoma and the county of Pierce as a personal domain. It prints what it considers to be news and censors the rest. Worse, it censors the Associated Press wire that leaves Tacoma.

It supports City Management because a dead publisher said to support it. And as an institution grown old and set and passive in its fat, complete ownership of the lives of people and business, it slowly dies with Tacoma and would have no part in any form of government, even if it were headed by the Angels of Heaven. It would consign them to the Mafia if they did not approve of what Frank S. Baker approved.

While Ron Thompson and his misguided forces were swinging the *Tribune* approved Recall Committee into action another front battle was being fought in City Hall. Our new City Manager was issuing complaints that he was being forced to do the job that he was placed there to do..and he did not like it. In fact he was not being forced from any direction! He had taken the power of a Manager to heart and he had decided to prove that he was not an ol' baddie from KAYE but, in truth, an enlightened leader and savior of Tacoma.

The first set of trips he made were to see the local powers of the *Tribune* and as later facts showed, admitted by Floyd Oles, he made a deal! If the *Tribune* would support him, then he would support the aims and objectives of the *Tribune*. That was good enough for the *Tribune* and the deal was consumated in that all critical publicity of Floyd Oles disappeared from the pages of the *Tribune*. Indeed, the "cute" treatment was rolled out and a paean of praise was sung for this man by that paper.

The second trips he made were to Olympia to assure the Chief Executive of the state that he need not worry about his pet poverty program. The careful hands of Floyd Oles would scuttle the whole program! That is exactly what he did try to do. His later statements were open and frank in laying out the trail of his deep treachery to the council majority that had placed him in office.

A great many people assigned Floyd Oles the role of "inside agent" of the Far Left in his friendship with Slim Rasmussen, betrayal of that trust and his betrayal of the City Council. After looking at the man's past record, I never at any time gave him credit for any pre-planning on that scale. I placed him in that slot that said he would do anything for money, and that he would do more than anything for publicity. I considered him a man completely without honor and a treacherous slippery egomaniac. I always felt that Floyd Oles grabbed the opportunity to become City Manager and promised the moving of earth and hell to get it; that he loved the power and the fawning of the city employees, and he would have made a deal with the Devil himself to have maintained himself in power. I was determined to show him, before the Council, in a light that would make him unacceptable to them.

I knew it was possible to re-instate the same lines of information that had been of informational value against the Rowlands coterie, and I asked for the same services. That was not hard to arrange. That is how I was able to tell the Council ahead of time that Floyd Oles had deliberately sent the CAP application of the city to Washington, D.C. minus some of the needed application papers.

I knew that he had assured L. H. Pedersen that he need not worry about the city taking over the OEO program and making application for a new agency to be granted by the Federal government.

I knew that he had made a "deal" with Charles Zittle to retain him as Chief of Police, and I knew that he had made a deal with the Majority Five that wished his resignation, to allow him to retire gracefully. I also knew that he had been informed by some of the more responsible police officers in the city that they wished Zittle to go into retirement. I was informed that officers of the former Bank of Tacoma and the Puget Sound Bank had told Oles that they were not happy with a man by the name of Wright and that he was to be relieved of his job as Director of Urban-Renewal. I knew, within ten minutes, that Floyd Oles had informed the Council Majority that I was the head of the local Mafia. I also knew that he was aware that he was telling a lie!

The double-dealing of the man was enormous. It was a foregone conclusion that he would be relieved of his post. The question was when?

I kept up a continual poll of the Council and the only one who seemed reluctant was Tony Zatkovich. He was reluctant to remove Oles due to the Recall movement and the fact that there seemed to be no one to replace the man who was acceptable to all the Council members. I kept pushing the name of Gary Sullavan. I was familiar with him and I knew he would try to do a good job. I did not feel that the city should call on Marshall McCormick again as it would appear to both the city and to Marshall that he was irreplaceable. McCormick would act, I felt, by the book, if he were not left in the office too long. I had no confidence in any man in that imperial position. The absolute power is frightening. It is frightening, at first, to the man who had it!

Floyd Oles made the mistake of appointing Lyle E. Smith as interim Chief of Police and that was a matter of distaste to both Tony Zatkovich and to George Cvitanich. The name of the man was not what was bothering them. They did not like the investigations that were going on and they certainly did not like to have him as Chief at that most sensitive time.

A Federal Grand Jury was sitting in Seattle and some of the graft and city problems of that city were being aired each day in the press. The officers and any informed citizen knew that Tacoma was to have its turn in the spotlight of that Grand Jury. That turn is still in the planning works of the Grand Jury. That Jury does have a set of documents that have been turned over to it and they will be aired when the proper time arrives.

As a whole, Tacoma has little to fear from that Grand Jury. The OEO program seems to shiver and shake each time a federal Grand Jury is mentioned, but beyond a few open gambling games, the Elks, the Eagles, a bookie joint called Cooksie & Shields, most of Tacoma's gambling is about par with that of Seattle. The Bingo games are contolled on a "who do you know" basis. Those that "know" the right people are allowed to run wide open and those that are not on the "in" soon find they have trouble!

Two years ago, the Bingo games began to suffer from an invasion of force and they found that their taxes were being applied on a "most favored" basis. Tacoma is one of the few cities that is so corrupt that it uses its Tax and License Department to collect the graft from the Bingo games under the guise of "taxes". Tacoma does not have a problem of dishonest policemen along that line. The Tax and License and the Finance Department lay a tax, through the B & O tax structure, on Bingo games. The tax is rated as

based on one million dollars a year gross business and the tax is collected as such. The games also pay an amusement tax and they pay several license taxes through their food bars. The whole thing is neatly arranged and the tax checks come back as having been sent through several banks in the city. Favored city officers are then issued "expense" warrants upon numbered accounts in those banks.

Should one wish to start a new Bingo game in the city, you must have a sponsor and that means that you must do the game in the name of some tax-free non-profit agency. One such organization is the Blind League and it contains a total number of blind persons of "one". However, it is favored so it continues to operate. The second thing one must do is seek out a man by the name of Eddie Faker, an employee of the Public Utilities Department, and he will pass or deny you to the Chief of Police. Faker has recently spread his large Bingo holdings to the city of Puyallup with the blessing of the City Manager and that city's Chief of Police. They have a new tax system placed in ordinance especially to serve the new Bingo games moving in to the city. It also allows the collections of "taxes" off the top of the Bingo games.

This is a perfect example of City Manager government — neat, efficient, and hidden from the citizen's eyes. Of course it makes the city appear to be a clean town — no problem with grafting policemen, no temptations to outside "organized" influences, just a nice neat way of skimming the cream off the top of the vice barrel and making sure that the top people get their share of the butter!

It is pretty tough for a grand jury to argue with a legal tax system of a city whether it be a federal grand jury of a local county grand jury. It was not a new view for Floyd Oles. He was quite well known in Tacoma Bingo circles through his membership in the American Legion Rhodes Post #1 for many years. He is long time friends with Eddie Faker. Under the Oles managership, Faker really established his branching out, and the new and grateful police chief stated that he was not going to review the old tolerance policy, "..until after the Recall elections..". There is a possibility that he will not get the chance! Tacoma is a city of changing officers and attempts to change officers!

Shortly after I left the service of KAYE, I was contacted by Bob Corcoran, a TV talk-show host, and we had some conversations about my going to work at KTVW-TV. I was sure that Corcoran was not aware of what he was getting into and that he would soon back away from any contact with me! He didn't, and as he tried to arrange a summer schedule, I knew that after the first time that I appeared on his program, both the Far Left and the Far Right would be

screaming in pain and they would be calling the station manager to howl out their agony to him. Bob asked me to appear on his show as a sustaining guest to keep "alive" until he could arrange time for a regular show for me!

I was not wrong in my judgement of the reaction of the Wild Eyes, and soon KAYE began to bleat that my leaving there had all been a plot and that I had planned my dirty dog action just to hurt the station. I ignored it all, and continued to make my case to the Council for their dismissal of Floyd Oles. Oles made much noise and many accusations that I controlled the Council. I am sure that it is plain that I had damn little influence with them or I would have arranged his departure far sooner than he arranged his own!

I knew better than to ask for a committed vote from any one of them. They are willing to listen to any person's story. Asking them to commit themselves to a vote is not the way to get a vote from any member of the council. In order to get a vote in the absolute direction that you may wish, you must make a case wherein you can show a good case for the good of the city! I considered Fred Dean to be one of my best personal friends, but I also knew that he would cheerfully tell me "no" just as fast as he would cheerfully tell me "yes" on any non-council matter!

I like and respect Becky Banfield, but asking for her vote is like asking for her permission to spit on the flag, but she will cheerfully listen to why she should vote a certain way on a certain matter. That does not mean she will vote your way and she makes that clear! George Cvitanich is a frustrating man because each time you attempt to speak to him about voting a certain way, he will change the subject and divert you attention. This gives him time to evaluate what you have said. He then asks questions about the matter until he has pumped you dry and he has all the information that you have to give. You leave him, still not knowing where he stands on the subject, but he knows where you stand!

Tony Zatkovich will always be the "let 'em have it" ex-police chief. Talking to Tony about voting in a certain direction can be disconcerting because he usually tells you straightaway that he has studied the subject or he had not studied the subject and beyond that he will listen to what you have to say and then refuse to discuss the matter any further. Attempting to draw him out only annoys him and he does not hesitate to show his annoyance. John O'Leary is much the same way, with the exception that I have never got into a discussion with John, concerning his vote, that I did not also find myself discussing general principles of the philosophy of government. John O'Leary is an information sponge and he will soak up any and all information that you

may have to offer on any one of a variety of subjects. He has that rare gift of being able to give you the impression that what you are saying is the most important thing that was ever said to him! Common sense dictates better, but it still flatters one's ego to have someone pay as close attention as he appears to be paying to a speaker!

I never discussed any legislation or city subject with the remaining four. I did not need to know how they would vote on the release of Oles. I knew already! There was a small discussion with Jarstad, but it was abortive and did not go to any real conclusion. I am sure that he felt that Oles was a lost ball game, but in the interest of keeping a harmony with the minority I felt that he would vote to retain the sad services of a sad figure on the Tacoma scene!

The evidence was so deep that Oles was sending the Council down the road to political oblivion that I went to see Tony Zatkovich after he knew that Oles had appointed Lyle Smith as Chief on a temporary basis. I asked Tony how it set with him and he did not answer. His look was answer enough. I knew from talking to them that the other four were ready to give up on Oles as a city manager. I did not speak with Tony Zatkovich on the subject again. I knew that Oles was going to appoint Smith as the permanent Chief and I told Tony that it was in the Managers' program.

We sat on the front lawn of Tony Zatkovich's house and spoke about the position that the Council found itself in, and what had to be done in order to bring the city back to one mind on some of the subjects.

Tony Zatkovich told me, "I am going to see Oles tomorrow I am going to ask him to, for God's sake, stop the funny business and act like a man. I am fully aware of his high-jinks and what he has done about the CAP thing I know about his playing politics with the County Commissioners—telling those men one thing and telling us a different story. Soon, he'll have a war starting between the Council and the County Commissioner. Hell, we don't want that kind of trouble. We put him in there to act as a city manager should until we can get charter changes . . . he acts like he is the second Dave Rowlands. No one ever told him to fire anybody and no one told him to do any hiring. We have not dictated to him in any manner. We did tell him not to make whoever he picked as Chief a permanent Chief. I'll talk to him tomorrow".

When I left Tony, I felt that Oles would do something final to provoke the Council, and he did. Tony tried to talk to the man . . Oles answer was to appoint the

Acting Chief as the permanent Chief. That would blow the roof off and I knew it.

Writing a factual story of a series of events is not the hard part of writing a book. Finding a place to break off the story and halt the flow of events from actual life to words on paper is the hard part. When I heard the announcement that Floyd Oles had confirmed Lyle Smith as the regular Chief of Police, I leaned back at my desk and raised the volumn of the radio. They were sweet words to me. I went back to my notes for this book, knowing where I would end the book.

The short period of the Floyd Oles managership of Tacoma was a shocking lesson, and I am sure that people were doubly shocked to hear the crying and bleating of the treacherous acts of the man after he had been relieved. It was a natural thing for him to do as he switched his political loyalty to the Recall Committee. He had sued them for libel for using him as one of their planks in a Recall demand, and now he was joining them. The people of England never had any respect for Benedict Arnold and I deeply doubt that, aside for propaganda purposes, they would have felt any respect for the master of political treachery in the local area. He had betrayed his friends, his supporters and his party. He berated Dave Rowlands unmercifully for the policy that Dave Rowlands had of ignoring invitations to appear on KAYE. He steadfastly refused to make that same appearance himself after he became the City Manager. His remark at the time was, " . . . I couldn't be on that station, I'm the City Manager . . . ". Still Jim Nicholls supported him loyally.

There was one effect of the Oles disaster that was hard on the people of the sincerely concerned groups that had gathered around Rasmussen. The final division of KAYE actually broke the conservative forces into two groups. They based their open differences on a matter of their judgement of Oles as a City Manager and of Rasmussen as a Mayor. It was a difficult choice for people and most of them looped back and forth between the two camps.

KAYE continued to sing the praises of Oles long after his "two weeks" had been stretched to "four weeks" and then to "six weeks" and then the subject just seemed to die out and it was an accepted fact that Oles was just another ten-cent version of a dictator and the problem was not the sole property of the City Council! Radio KAYE demanded and got a certain type of listener to stop calling in to discuss the matter of Tacoma government. The subject of Tacoma was banned

from their airwaves. Dave DeForest who conducted a two hour afternoon show continued to allow some discussion of the Tacoma scene . . the rest of the station died away and the programs became engrossed with rock festivals and county taxes.

This was a shame, for if there was ever a need for much of the propaganda of the *Tribune* to be counteracted, and much of the material being put out by the Recall Committee to be debunked . . KAYE remained silent!

The Council broadcasts, instituted at the request of Mayor Rasmussen and complied with by Radio KAYE, had made KAYE into one of the widest discussed stations in the Northwest. The programs that grew directly from the City Manager fight made KAYE nationally known. Those people who had been elected to the City Council in the 1969 elections owed much of their support to the political and public service time that KAYE had supplied. They in turn had fought off the attacks on KAYE and had refused to consider allowing it to be removed. from the Council chamber.

KAYE needed the material of the battle to keep its audience wide and varied. The Council members desperately needed KAYE to help them explain to the people what was happening and why the changes in Charter were needed. KAYE remained silent. Almost any subject that did not have any relationship to Tacoma could be amply discussed and examined on its talk-shows. The subject of Tacoma was a forbidden subject. It was, I felt, desperately misplaced loyalty, to a dishonored and despicable man who did not know or care whether KAYE stayed on the air or not! As time rolled on and Oles made his story plain in the local papers, he revealed to the world his treachery and his deliberate double-cross of the council members and the people of Tacoma. KAYE still remained silent . . and offered no help to the Council.

For sometime KAYE has been under steady attack by the United Church of Christ, a Godless organization made up of those too far gone in the lower and seamier side of the political world to be able to carry on their fights in the open fields of honest political strife. Instead they use a hypocritical approach by using the structure of a church to hide their Far Left Tactics. Under the leadership of a local Rabbi, Mr. Richard Rosenthal, the B'Nai B'rith was brought into the battle with an attack upon KAYE as an anti-Jewish station. This was a laugh, but it could be very serious if the

people and the FCC could be sold on the fact that the station had been making anti-Jewish attacks. The whole thing was a lie out of the whole cloth!

As usual, the Anti-Defamation had their listening ears fouled up and they caught Larry Row sitting in on my program making some remarks that had to do with the mossy old Articles of Zion. It is a Jewish document that has been around for so many years that no one really knows if they are true or a forgery, and in any event they are of little interest or use to anyone. The Anti-Defamation people quickly joined with the United Church of Christ in filing a racial-religious bias complaint with the FCC. It is hard to believe that they could get so much attention for a set of bald faced lies. However, I was a convicted Jew-baiter in their complaint and I was not even in the state the evening that it happened.

Jim Nicholls was convinced that Floyd Oles had saved his license and his chance to stay in business by writing to a few congressmen in Washington, D.C. Nothing could have been further from the truth. If anything was accomplished by the outdated and silly letters that he wrote, it was to confuse the issue of the station license just a little more. Radio KAYE was being kept on the air by a hearing delay asked for by a powerful United States Senator. The delay was granted and it would have continued to be granted. However, Jim Nicholls brought on his own license hearing schedule.

One day, Jim was heard to remark to a caller that he would be glad to supply the telephone number of the Recall Committee to allow him to have a petition to pass around to collect signature against the Council members. This was too much, and the phone rang in Washington,D.C. to request the Senator to remove his objections to the complaints in the FCC. Less than a month later the FCC notified Radio KAYE that a hearing was being scheduled in September and October, of 1970!

The function of KAYE in the political life of Tacoma has been, in the past, to allow the people some window into the dark and clammy rooms that the *Tribune* kept shut for so many years. It may appear that undue interest has been placed upon the functions of a small ineffective seeming station. That is not true. Radio KAYE has been a tremendous factor in informing the people of the county and the city on the position that their local government was taking on all matters. The lack of news in relative depth by the *Tribune* makes it much needed to have this sound of information and discussion.

"Talk-shows" provide an escape valve for a great

many people and they also supply those areas of wide and deep public interest a harshly lighted forum to examine the issues at hand. It has been mentioned earlier that the real effect of a talk-show is the ricochet effect of the material that is produced. To maintain a "talking" audience one must maintain a show that is worth being talked about.

Despite the wailing and the sobbing that many people do about wanting a "nice friendly little chat corner", that material is deadly in a regular talk-show.

That type of "Pollyanna" approach will kill off all but a small percentage of your show and, worst of all, it leaves nothing for the old bibbie-byes to grab a telephone and call a friend to tell them what that " . . . bad, bad man Jon Gold said about your Mr. Soandso . . . ". That is where the real political audience is and that is where the most effect is obtained. The largest audience that I had were all of the many people kooks, squirrels and general run of human filberts that never listened to me! The big secondary audience is where you really reach out and slam home.

One must realize that even good friends many times get their ears mixed and make direct quotes of you that you never uttered. And enemies will always add plenty home-spun lies to bear out what they said that YOU said. However, that should never bother the political talk-show host..it only means that many people will bust their britches to get home to listen to this mean man talk.

The one best example of what good a talk-show can be to a community is what has happened to a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Clark of suburban Spanaway. Jack and his wife Sophie were perfect examples of average Mr. and Mrs. America. They had spent years in business, acquired a sizeable section of income property, and reached that point in life where a few hobbies would be maintained and not have to worry about the check. Sophia (we called her Sophie) was the first to start listening to KAYE and she was not happy with some of the problems she heard being aired there. She persuaded Jack to become a listener and after I came to Round-Table-Forum they became avid followers of the life and times of KAYE. They sent in money to support "Bucks for Broadcast" and they have been long and lasting friends with me.

They are not the type to be satisfied with just being listeners. They like to be in on the action and they became very close personal friends. Little by little they have become completely acquainted with the political situation

in Tacoma and they are very much aware of what shudders any political move may send through that community of political life.

Although they are residents of Spanaway and do not live in the city, they follow the Tacoma City Council as closely as any citizen, and they are aware of what is the movement in the state political life. They have often remarked that this has changed their whole life-style. While they have retained their old friends, they have new and aware friends that they enjoy more, because they speak the same language. That odd sounding language of the informed "insider" in any large section of political life—it is a form of shorthand and only the best informed people can understand what the "name of the game" is all about. Jack and Sophie are in the game and they know the name. They are well informed American citizens.

I don't care who you are, if you will sit and listen to three consecutive nights of editorials, you are hooked. It may make you angry and it may please you. I don't give much of a damn either way . . for I have a message that I want you to hear and I want you to go out and repeat it to everyone you know. That is a simple fact of psychology and knowingly practicing the use of the English language. Put the two together in a properly worked out format a definite goal and getting you to listen enough to understand the general overall gist of what I am talking about and I will have you where I want you! You don't have to agree with me, just listen to me. And you will repeat to others the main core of my message . . and that is the name of the game.

Currently there is not a single "goal-oriented" talk-show in the current area, and those that are involved in politics are the namby-pamby shows such as Al Cummings' KTNT "Ombudsman" and the Larry Row, "Public Platform". Both shows wander from any stated goal and do not seek to convince!

While I had had no connection with Bob Corcoran, of Channel 13, prior to my leaving KAYE, he did ask me to put together a format for a half-hour show and make a few test tapes to see what the reaction would be. The general public reacted with favor and the Far Right and the Far Left went into hysterics. They called and informed the management of KTVW-TV that if I came on the station as a regular, there would be all types of boycott and trouble. The manager, Clay Courtney, folded up after the first two calls and promised all callers thereafter that I would never be a regular on HIS station. Courtney is an embarrassing man. His conduct is that of

the usual periodic drinker, easy to get along with at some point in time and effort and the exact opposite in those same points at other times. I dubbed him the "nut in residence" at KTVW and allowed that it wasn't much of a TV station anyway and went on my way. I never waste time on drunks or the irrationals. They disturb your schedule and they disrupt your progress on any level and on any subject.

Channel 13 has a great potential for a CATV studio base, but under the present management and with the current direction of the estate management of the McCaw Estate, it is doubtful if it will be around to see the possibility. Several FCC "strike applications" are standing by currently waiting for the station to "bottom out" on its drop toward "blacking-out". Shortly before that happens, the strike will fall and the license will transfer to other more competent hands.

At the present time, The Corcoran Show is about all that keeps it alive and that is handled by long-time radio and television talk-show host, Bob Corcoran. The show has improved a lot in the last two years and Corcoran is himself running for the lower house of the legislature.

This brought on a great deal of harassment for Corcoran from a woman legislator known as Lorraine Wojahn. I was in the station the night that she and two of her very, very leftie friends of the Washington Council broke into the station and in high hysterical voices demanded that Bob Corcoran leave the air and grant her all the 180 minutes of the show for equal time. The scene was like a production out of a cheap movie. Courtney, the station manager, was contacted and he again folded up and made a deal that made it impossible for Corcoran to appear on the air. It was an example of complete radical chaos on one side and utter cowardice on the other.

My remarks concerning the inner fortitude of Courtney made him bar me from ever appearing on the air again, on TV-13 I was not impressed and I did not give a damn!

While we were attempting to make some sort of a program that could take the old editorial policy of "Round-Table Forum" and convert it to TV (and failing in the attempt) the City Council continued to have trouble with Oles and with his supporters in the city government. The former Mayor, Slim Rasmussen, had appointed a complete Charter Committee to work out a new Charter for the presentation to the voters. Oles was on this Committee and after he was made City Manager he continued to sit on the committee.

The council ordered him to get himself off the Committee and to leave the Charter Committee alone

in it's work. Louis Musek, a local attorney and long time servant to Tacoma in many capacities, acted as Chairman of the committee and they worked hard upon the Charter Changes. Oles continued to interfere and the Council seemed helpless to stop his blockading the production of a new charter. The final blow came when he ordered the Charter Changes to bypass the Council and be sent directly to the City Attorney's office. There the council put its foot down and demanded that the changes be sent to the Council. They were finally handed over.

Each of these moves on the part of Oles was carried out in the most high-handed manner and with a maximum of arrogant impudence. He enjoyed telling members of the Council that " . . . anytime that you can show me five votes, I'll resign . . . ". He depended upon the fact that the Council was reluctant to remove their own man. His stupid and arrogant flaunting of his imperial power in appointing Lyle Smith as chief, was the final straw and he was on his way out!

Mr. Oles was as confident as he was old that the Council did not dare fire him. They had already taken far more insult and complete betrayal than any normal situation could possibly call for, and I knew that Mr. Floyd Oles was once again a has-been!

It was Tuesday in Tacoma, a slight rain was in the air and the date was 1970. The Council filed in and the short Flag Salute and prayer was over and there was a rap of the gavel of Mayor Johnston. With the calling of the council to order there was a request to alter the course of business by a motion to suspend the rules . . the motion carried—and with a single sentence, Floyd Oles was fired as City Manager. With a sick and set smile upon his face, he arose and left the chamber. There was a scattered wave of applause from the audience. It was never settled as to whether the applause was for him or cheering his dismissal.

Floyd Oles strode out of the Council Chamber and straight onto the pages of the *Tacoma News-Tribune* where he promptly confirmed all that I had said he was and, all the dirty, small, tricks that I had told the Council and the public that he was doing. He freely admitted his betrayal of Slim Rasmussen was a planned step. He openly admitted that he falsified the government documents of the City application to the federal governmet, in relation to poverty programming. He stated openly that he was for the Recall Movement and that he

intended to vote to Recall the majority of the City Council from office!

These were all things that I had tried to tell the Council, Jim Nicholls, and the general public. It was hard for the Council to believe that his treachery had reached the proportions that I claimed and that were later admitted and bragged about by Floyd Oles. Jim Nicholls has never admitted the perfidy of Oles and has never disavowed the man in any public manner, and he has not forgiven the Five Members of the Majority for their action in ridding the government of this man!

The Recall Committee is still struggling to make some sense of honor out of what can only be described as a vicious attempt of a small clique to control the voting and the finances of the city! The organizing members of the Recall Committe and the main names found on those rolls can be found as drivers and controllers of every Far Left movement that has existed in Tacoma for the past 20 years.

For 13 long years they have ridden roughshod over the people of the city, using as their main tool the structure of the City Management government and the propaganda of the *Tacoma News-Tribune*. It has been an unholy alliance that has committed every known crime against humanity, including blackmail, theft, physical abuse and violence lies, political chicanery, and most important, direct character assassination!

On the night that Floyd Oles was fired as Manager of Tacoma, I returned home and I took out the two tapes that I had played in critique of his opening performance as manager. I made only two editorials on Oles before I left KAYE. Clearly outlined on the tapes was the prediction of the exact program that Floyd Oles followed. I have yet a copy of a letter I sent to the man after he had been in office ten days. In that letter I told him that, " . . . I am ashamed that I ever shook your hand or considered you as a friend. You are a man without honor and you are a man without grace, you have betrayed your friends and you will betray the people of the city of Tacoma..." Floyd Oles did as I said he would do and he acted as I had predicted!

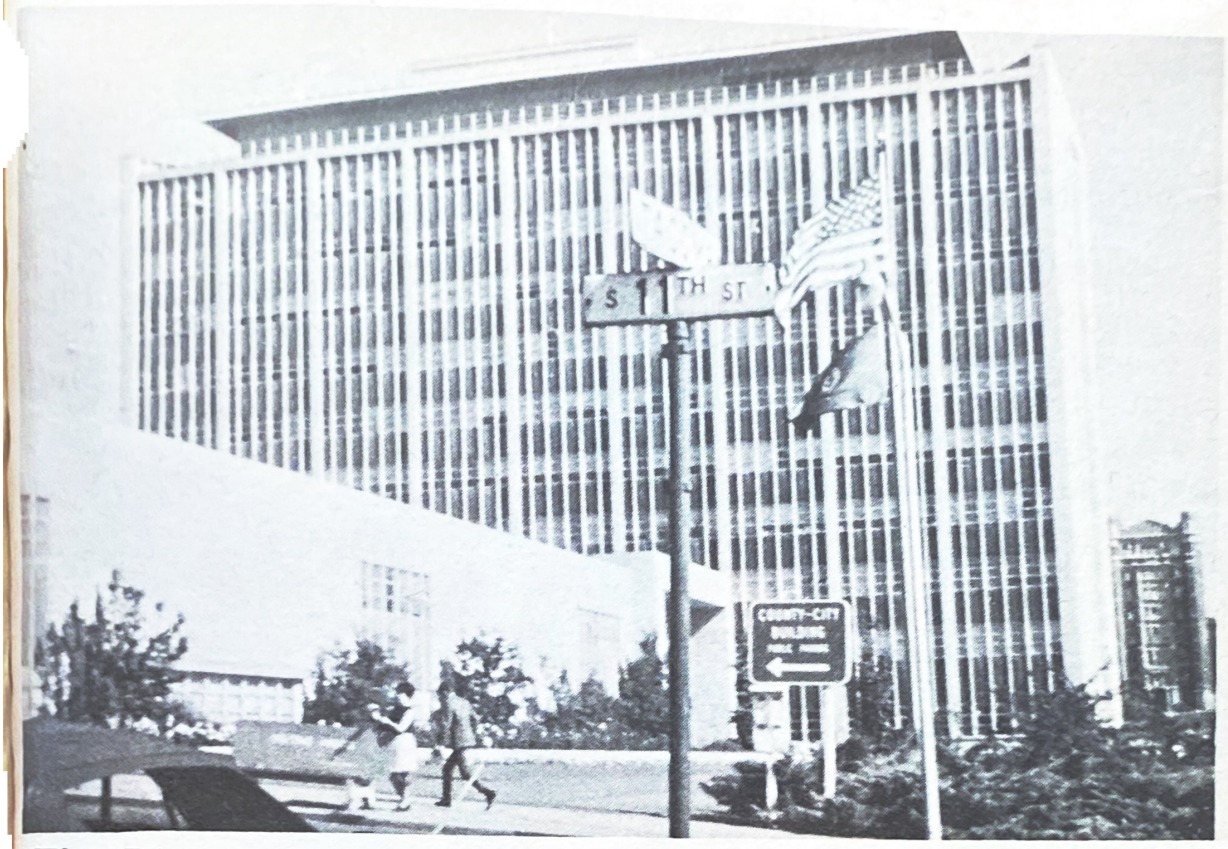
Later that same night, I walked through the quiet streets of my "home town". It is not the city I knew as a boy or as a young man, I do not expect it to be such. I do expect that it should be given a chance to get up from its knees, a chance to grow, and develop. This and more, without the interference of the Evil Men,

those men that would Murder this City for their own gain and profit!

Perhaps it is not too late to save Tacoma. But as it now stands, with its city government under attack from what can only be termed a foriegn and alien manner of government, a Recall Committee that is based on greed and dishonor, headed by only those so far lost in degradation and personal dishonor that they feel that what they do is correct. With her economic life committed to a continuing series of self-eating federal programs, there can be only one final fate for Tacoma. Without deep and very sincere reasoning care, it will result in the Murder of a City.

The End

This is a [redacted] man who wrote this book.



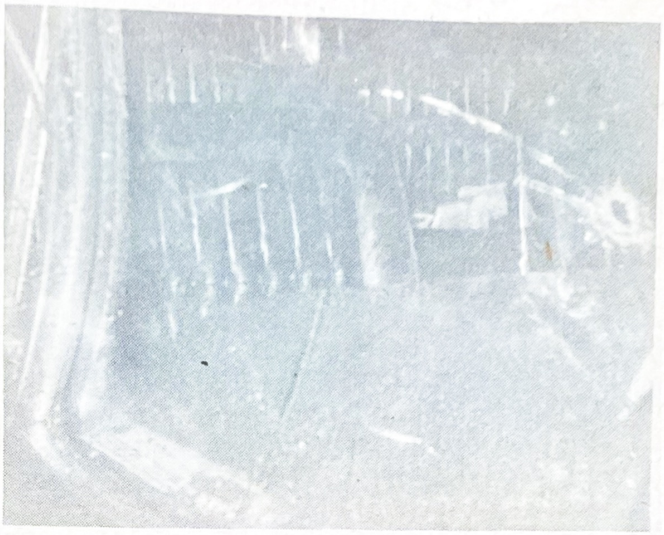
The Pierce County—City of Tacoma Administration Building. Named the "Pink Poodle Nightclub" by Al Cummings, KTNT radio personality. The City Council chamber will seat 200 people and seldom has less than 300 present.

A small alleyway just off 38th Street where teen-agers that haunted the now defunct "Rack & Cue" pool hall, did a large business in marijuana and hard drugs. Though watched by police, it is still a favorite place for "fast deals" in drugs.

RADIO KAYE in Puyallup, Washington. The small 1000 kh station that has been blamed for the political turmoil in Tacoma. Owned and managed by Jim Nicholls, it's talk-shows stirred public opinion and have attracted the hatred of most local Far Left groups and individuals.

Area just off 21st and Canal Streets where the second political assassination attempt was made upon KAYE news car. Shots were fired from brush at right of picture. Answering fire drove off attackers. Fighting lasted approximately 15 minutes, no police were attracted by the sound of the late night gun battle.

Bullet hole in windshield of convertible driven by Jon Gold, during the Oct. 1968 attack upon him on the Puyallup River Road. Pieces of bullet cut his face and shattered a cheek bone.



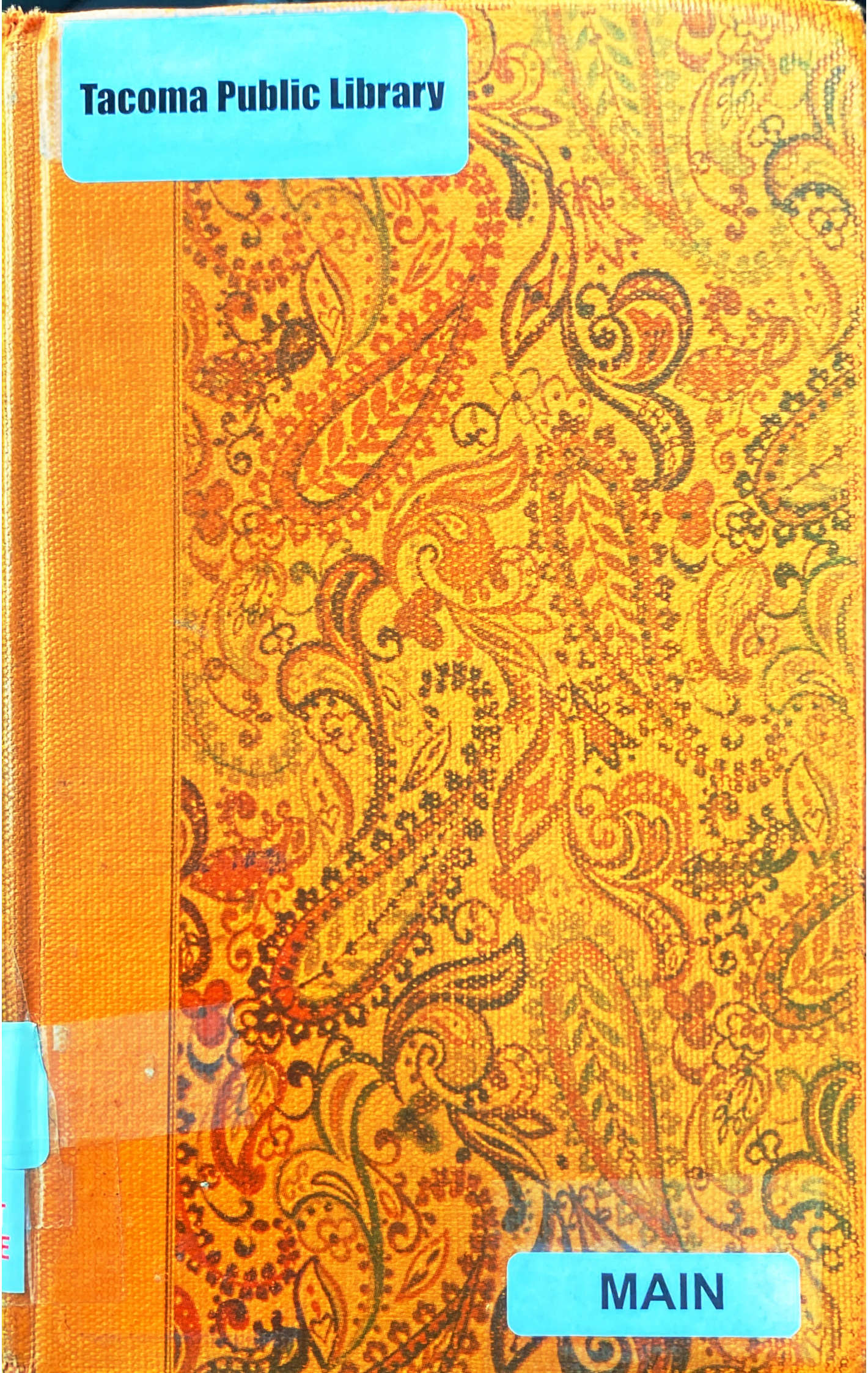
The approximate spot on the River Road where an assassination attempt was made upon Jon Gold, KAYE political commentator. Two shots were fired backward from a speeding car that had just passed Gold's car.

Photos of bullet holes in cars involved in second attack upon KAYE personnel and trail car.

Tacoma Public Library

MAIN

Tacoma Public Library



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